★ Sept. 4, 1943

THE NEW YORKER

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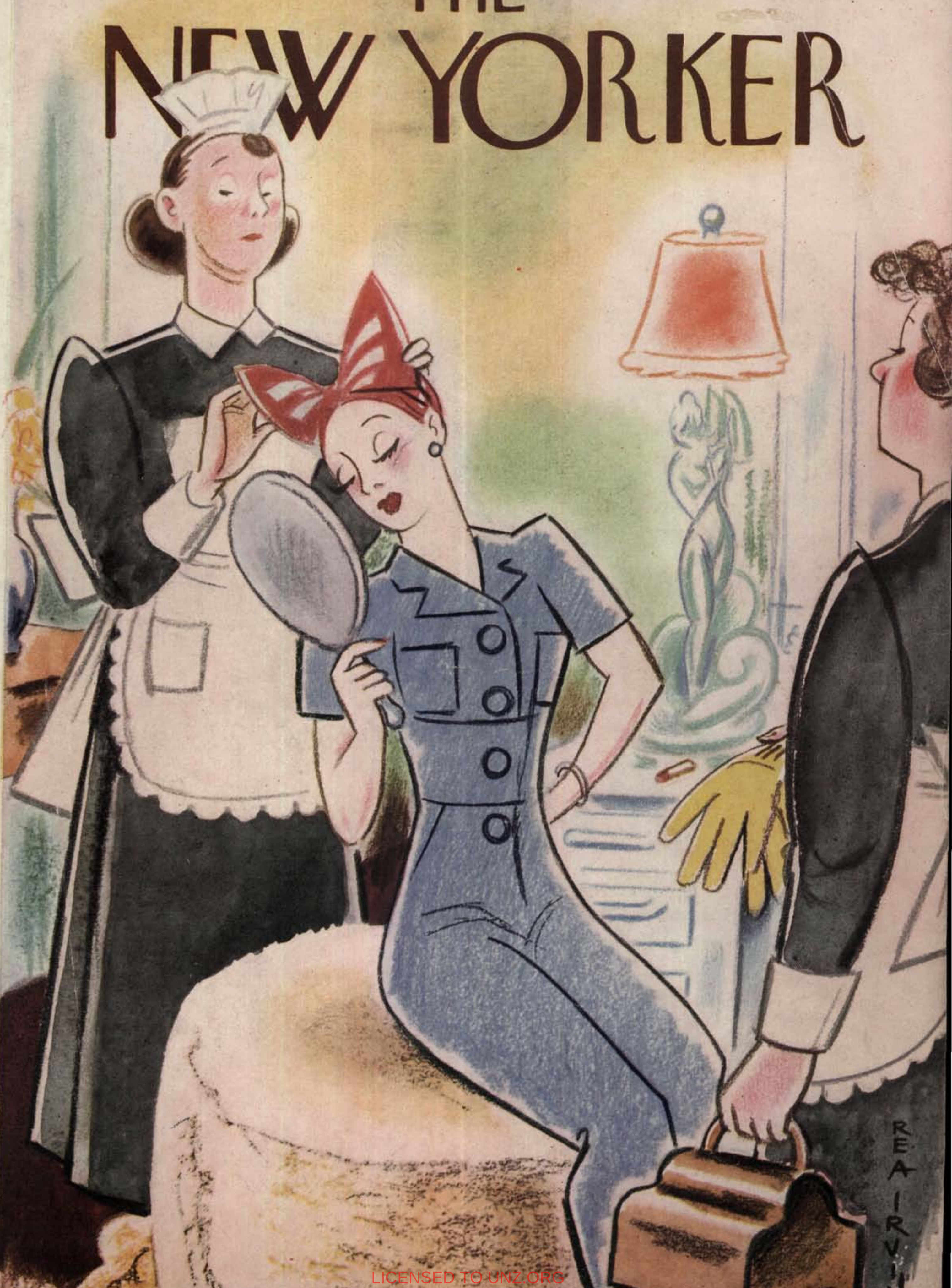
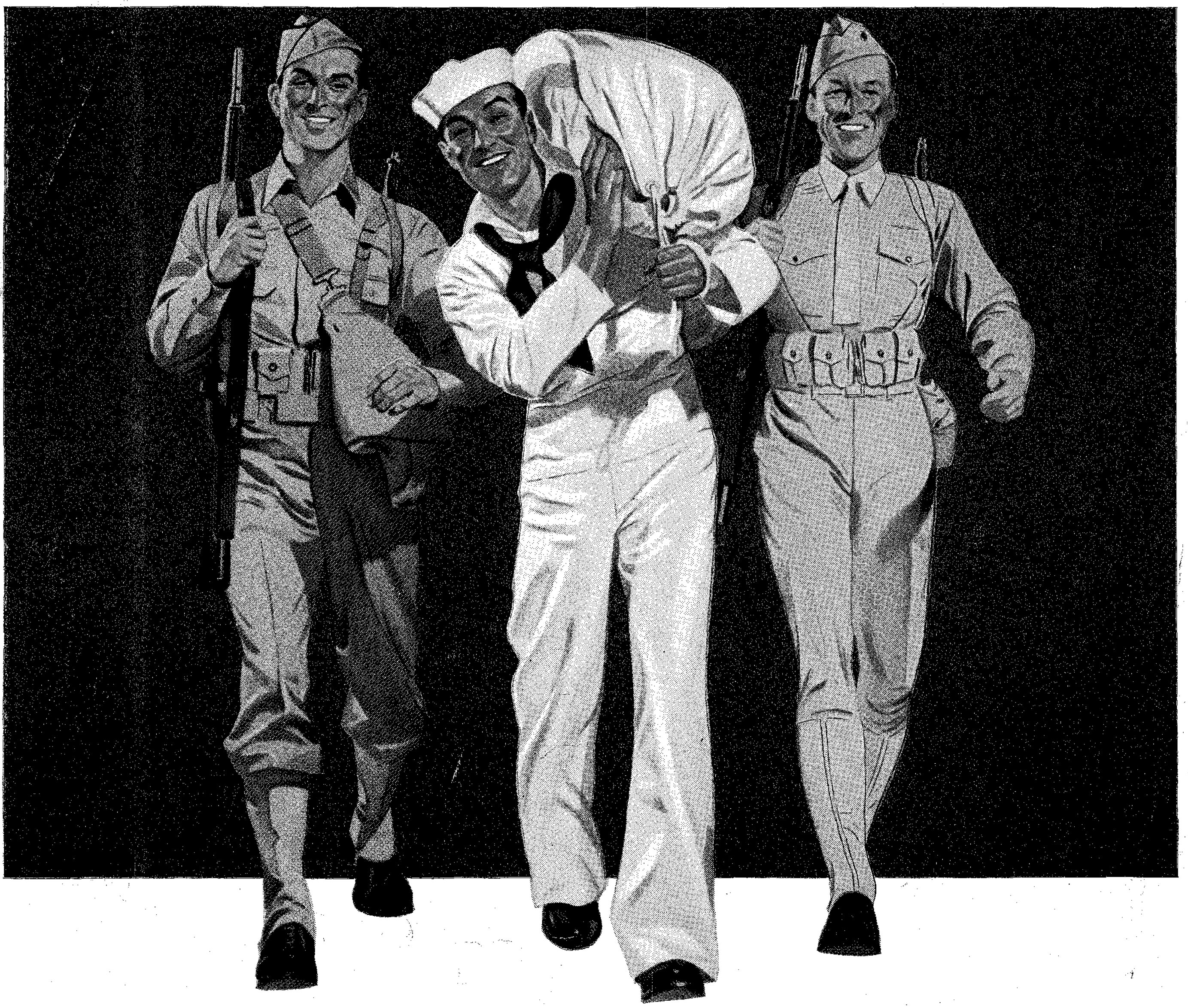




SEATS AND BERTHS FOR *TWO MILLION* A MONTH!

THE rate at which the railroads are now moving men of the armed forces is about 2,000,000 a month. In addition, they are carrying thousands of soldiers, sailors, marines, coast guardsmen traveling on leave.

So a tremendous amount of passenger equipment is constantly in service transporting military and naval personnel. On the Pennsylvania Railroad alone, over 800 coaches—or more than a third of the railroad's entire coach equipment—are engaged daily in moving troops. Yes, and a great many of its Pullman cars also.

Naturally, this cuts down materially the number of seats and berths available for civilian travel, in addition to creating other problems.

But everybody realizes there is a war to be won—and the equipment must go to those who are winning it.

So what's the public doing?

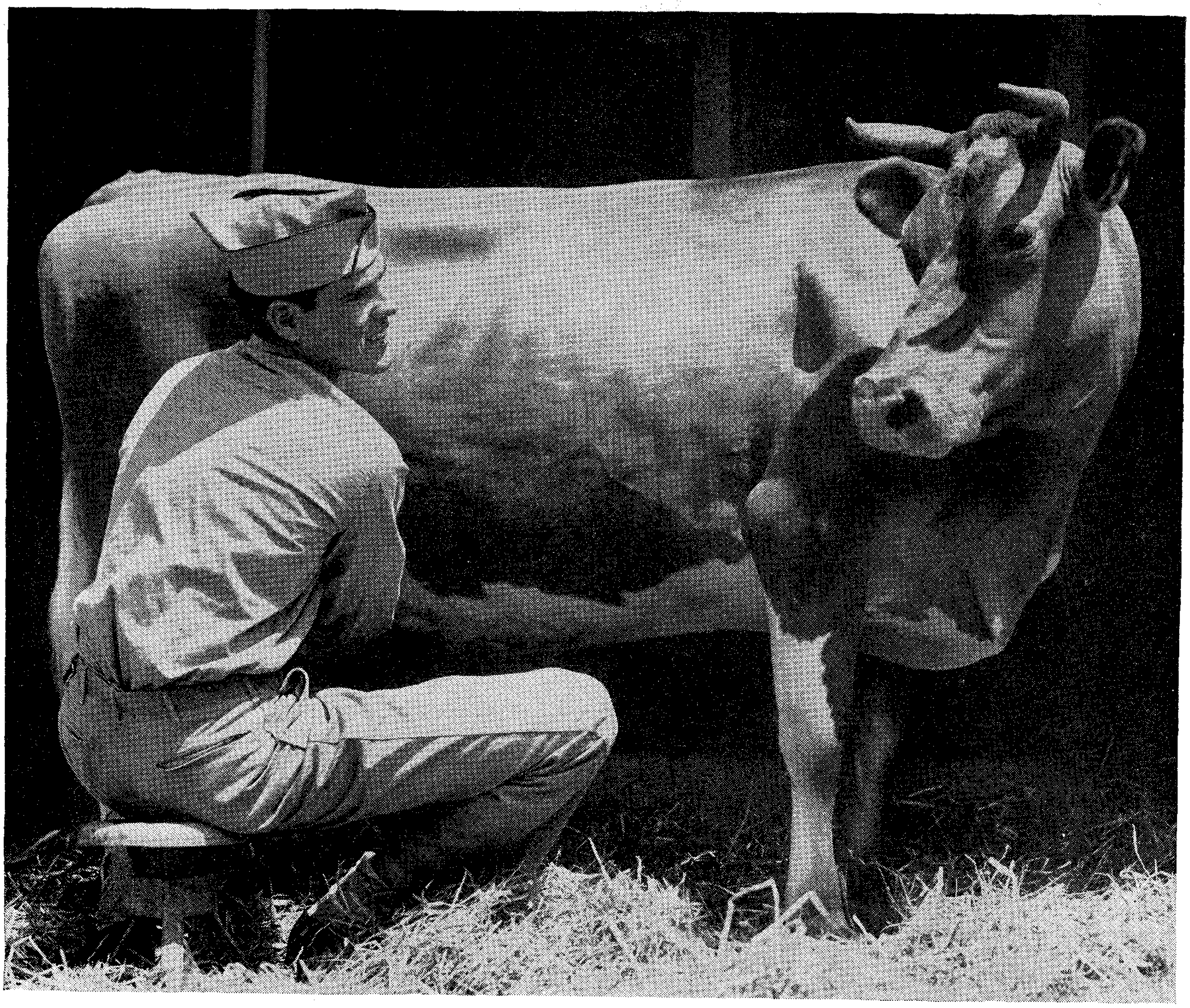
Exactly what you'd expect any American to do—cooperating in every way possible with the railroads to see that the war effort suffers in no way. Taking occasional inconveniences or lateness understandingly, thoughtfully cancelling at once accommodations that can't be used, promptly vacating seats in dining cars on finishing meals, taking aboard only one bag—helping in many ways. And for this the Pennsylvania Railroad—every railroad, in fact—is deeply appreciative.

★ *33,589 in the Armed Forces*
☆ *35 have given their lives for their country*

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Serving the Nation



BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

"Give for the Army, Lulu!"

Private Peterson, home on leave, is trying hard to satisfy his Army-created appetite for milk.

Today's fighting men have been taught how to stay fit. They've rediscovered habits of good health, often neglected since childhood. *They've rediscovered milk — and drink all they can get!*

The standard soldier's ration calls for eight ounces of fresh milk every day, and regularly includes butter, cheese, ice cream and other milk products as well.

This generous serving of nature's most *complete* food in its many forms is one big reason why your boy in uniform is huskier and stronger than he's ever been before. A big reason, too, why Americans will be healthier for generations to come!

We're proud to be a part of all this. Proud that our farms and dairies — *and plans*—were *able to help to feed these big forces!*

We're glad, also, that our products can help protect the health of hard-working civilians back home.

Today our research is looking far into that peaceful tomorrow when exciting new products and nutritious new foods will come from the National Dairy laboratories.

• • •

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.

NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION
AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11.

THE THEATRE

(Next week, as indicated below, performance schedules will be somewhat revised because of Labor Day. There may be further, last-minute changes, so, to be on the safe side, you'd do well to check with the newspapers. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ANGEL STREET—A superior melodrama about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Judith Evelyn and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except Sept. 8, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Mon., Sept. 6, at 2:40.)

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. Now in its third year, this Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Josephine Hull and Effie Shannon, is still one of the funniest things in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except Sept. 8, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Mon., Sept. 6, at 2:40.)

BLITHE SPIRIT—A return engagement of Noel Coward's effervescent comedy about a man whose wives come back to haunt him. Among the spooks and their mortal foils are Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Mildred Natwick, and Haila Stoddard. Reopens Mon. Eve., Sept. 6. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THE DOUGHGIRLS—Joseph Fields' farce about present-day Washington seems to contain all the necessary ingredients. George S. Kaufman is the director, and Virginia Field, Doris Nolan, and Arlene Francis are in the cast. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except Sept. 8, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Mon., Sept. 6, at 2:40.)

HARRIET—Thirty-three years in the life of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," who, unfortunately, doesn't seem to have been a very interesting woman. Helen Hayes, however, is magnificent. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun. and Mon., Sept. 5-6, at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Mon., Sept. 6, at 2:40.)

JANIE—Linda Watkins in a mild comedy of interest only to people who always find adolescence fascinating. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Mon. and Tues., Sept. 6-7, at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40; special Mats. Thurs. and Mon., Sept. 2 and 6, at 2:40.)

KISS AND TELL—A rather frail comedy about a couple of youngsters who pretend they're going to have a baby. Largely redeemed by George Abbott's direction and a fine cast, including Jessie Royce Landis and Robert Keith. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Mon., Sept. 6, at 2:40.)

LIFE WITH FATHER—This intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's book, is well over three years old. Edwin Cooper and Muriel Kirkland play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Mon., Sept. 6, at 2:40.)

MURDER WITHOUT CRIME—A play about a lady in a box, notable chiefly, and perhaps only, for a good performance by Henry Daniell. The rest of the cast is composed of Bretaigne Windust, Viola Keats, and Frances Tannehill. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:45. Mats. Wed., except Sept. 8, and Sat. at 2:45; special Mat. Mon., Sept. 6, at 2:45.)

THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH—Thornton Wilder's superb fantasy, dealing with the survival of the human race through glaciers and floods and wars. Gladys George, Conrad Nagel, and Viola Frayne are among the indestructible people in the cast. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except Sept. 8, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Mon., Sept. 6, at 2:40.)

THREE'S A FAMILY—A simple-minded but sometimes funny piece about pregnant ladies and the current housing shortage. Ruth Weston, Robert Burton, and William Wadsworth are heavily involved. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 2:50; special Mat. Mon., Sept. 6, at 2:40.)

TOMORROW THE WORLD—What to do when you have a little Nazi in your home. An honest, if not always credible, attempt to solve a difficult postwar problem. Skippy Homeier is remarkable in his rôle of a young Fascist, and Ralph Bellamy and Shirley Booth are very helpful as his American hosts. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Mon., Sept. 6, at 2:40.)

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS—Mainly a vehicle for Elisabeth Bergner, who knows her business. The play takes a while to get started but develops into something of a thriller. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Mon., Sept. 6, at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

THE SNARK WAS A BOOJUM—A comedy by Owen Davis, based on Richard Shattuck's novel of the same name, with Frank Lovejoy and Catherine Willard. Staged by Alexander Kirkland and produced by Alex Yokel and Jay Faggen. (48th Street, 48, E. PE 6-4891. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

EARLY TO BED—Something to do with a group of people who mistake a sporting house for a girl's school, and almost as elementary as it sounds. Richard Kollmar, Muriel Angelus, Mary Small, and Bob Howard are in it, and there is Fats Waller's characteristic music. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Mon., Sept. 6, at 2:30.)

THE MERRY WIDOW—An earnest, expensive revival, with Jan Kiepura, Marta Eggerth, and Melville Cooper. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

OKLAHOMA!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. Joan Roberts, Celeste Holm, Alfred Drake, and Joseph Buloff are among those who sing and dance their way through this American folk play. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Mon., Sept. 6, at 2:30.)

ROSALINDA—A colorful adaptation of Strauss's light opera "Die Fledermaus," with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed., except Sept. 8, and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Mon., Sept. 6, at 2:30.)

SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS—How Ethel Merman won the war by learning to receive radio programs with her teeth. A big, good-natured comedy, also containing Frankie Hyers, Betty Bruce, and Cole Porter's music. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed., except Sept. 8, and Sat. at 2:35; special Mat. Mon., Sept. 6, at 2:35.)

STAR AND GARTER—A musical perhaps adequately defined by its title. Somewhat rowdy, but intermittently pretty funny. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat., except Sept. 11, at 2:40; special Mat. Mon., Sept. 6, at 2:40.)

THE STUDENT PRINCE—A revival of that old Romberg operetta which you all surely know by now. With Everett Marshall and, through Fri., Sept. 3, Ann Pennington. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:30. Mats. Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30; special Mat. Mon., Sept. 6, at 2:30.)

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES—Rough-and-tumble version of an American institution. Milton Berle is in charge of a large cast that includes Eric Blore. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35; special Mat. Mon., Sept. 6, at 2:35.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

BLOSSOM TIME—Alexander Gray and Barbara Scully in a revival of this operetta, produced by the Shuberts. Opens Sat., Sept. 4. (Ambassador, 49, W. CI 7-0760. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:30. Mats. Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30; special Mat. Mon., Sept. 6, at 2:30.)

LAUGH TIME—Ethel Waters, Frank Fay, Bert Wheeler, and others in a vaudeville show produced by Paul Small and Fred F. Finklehoffe. Opens Wed., Sept. 8. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:30, and Sun. at 2:30 and 5:30.)

MY DEAR PUBLIC—A musical comedy with Willie Howard, Nanette Fabray, and Eric Brotherson. Produced by Irving Caesar. Opens Thurs., Sept. 9. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

THE ARMY PLAY-BY-PLAY—A return engagement of five one-act plays written, acted, and directed by soldiers. Presented by the Second Service Command and John Golden as a benefit for the Army Emergency Relief Fund. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly at 8:40. Mat. Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., Sept. 4.)

STARS ON ICE—The second edition of this skating spectacle, produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Nightly at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3; special Mats. Thurs. and Mon., Sept. 2 and 6, at 2:40.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

AMBASSADOR GARDEN, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—A pleasant warm-weather spot, and a fine place for serious dancing. Jules Lande's orchestra.

BILTMORE ROOF, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—An ice revue and Ray Heatherton's orchestra.

CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—There's Jimmy Savo, as well as Kenneth Spencer, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Palm trees that would surprise the average botanist and a show that includes Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and Frank Marti's samba band.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still popular with refugees from Hollywood. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—A favorite with people who like their dancing gentle. Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalvo's orchestras.

MONTE CARLO BEACH, 51 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band play in this decorative room. . . . Alessandro Rosati and Milan Smolen entertain in the Garden.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room will reopen on Sat., Sept. 4, with Fred and Elaine Barry, Myrus the Mind Reader, and Stanley Melba's orchestra. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Ted Straeter's orchestra will replace Larry Siry's in the Persian Room on Wed., Sept. 8.

ST. REGIS ROOF, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Gay and summery, with Larry Keyes' orchestra.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Joseph Marvin's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band are in the Café Lounge. Tea dancing daily.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Russ Smith's and Roy George's orchestras. Tea dancing daily.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof has Leo Reisman's orchestra and also, at the supper hour, Mischa Borr's orchestra and a show. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is on hand in the Lounge Restaurant.

SUPPER CLUBS—Entertainment but no dancing—**BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): sprightly but restful, with the Leonard Ware Trio and quite a few

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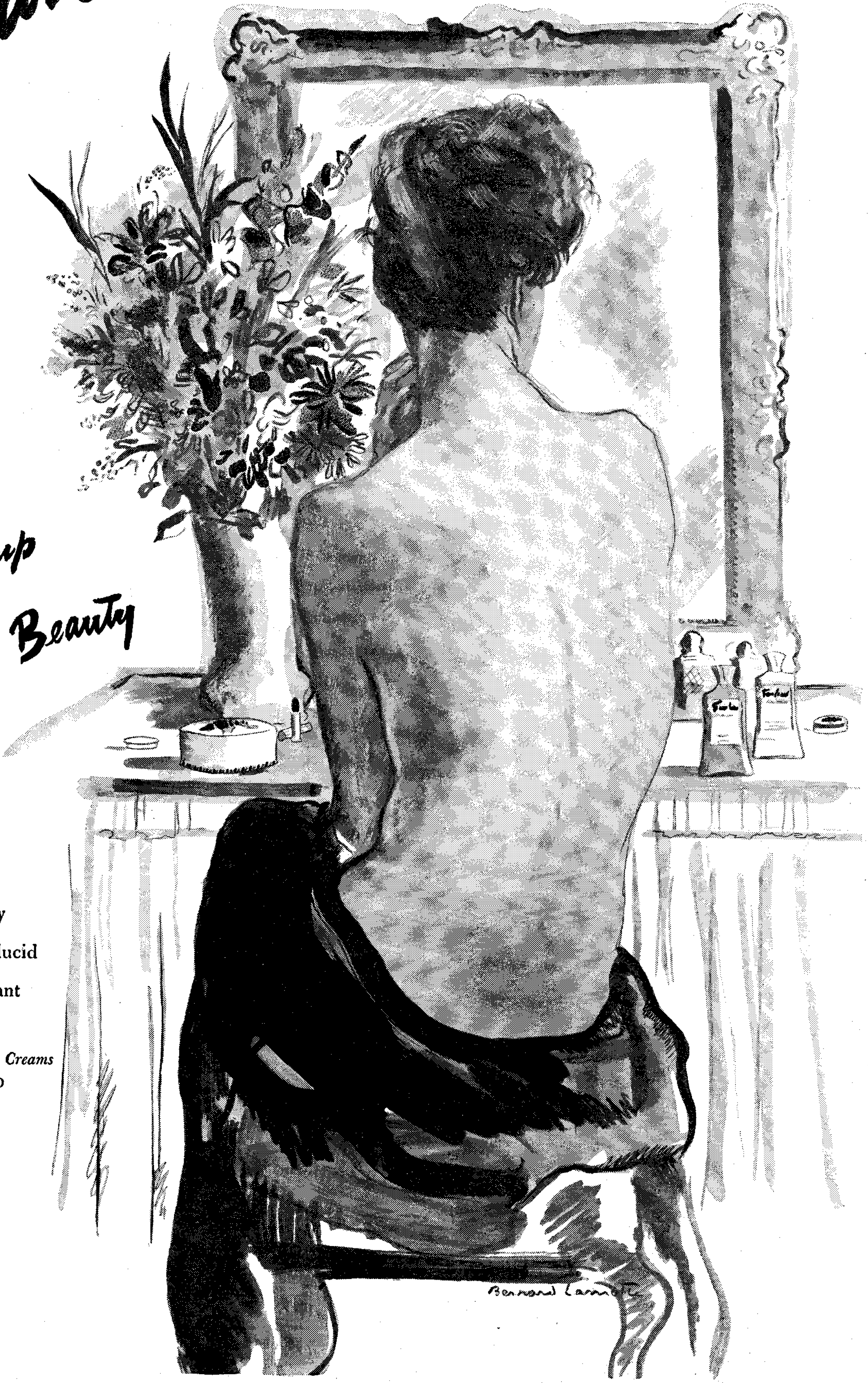

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11.

others. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): right on top of an office building, with Spivy herself singing those hearty songs. . . . **LA VIE PARISIENNE,** 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): the life Parisian is depicted mainly in the murals; Celeste Holm entertains. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the music, the candles, and the view of the Park should make you feel clandestine.

Miscellaneous—At the **VERSAILLES,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a large and lavish place, with a show that includes Charles Weidman and Carl Brisson; Val Olman's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): one of the nicer small spots; Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): you can almost reach from wall to wall, but there's still room for dancing; George Morris's orchestra and songs by Anne Francine. . . . **LA MARTINIQUE,** 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): bright and cheerful, with Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and some entertainment. . . . **RIOBAMBA,** 151 E. 57 (PL 8-1960): Grace Hayes heads a big and noisy show; Charles Baum's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): folk songs, dagger dances, and other Russian trimmings; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **ASTOR ROOF,** B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Ina Ray Hutton's orchestra will be replaced by Tommy Tucker's on Mon., Sept. 6. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Barry Winton's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Johnny Long's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glen Gray's orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES,** 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): songs and atmosphere for people who liked that decade or have heard it well spoken of; no dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): something like an air-raid shelter with entertainment; Huddie Ledbetter, the folk singer, will be replaced by Richard Dyer-Bennett, also a folk singer, on Thurs., Sept. 9. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): things don't get going here until most children are in bed, which is lucky.

●

Broadway Atmosphere—At the **HURRICANE,** B'way at 49 (CO 5-1995): Duke Ellington and his band provide the music, which should be all you need to know. . . . **DIAMOND HORSESHOE,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a new Billy Rose revue, this one about the future instead of the past. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): Georgie Price in command of a good-sized show. . . . **FOLIES BERGÈRE,** 232 W. 47 (CI 6-8020): one of those great big revues with lots and lots of girls; Enric Madriguera's and Roy Eldridge's orchestras. . . . **CAFÉ ZANZIBAR,** B'way at 50 (CI 7-7380): Ella Fitzgerald, the Berry Brothers, Maurice Rocco, and lots of others in an all-Negro show; Don Redman's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **LA CONGA,** 209 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Machito's rumba band and a show—all in a tropical setting. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID,** B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs, Havana-Madrid sort of place, with a rumba band and a show.

Mostly for Music—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): jazz by Eddie Heywood's orchestra and Mary Lou Williams, dances by Pearl Primus, and folk songs by Joshua White. . . . **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Brad Gowans' orchestra, featuring Pee Wee Russell, Eddie Condon, and Chelsea Quealey. . . . **ONYX,** 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): you'll find Billie Holiday singing the blues here. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE,** 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): Coleman Hawkins and the Clarence Profit Trio supply the music in this midtown saloon.

Al-Fresco—The **CLAREMONT INN,** Riverside Dr. at 124: there's a fine view of the Hudson, and Joe Ricardel's orchestra plays for dancing in the evening. . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53: lunch and tea are served in the garden. . . . **CENTRAL PARK ZOO:** the cafeteria there is jammed on Sundays, but it's fun for a weekday breakfast or afternoon beer.

A few sidewalk cafés on lower Fifth Ave., quieter than ever now with the disappearance of the motor car: the **BREVOORT,** 5 Ave. at 8; **FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL,** 5 Ave. at 9; and **LONGCHAMPS,** 5 Ave. at 12.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries will be closed Labor Day, Mon., Sept. 6.)

Drawings—A loan exhibition of portraits and other works by John Singer Sargent and Paul César Helleu: Coördinating Council of French Relief Societies, 457 Madison, at 50. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 14.

East and West—Ancient Chinese art compared with works by Occidental artists from medieval times to the present: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Sept. 10.

European and American—At the **ROSENBERG,** 16 E. 57: an exhibition of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings by French and American artists. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 30. . . . **LILIENFELD,** 21 E. 57: a group show of oils, mostly by European artists, from the fifteenth to the twentieth centuries. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 4 P.M.; through Fri., Sept. 10. . . . **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57: paintings by John Costigan, Thomas Eakins, Winslow Homer, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 15.

Groups—At the **KRAUSHAAR,** 730 5 Ave., at 57: new and old paintings by Guy Pène du Bois, Louis Bouché, Gifford Beal, Russell Cowles, and a number of other modern American artists. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Sept. 3. . . . **FERARGIL,** 63 E. 57: annual summer exhibit, including works by Thomas Cole, George Inness, Grant Wood, and other American artists. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 15. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 711 5 Ave., at 55: water colors, oils, and black-and-whites by members of this gallery's group, including Thomas Benton, Aaron Bohrod, and Georges Schreiber. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 11. . . . **PERLS,** 32 E. 58: oils by artists whose work has been shown here during the past season. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 25.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Over a hundred paintings of scenes in battle zones and on the home front, originally done for *Life* by Tom Lea, Fletcher Martin, Paul Sample, and other American artists (through Sept. 19); also, the Jules S. Bache collection of European paintings and sculptures from the Renaissance through the eighteenth century (through Sept. 30). Weekdays, including Labor Day, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—Ten newly acquired oils by Edward Hopper, Marsden Hartley, André Masson, Giorgio de Chirico, and others; also, Picasso's Guernica mural. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun. and Labor Day, 1 to 7 P.M.; through Sept. 26.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A loan show of over a hundred paintings by Werner Drewes, Ladislaus Moholy-Nagy, and twenty other contemporary artists. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 15.

MUSIC

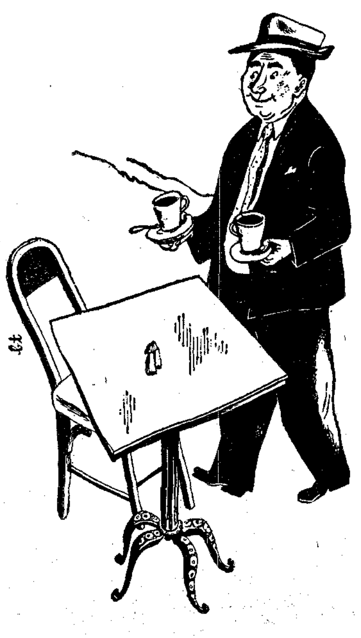
Naumberg Memorial Concert—The final concert of the series, Eugene Plotnikoff conducting: Central Park Mall, Mon., Sept. 6, at 8:15 P.M.

SPORTS

Baseball—At the **POLO GROUNDS:** Giants vs. Philadelphia, Mon., Sept. 6 (doubleheader), at 1:30 P.M., and Wed., Sept. 8, at 2:30 P.M.; Giants vs. Boston, Fri. and Sat., Sept. 10-11, at 2:30 P.M. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Washington, Thurs. through Sun., Sept. 2-5, at 2:30 P.M. . . . **EBBETS FIELD:** Dodgers vs. Giants, Thurs., Sat., and Sun., Sept. 2, 4, and 5, at 2:30 P.M., and Fri., Sept. 3, at 4:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Boston, Mon., Sept. 6 (doubleheader), at 1:30 P.M., and Wed., Sept. 8, at 2:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Thurs., Sept. 9, starting time to be announced, and Sat., Sept. 11, at 2:30 P.M.

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden: Bob Montgomery vs. Beau Jack for the world lightweight title, 15 rounds, Fri., Sept. 10. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10 P.M.

Racing—Weekdays at Aqueduct at 1:30 P.M.; through Sept. 18. (Babylon Handicap, Sept. 4; Aqueduct Handicap and War Fund Day, Sept. 6; Edgemere Handicap, Sept. 11.) Frequent special trains leave Penn Station on Sat. between 11:08 A.M. and 1:20 P.M., other weekdays between 11:24 A.M. and 1:24 P.M.



Tennis—National Championships, singles and doubles, a war-relief benefit: West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, daily through Mon., Sept. 6, at about 1 P.M.

Trotting—At Empire City: Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 2-3, at 5:15 P.M., and Sat. and Mon., Sept. 4 and 6, at 4 P.M.

Yachting—Championship races on the Sound: Seawanhaka Corinthian Y.C., to be held off Larchmont, Sun., Sept. 5, at about 1 P.M.; Larchmont Y.C., Mon., Sept. 6, at about 1 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

War Loan Drive—The campaign will be inaugurated with a program of speeches by such prominent figures as Archbishop Spellman, at Carnegie Hall, on Thurs., Sept. 9, at 8 P.M. There will also be an entertainment at Madison Square Garden on Sat., Sept. 11, at 8:30 P.M., with Fred Astaire, Dorothy Lamour, James Cagney, and many other Hollywood stars.

Wartime Exhibitions—At the **CHRYSLER BLDG.,** 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of combat vehicles, artillery, small arms, and bombs, assembled by the Army, of the kinds being used by our forces overseas, as well as booby traps and other equipment captured from the enemy. Weekdays, including Labor Day, 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.; through Sept. 30. . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53: the rôle of the airplane during and after the current war, as shown by maps, globes, models, photomurals, and other graphic material (through Oct. 31); also, an exhibition, assembled by Gregory Bateson, of photographs, sculptures, and paintings from Bali, showing the culture of its people and designed to illustrate the problems which confront an army of occupation in any foreign territory (through Sept. 19). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun. and Labor Day, 1 to 7 P.M. . . . **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY,** R.C.A. Bldg., Rockefeller Center: an Army Air Forces show, with fliers' equipment, machine guns, and scale models of wind-tunnels and engines (through Jan. 31); also, an American-Soviet exhibit of war trophies captured from the Germans, examples of lend-lease equipment, and photo-murals of wartime life in both countries (through Sept. 15). Daily, including Labor Day, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

Photography—An exhibition showing the progress of action-photography from the multiple-camera pictures of Eadweard Muybridge to stroboscopic prints by Harold E. Edgerton: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun. and Labor Day, 1 to 7 P.M.; through Sept. 19.

Planetarium—Celestial navigation, from Columbus' day to the present, is the subject of the September lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81. Mon. through Fri., at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

On the Air—Philharmonic-Symphony, Dmitri Mitropoulos conducting; soloist, Claudio Arrau, Sun., Sept. 5, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Frank Black conducting, Sun., Sept. 5, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . Racing: Babylon Handicap, Sat., Sept. 4; Edgemere Handicap, Sat., Sept. 11; at 4:15 P.M., WABC, WEAF, and WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Raymond Clapper, Mon. and Thurs. at 10 P.M., WOR; Leon Henderson, Sat. at 6:45 P.M., WJZ; Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC; Ed Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:30 P.M., WABC; Waverley Root, nightly at 6:30 P.M., WINS; Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR; Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . News from abroad: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 and Sun. at 2:30 P.M., WABC; Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; and Sun. at 12 noon, WJZ.

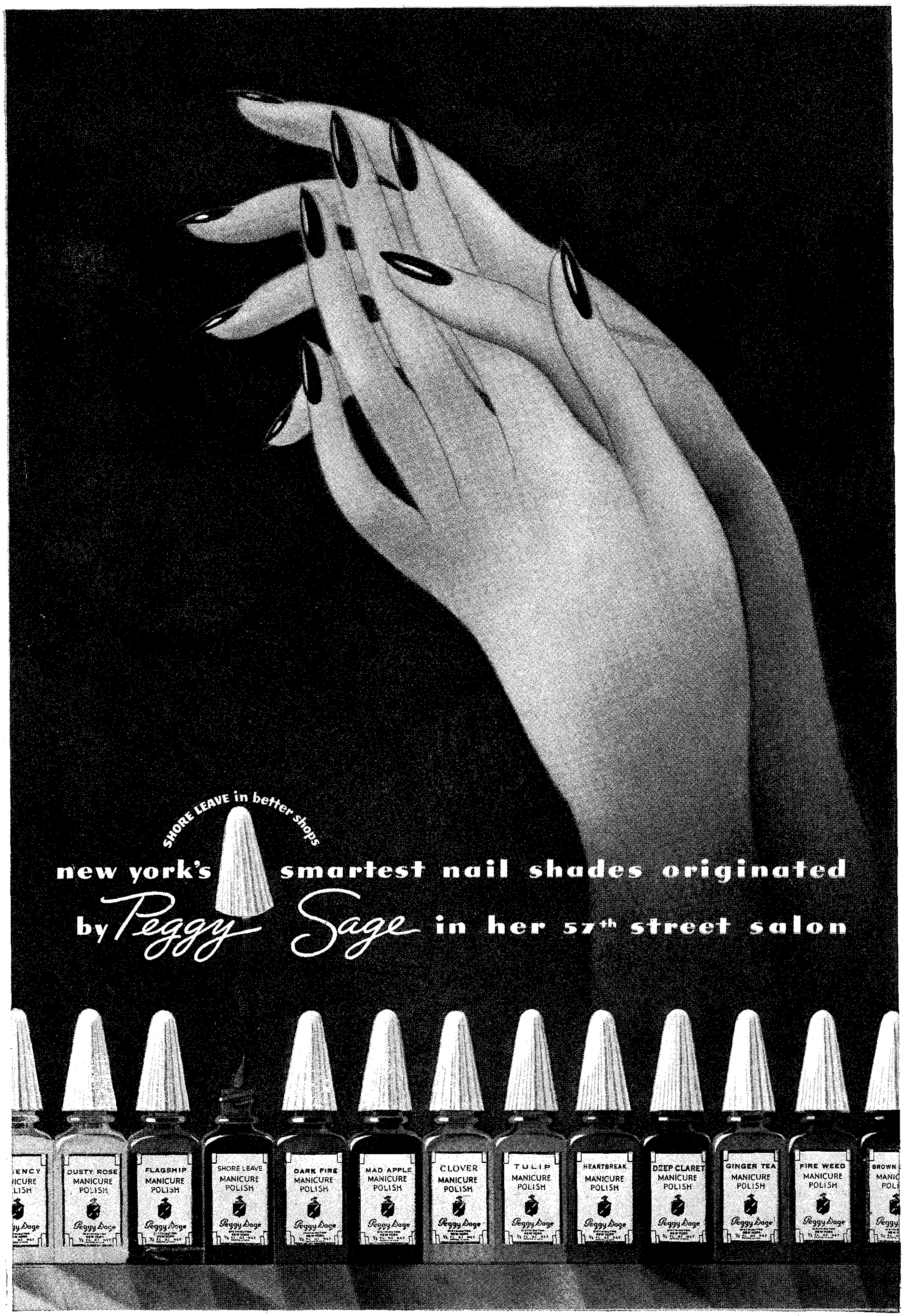
MOTION PICTURES

Bataan—The grimly realistic story of a handful of Americans on a suicide mission. The cast includes Robert Taylor, Thomas Mitchell, and Lloyd Nolan. (Carlton, B'way at 100; through Sat., Sept. 4. . . . Park, at Columbus Circle; Sun. through Tues., Sept. 5-7. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Wed. through Fri., Sept. 8-10.)

Casablanca—Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains right in the middle of pre-Eisenhower North Africa. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Sept. 3.)

For Whom the Bell Tolls—Hemingway faithfully and handsomely, but timidly, adapted to the screen. The cast includes Gary Cooper, Ingrid Bergman, Katina Paxinou, and Akim Tamiroff. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; daily at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

Hers to Hold—One of those light Deanna Durbin vehicles with songs and a certain amount of sentiment. Assisting Miss Durbin are Joseph Cotten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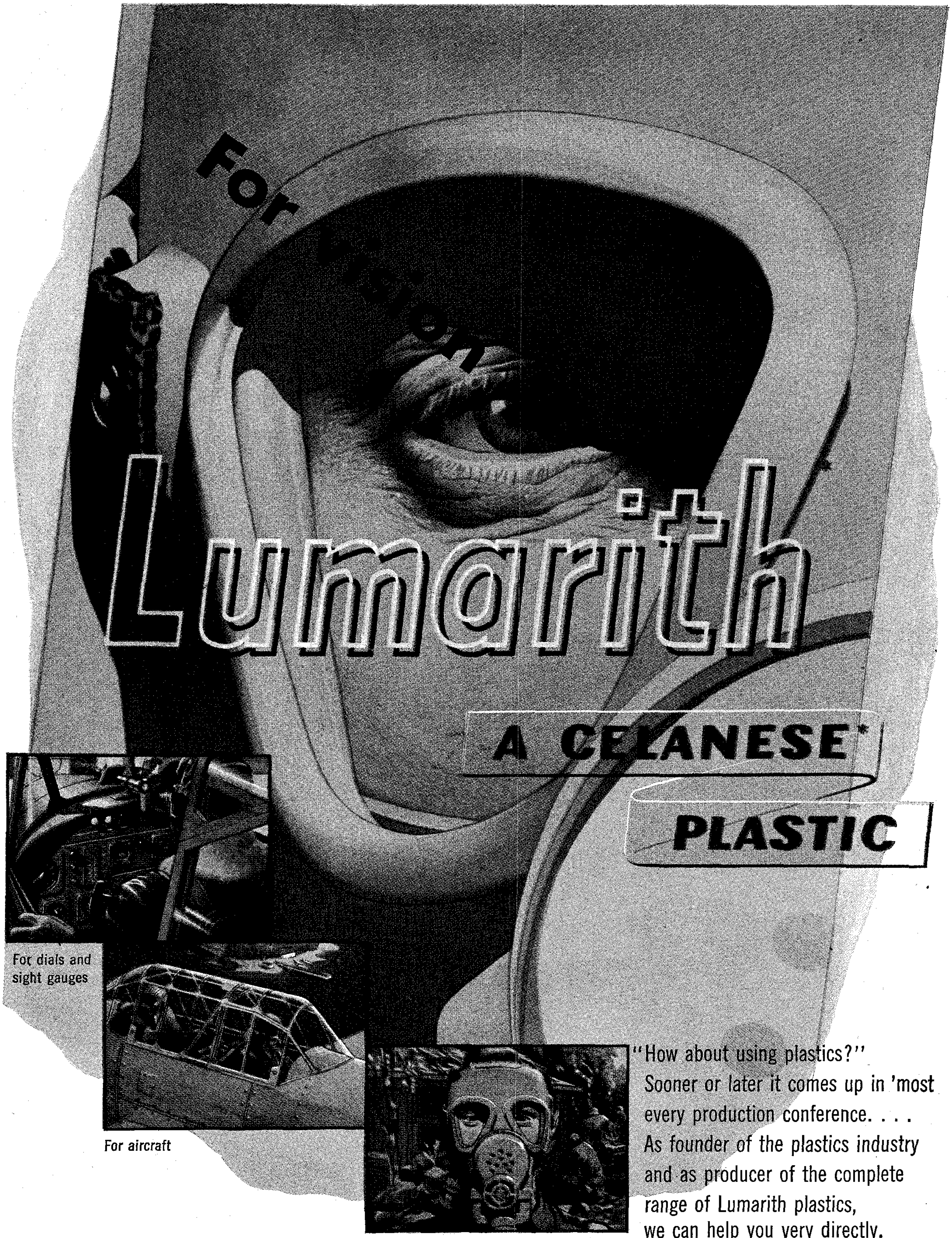

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Charles Winninger. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; through Sat., Sept. 4. . . . Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86, and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; through Mon., Sept. 6.)

The Human Comedy—Saroyan looks at life and finds it, as usual, irreproachable. Mickey Rooney, Frank Morgan, and an admirable child named Jack Jenkins. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Thurs., Sept. 2.)

Mission to Moscow—The case for Russia is presented with a great deal of ineptitude in this screening of Mr. Davies' book, but it's a strong-enough case to stand up by itself. Walter Huston, Oscar Homolka, and Ann Harding play some of the important people involved. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12, and Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Fri. through Sun., Sept. 3-5.)

The More the Merrier—Comedy in the cramped quarters of Washington, involving Jean Arthur, Joel McCrea, and Charles Coburn. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., Sept. 2. . . . Art, 36 E. 8; Sun. through Wed., Sept. 5-8.)

This Is the Army—Irving Berlin's rousing soldier show, with a big cast of soldiers, Hollywood civilians, and Irving Berlin. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

Watch on the Rhine—An excellent treatment of Lillian Hellman's play, with Paul Lukas and others from the Broadway cast and Bette Davis to boot. (Strand, B'way at 47.)

REVIVALS

All That Money Can Buy (1941)—From Stephen Vincent Benét's "The Devil and Daniel Webster." Anne Shirley, Walter Huston, and Edward Arnold. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Wed. and Thurs., Sept. 8-9.)

Bambi (1942)—Walt Disney's interpretation of the Felix Salten story. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., Sept. 4-7.)

The Beachcomber (1938)—A Somerset Maugham story of carryings-on in the South Seas that has nothing to do with the present. Charles Laughton and Elsa Lanchester. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Sept. 2.)

Catherine the Great (1934)—Romance and ruin in imperial Russia, with Elisabeth Bergner and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man and his life. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Sept. 3-6.)

H. M. Pulham, Esq. (1941)—The John P. Marquand novel of Back Bay and Beacon Hill. Hedy Lamarr, Ruth Hussey, and Robert Young. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., Sept. 7-9.)

Holiday (1938)—Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant in Philip Barry's play about the upper classes. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 7-8.)

Major Barbara (1941)—Bernard Shaw's film version of his Salvation Army comedy. Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison, Robert Morley, and Emlyn Williams. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Sept. 3-6.)

The Private Life of Henry VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the character with all the wives. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

Sullivan's Travels (1942)—Joel McCrea and Veronica Lake in a Preston Sturges comedy. (Thalia, B'way at 95, and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Sept. 2.)

The Talk of the Town (1942)—Jean Arthur and Cary Grant train Ronald Colman for the Supreme Court. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Sun. through Tues., Sept. 5-7.)

Vivacious Lady (1938)—Ginger Rogers as a night-club singer and James Stewart as a professor. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Sat., Sept. 4.)

When Tomorrow Comes (1939)—Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer mixed up with labor problems and hurricanes. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Mon. through Thurs., Sept. 6-9.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing eight short dance sequences from various films (1909-1936) featuring, among others, Anna Pavlova, Rudolph Valentino, Joan Crawford, and Fred Astaire. Weekdays at 3, 4, and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.; through Sept. 18.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

Volunteer Work—Thousands of men and women are needed to fill essential emergency jobs. Residents who want to help out should get in touch with the Civilian Defense Volunteer Office, 707 Fifth Ave., at 55th (PL 5-7301), which supervises much of the local volunteer work and can also assist people in signing up with the Red Cross. (In the Bronx, the C.D.V.O. telephone number is JE 7-3360; in Brooklyn, TR 5-9701; in Queens, NE 9-9100; in Richmond, GI 7-1000.)

Some of the most pressing needs right now, not necessarily in order of importance, are for (1) men not immediately subject to the draft to train one evening a week as auxiliary firemen; (2) anyone

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over sixteen who, after taking a two-month part-time course, will do vocational and recreational work with children on a regular schedule; (3) women to take a seven-week Red Cross part-time course and then work at least one full day each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.; (4) anyone over sixteen to take a brief course in radio operation and then train two hours a week for the War Emergency Radio Service, patrolling the city on foot or in radio-equipped cars; (5) women to take a two-week part-time training course and then serve at least nine hours a week as Health Department assistants in city schools, nurseries, and other institutions; (6) men and women over eighteen to put in at least eight hours a week doing highly necessary but unskilled work in hospitals.

The Third War Loan Drive will begin on Thurs., Sept. 9, and the C.D.V.O. is recruiting volunteers, who can work either during the day or in the evening, to sell bonds and do clerical work in connection with the Drive.

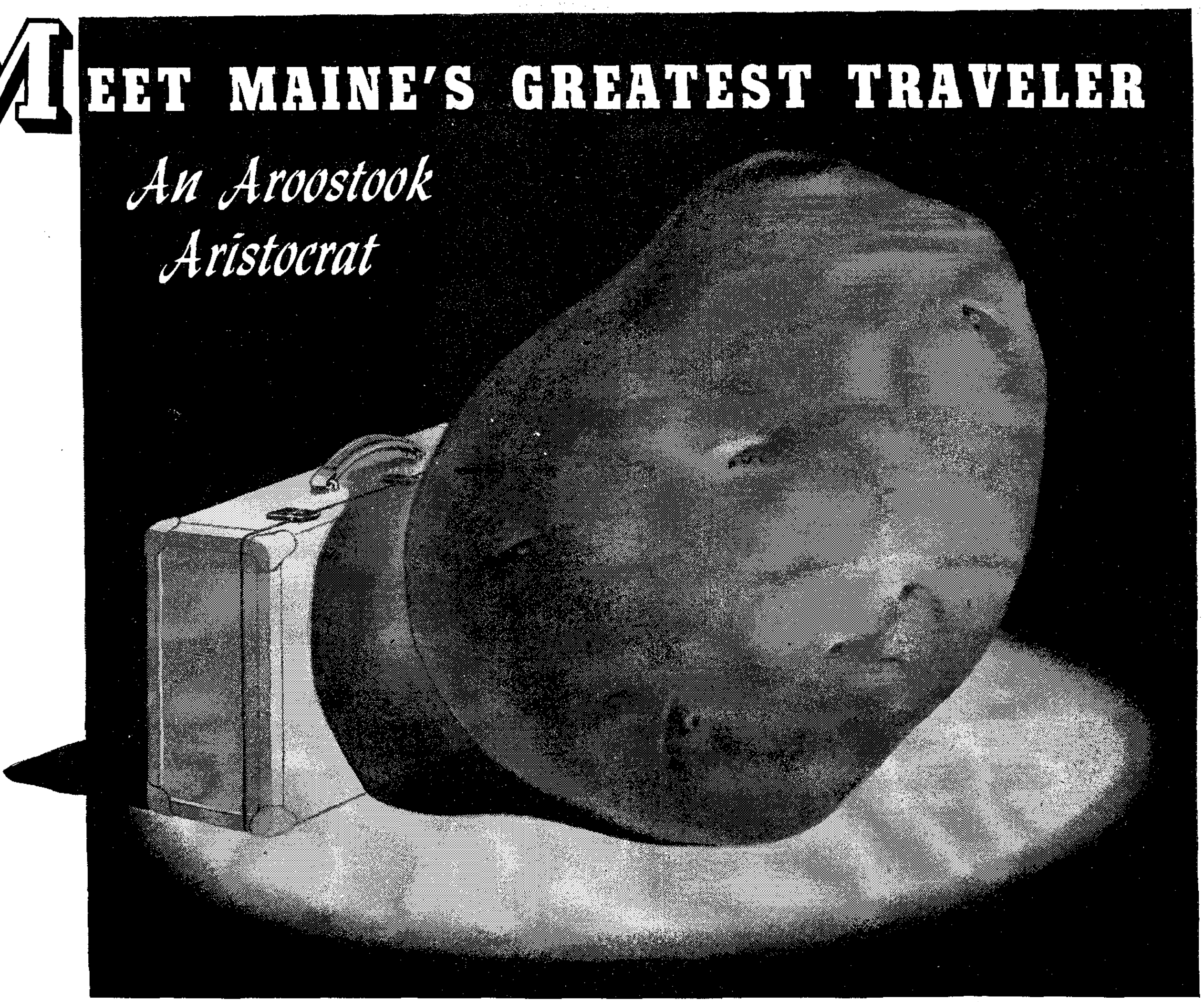
SALVAGE—There is an urgent need for wastepaper, which is used in the making of containers for bombs, blasting powder, and shells. The New York City Salvage Division, Empire State Bldg., Fifth Ave. at 34th (MU 3-9669), will send a collector for a hundred pounds or more (roughly, a stack five feet high) and, if you want to dispose of smaller quantities, will give you the address of a collection depot near your home. . . . The government requests that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives. Pour the fat (both the deep-frying kind and pan or broiler drippings are acceptable) into any clean can, keep it in a cool place until you have accumulated about a pound, and then take it to your neighborhood butcher, who has been asked by the government to make his shop a receiving centre. . . . Tin cans should be kept separate from other refuse and turned over to your building superintendent, who will see that they reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends.

Women who are lucky enough to have any silk or nylon stockings left should remember that worn-out ones can be used in manufacturing gunpowder bags and parachutes, among other things. Most department stores have collection bins in their hosiery sections.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of defense committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instructions to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—The Navy wants to buy a number of fully equipped Ciné-Kodak Special moving picture cameras with one-inch, *f*1.9 lenses. For further information, call or write the Naval Adviser's Office, Empire State Bldg., Fifth Ave. at 34th (MU 3-6800, Ext. 193). . . . The Red Cross is very much in need of donors to contribute blood to send to field and base hospitals. Anyone wishing to coöperate should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . The Navy still needs Zeiss, Bausch & Lomb, and Naval Gun Factory binoculars, and the Jockey Club, 250 Park, at 46th (EL 5-6146), is serving as a collection centre for them. If you have some you are willing to lend, call the club to see whether they meet the specifications. . . . Broken and worn-out phonograph records are being collected by Records for Our Fighting Men, Inc., which will sell them for scrap and buy new records to send to service camps both here and abroad. For the address of the nearest receiving centre, call MU 3-1447. . . . The War Emergency Board of the Fur Industry has issued an appeal for discarded furs, no matter how old, to be made into jackets for members of the Merchant Marine. The furs should be sent to the Fur Vest Project, 135 W. 26th (PE 6-4789). . . . The American Women's Voluntary Services, 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), will arrange to call for and distribute any recreational equipment which you may care to contribute for the enjoyment of servicemen, such as radios, phonographs, records, and table tennis and pool tables. Because of laundry conditions near service camps, the A.W.V.S. is also collecting and distributing washing machines, electric irons, and ironing boards. . . . The Metropolitan Opera Guild is reconditioning musical instruments (brasses and accordions are in great demand) to be sent to military and naval hospitals in this country. Anyone wishing to contribute should call RE 4-2410. . . . The Army needs dogs weighing fifty pounds or more and from one to five years old to train for sentry, scout, or messenger duty. Owners who want to donate such animals should get in touch with Dogs for Defense, 22 E. 60th (PL 9-6470), to see whether theirs meet the Army's fairly stringent requirements.

MEET MAINE'S GREATEST TRAVELER



An Aroostook Aristocrat

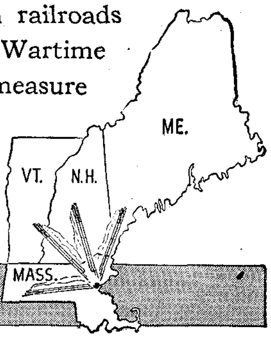
About now this native State of Mainer — and literally millions of his cousins, aunts, and relatives — starts the long trek to dinner tables all over the Eastern United States; yes, even West of the Mississippi and way down in the heart of Texas. And this year he'll be visiting war spots all over the globe.

Maine farmers, it is estimated, are producing 54,000,000 bushels of potatoes in 1943 — Aroostook County alone produces more than any single state! And right now it is harvest time. Travel time, too! That means moving 50,000 carloads over the Boston and Maine rails on the way to world-wide markets.

So when the Aroostook Aristocrat arrives, treat him kindly because he has been raised and brought up to be about the best of vegetables. Certainly right now he's got a mighty important war job supplying real wholesome nourishment to all of us in and out of uniform.

Treat him well. Not only because he's been given a lot of attention in the fields of his home towns, but he has also been handled with care by all of us who run railroads. On his way to you we have shown him great respect — speeded him on his way and delivered him to you in all his delicious freshness. Whether you bake him in your oven, French fry him, boil him or mash him, or eat him in your favorite restaurant or hotel, remember he is important to you for good health.

Remember, too, that in order to get Maine potatoes to you along with many other foods from Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, New York and Massachusetts, a railway transportation system, busy with the needs of the Armed Forces, must carry on without interruption. That we and other American railroads are able to meet the needs of a Wartime America is due in no small measure to the understanding of the American traveling and shipping public.



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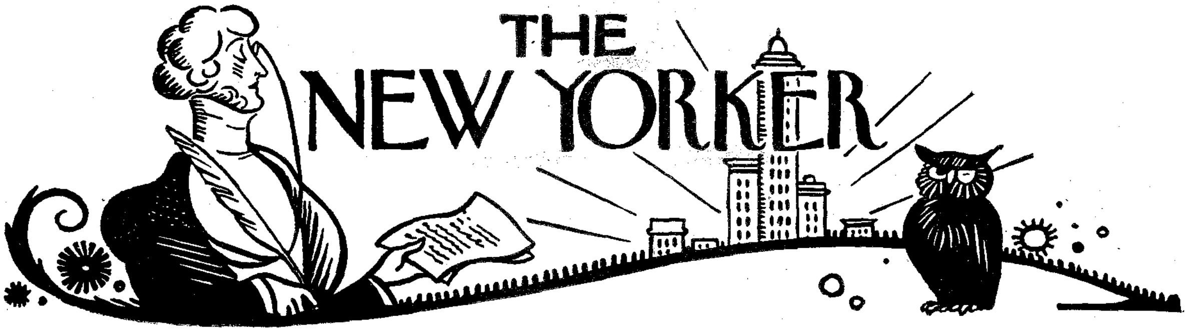


THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

PROSPERITY NOTE: Our new Montgomery Ward catalogue has arrived and the cover shows a girl wearing a beaver coat at $550 and a beaver hat at $75 (tax extra). Shows what can be done by mail in this country.

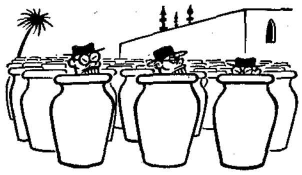
EXCEPT for the food conference, the United Nations have maintained a physical aloofness which is lamentable and unpropitious. Time flashes by, or marches on, and still there are no United Nations in operation save as a remotely controlled coalition of fighting forces. This aloofness does not suggest a continuance of unity. It does not substantiate President Roosevelt's remark to the Canadian Parliament, "There is a longing in the air . . ."

The essence of the spirit of community is a willingness to meet, whether in a grange hall, a town hall, a marble hall, or a hall bedroom. We see no possible excuse for delaying any longer the corporeality of the U.N. of the W. We respectfully recommend that a meeting be held in early fall, to be known as Meeting Number One, at which a chairman *pro tem* shall be elected, a resolution passed against members leaving their rubbers in the downstairs hall, and a motion made to adjourn, *sine die* and *sine odio,* to the World Series.

WE noted with some interest a while ago that John Chamberlain, book reviewer of the *Times,* calls his Connecticut establishment Soursoil Farm. The fact fits in nicely with a theory we've had tucked away in our minds for a long time. There is, we've observed, a peculiar perversity about the way city men name their country places. Whereas the farmer, if the exceptional one wastes time on the matter at all, christens his establishment as carefully as he would his own daughter, striving for a title that will be at once agreeable to the ear and expressive of his pride in the place, the townsman as often as not seems to go out of his way to knock his holdings. Rocky Acres, he'll call it, or Mossy Meadow, quite forgetting that to the true farmer rocks on the land are almost as disquieting as a wen on his wife's face, while moss indicates that the ground needs a good dose of chemicals. Or maybe he doesn't forget. In fact, neighbors, the way we figure it is that there's a queer sense of guilt behind all these name-calling names the city fellows give their places—the guilt of a man who has bought, say, a hundred acres and isn't doing a darned thing with it. He has to find some excuse for letting all that good land go to waste, doesn't he? So instead of talking up the place, as the farmer would, he talks it down, calls it Briar Field Farm, Brambly Ledges, or some such, and says, figuratively at least, the hell with it. Lime, Mr. Chamberlain, would fix that sour soil of yours.

IF what we read in the papers is true, the crews of Flying Fortresses often take a little can of ice-cream mixture along with them on bombing raids. They fly high through cold air to their target, drop their load, starting fires, destroying buildings, killing people, and when they get back home the ice cream is frozen, ready to serve. Designers of the brave new world will have to bear in mind, among many other things to be borne in mind, the curiously contradictory capacities and appetites of modern man, who can construct and operate a machine as delicate and deadly as a four-engined bomber and who, when he has his choice of what to carry along with him, settles for a little can of vanilla cream.

UNIVERSAL FILMS, we learn from a Hollywood gossip column, is planning to do a modernized version of "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," to cost $750,000. The villains, according to the writer of the column, "out of respect for an ally," will no longer be Chinese but will be Mongols. The thieves who hide in the jars will be changed to Fifth Columnists, concealing themselves to get within the enemy lines, and the picture in general, apart from having people in jars, will be a wholly original story about the invasion of Bagdad by Hulagu Khan, grandson of Genghis Khan, in 1258, and will "draw a parallel with today's war activity and the Axis subjugation of peace-loving peoples." That is the sort of thing we like best about Hollywood—its wild contempt for the story it is presumed to be making, combined with its terrifying precision about the story it actually *is* making, even to knowing which Khan invaded Bagdad in what year and what sort of hat he wore. It reminds us more than anything else of the experience a friend of ours had with the West Coast Dreamland many years ago. He had written a book of very advanced short stories, full of symbols and stuff, called "The White Oxen," and the movies wanted to buy it for a vast sum. Our friend wondered what they could possibly use in it and discovered that they hadn't read the book and didn't intend to. They merely wanted to make a movie called "White Oxen" because someone else



was making a movie from Gertrude Atherton's best-seller called "Black Oxen."

The Balinese Temperament

IF you can manage to get to the Modern Museum before the nineteenth of the month, you'll see an instructive exhibition dealing with the island of Bali—native sculpture and paintings, and a selection of photographs taken there by Mr. Gregory Bateson, the anthropologist and the husband of Dr. Margaret Mead. He's the gentleman who gave us the dope for our fascinating piece about pidgin English, if you remember that. Well, anyway, one of the points Mr. Bateson is trying to make with his exhibition is that, when we come to retake the Pacific territory now held by the Japs, our problems will be many and varied. For instance, we have Mr. Bateson's sober assurance that if an officer came bounding up to a bunch of Balinese workmen with some such incisive, Anglo-Saxon remark as "All right, men, hop to it and get this place cleaned up or there'll be hell to pay!," all the Balinese would promptly lie down and go to sleep. They do that, invariably, when shocked or frightened.

Mr. Bateson says he would give a good deal to be able to watch the Balinese reaction to the polite smile of their Japanese conquerors. Among the Balinese the insurance-man grin stamps a man as practically the village idiot. Well-brought-up Balinese smile only when there is a clear-cut reason for it. The Balinese might be termed claustrophiles, as opposed to claustrophobes; fifteen of them will get into the back seat of a car, for instance, in happy, steamy intimacy. Rush hour on the New York subway would be heaven to them. Therefore, a good thing for the AMG (formerly AMGOT) to keep in mind is that when jollying the Balinese along it helps to have them crowded together. This is something that probably would not occur to the average AMG officer.

Mr. Bateson says it's impossible to overemphasize the horror the people of Bali have for a direct command, or even a simple statement of fact. The community story-tellers, for example, don't just cram their tales down the listeners' throats. The story-teller will say, for example, "One day a princess walked into the forest." Then he will pause, and someone in the audience will inquire, "Did she stop when she got into the forest?" "No," the story-teller says. "She walked on for a long way." And so on with leading questions, to the end. Commands to Balinese servants must be cast in the same form, Mr. Bateson warns, if a white man expects the servants to stay awake. Say you want your houseboy to fetch a certain bag from under your bed. You casually inquire if he remembers where your bedroom is. When he says yes, he does, you gradually work around to the fact that you keep your bag there—underneath the bed, in fact, if he happens to remember that there's a bed in the corner. In time, after the proper build-up, you confess that you would like the bag. The boy speeds off to get it. The American military man may have a little difficulty in adjusting himself to this procedure.

There are a million natives on Bali, ten per cent of whom are high caste in varying degrees. They are born to it and are the aristocrats. A white man automatically is high caste; therefore, very few of the Balinese can sit down on a level with him. AMG officers will have to remember this, or they will have the Balinese digging foxholes for themselves. And it is insulting to reach over the head of a Balinese, high caste or low caste, something that might easily be done absent-mindedly, because the Balinese are small. One can easily see that winning in the Pacific isn't going to be merely a matter of killing Japs.

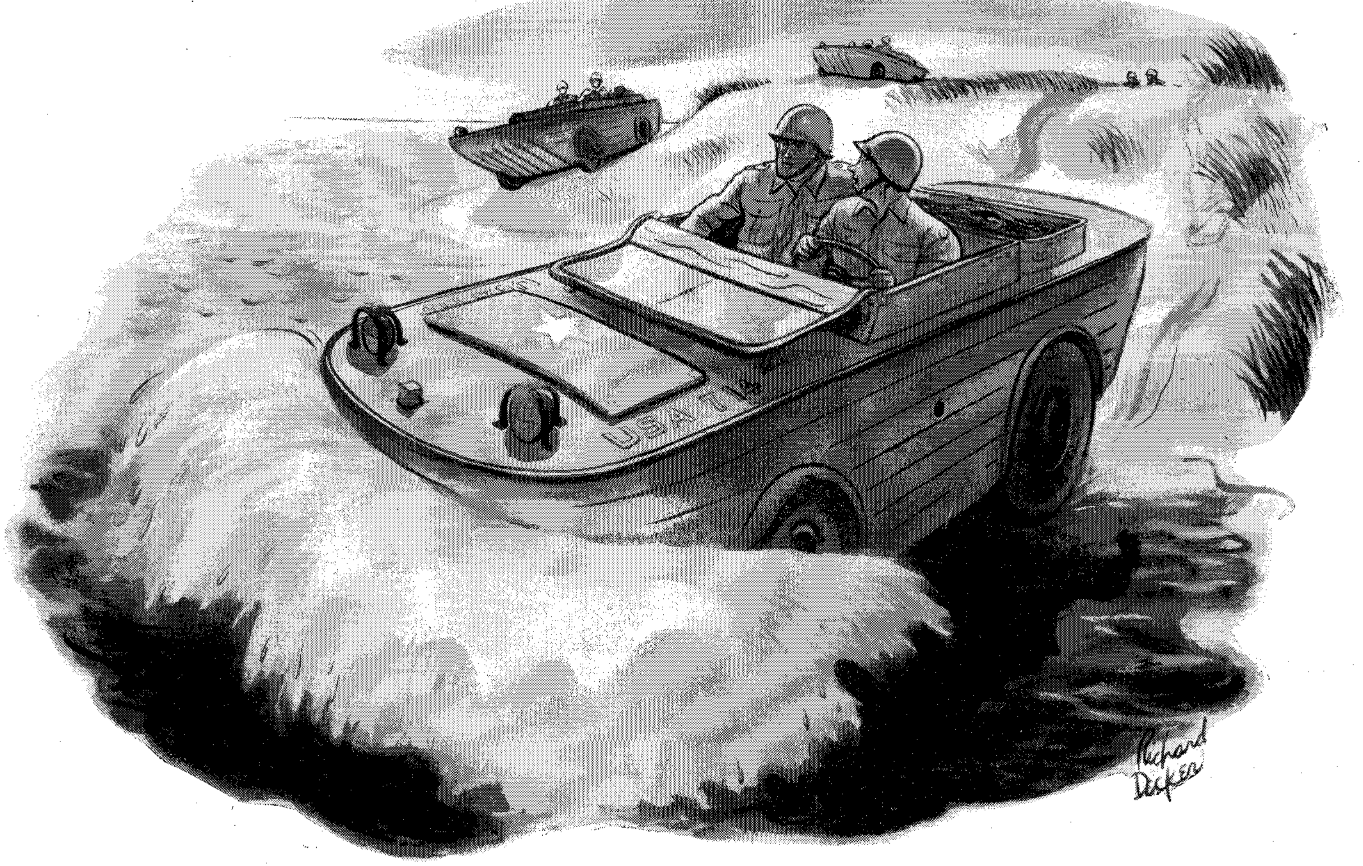
The F.B.I. Again

IN this one the F.B.I. man called on a fellow about the fellow he was investigating and during the interview suddenly shot this at him: "I notice, in reading over back copies of your college daily, that your friend was sometimes referred to as Lefty. Was this because he was interested in communistic activities?"

Werner

SINCE attack seems definitely to be winning the war, we thought this would be a propitious time to interview Max Werner, the military expert, who is something of an exception in his line, having gone away out on a limb early in the war and stuck there with great aplomb. A good many people are under the impression that he has been pretty much right from first to last and are enthusiastically hailing his recent book, "Attack Can Win in '43." Werner's reputation is based mainly on a book of his called "The Military Strength of the Powers," published here in 1938, and on a series of articles which appeared in the *New Republic* immediately after Germany attacked Russia. While his colleagues were all comparing the Russian Army to butter and giving it a bare sixty days, he flatly stated that the Russians would fight to a finish and that the *Wehrmacht* would be defeated; no hems, no haws, no hesitations. We found Werner in his apartment on upper Central Park West, pounding at a portable and clad in a pair of striped blue pajamas. He is a stocky, middle-sized man in his early forties, with penetrating eyes, baldish dome, and jutting chin. He looks somewhat like some of those early pictures of Mussolini. He has been in this country only three years and still speaks with a slight accent. "Podden the dismal outlook," he said, as we sat down. We said we thought things looked pretty good, what with Sicily and Kharkov, and so on. "No, no," said Werner. "I mean the pajamas. Here there has been an illness." He explained that for the past fifteen years he has consistently overworked and that the strain forced him to take to his bed a few weeks ago. Regardless of that, Werner is probably the only literate man alive who has never had a moment's concern about the outcome of the war. His well-known cosmic confidence really dates from 1928, he told us, the year in which he became convinced that the second World War was inevitable. "By 1938 it was obvious to me that Germany would be defeated by the combined power of Russian and Anglo-American strength," he said. "Everything has developed as foreseen, including the current difficulties in Italy."

We asked Mr. Werner to tell us something about his early life. "Nineteen forty-three will go down in history as the year in which more German generals knew they had lost the war than American and British generals knew they had won it," he replied. "We suffer from a military inferiority complex, result of German propaganda. Those campaigns in Poland and France were no wars, they were spankings. *Festung*



"What will it be now, Lieutenant—'Aye, aye' or the usual 'Yes, sir'?"

• •

Europa is veritable bluff." We asked Mr. Werner where he was born. "Russia," he said. "Reason why I am special military expert is obvious. Others look only at military action, battles, but I analyze war in totality, penetrate into thinking of general staffs, study military history, economics, psychology, and politics of entire nations. Other expert sees military action in Sicily as military action in Sicily. I know small military action like Sicily leads to major political development, like downfall of Fascism in Italy." We firmly asked Mr. Werner to tell us something about his early life. "I taught economics at University of Kharkov," he said. "Is obvious German military thinking is schizophrenic. One half the generals believe in ruthless offensive, other one half are for cautious strategy, like von Leeb at Leningrad."

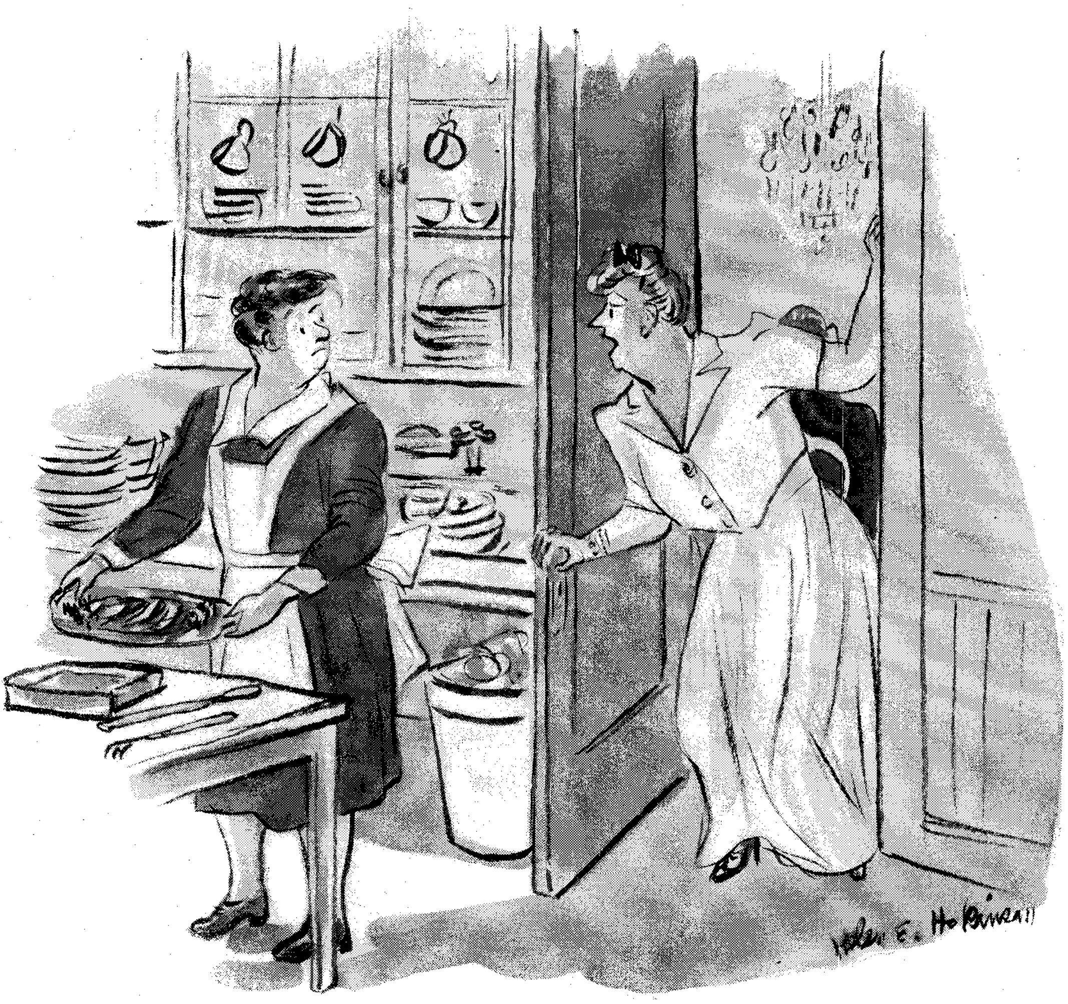
Desperately pinning Mr. Werner down, we learned that after leaving Kharkov in the early twenties he went to Germany, where he wrote more than a thousand political articles for Continental magazines and newspapers. He did his writing in German then, but now he does most of it in English. In 1928, sensing the significance of the then still obscure Hitler, he turned exclusively to military science. He studied for ten solid years and then produced "Toward the Second World War," which his publishers renamed "The Military Strength of the Powers." "The publishers avoided my title because of the prevalent pacifism," he told us. Werner came here from France in 1940, and since has been delving into libraries, reading newspapers as soon as they hit the street, and listening to the radio. He never talks with military men. "Why should I?" he asks. Werner is a bachelor and lives with his mother. He used to spend his vacations climbing the Alps. Over here, he has tackled the Alleghenies, and found them disappointing. "One does not lose even the breath," he said. We asked Mr. Werner if he cared to comment on the future. "Everybody in Germany will betray everybody else," he said promptly. "After European victory Japan will be crushed by Russia and the United States in inevitable vise."

Fashion's Slave

LAST year an ensign in the local public-relations office of the Navy entered a subscription for *Vogue*, for purely professional reasons. This year, as is the way of those things, he permitted the subscription to expire without renewal, and he got a reproachful letter from a Miss Singleton, of *Vogue*'s circulation department. "My dear Ensign M——," it said, "If you are wearing a black sweater today, you are wearing a fashion *Vogue* started. If the hat you have on is high and handsome, you can thank *Vogue* for the idea. The black dirndls that saw you smoothly through the summer were just another *Vogue*-launched fashion success . . ."

Plenty

TO all local drinking people we bring words of fairly good cheer. While, nationally, the liquor outlook is dreary, with some regions practically dried up and others subject to firm rationing by state governments or the distributors, New York's supply is relatively bountiful. One reason is that the distilleries regard this as too good a market to risk losing and are going to see to it, if possible, that their products are offered in reasonable quantities for the duration. We gather that they quietly and forehandedly arranged for this some time before they retooled for industrial-alcohol production, and they were aided by the wholesalers, the big



"Oh, Hilda! Can you whip up some shrimp salad quick? The soy-bean meat loaf isn't fooling anyone!"

bars and restaurants, and the big package stores, all of whom put their ready cash into liquor. Some of them pyramided by putting their cash into liquor and then borrowing on it from the banks and buying more liquor. One of the largest stores is supposed to be holding two million dollars' worth of whiskey against a more favorable market, and there's hardly a bar-and-grill or package store in town that couldn't keep going for a couple of months if deliveries from the wholesalers stopped tomorrow. A good many retail places have enough bottled goods for a year or more. Now, since deliveries have *not* stopped, but have merely decreased thirty to forty per cent, it is obvious that the vintners and tavern-keepers of this town are hardly in dire straits. These statistics are unofficial, and we got them from people who firmly refuse to be quoted, but you can take our word for it that New York will be about the last place on this planet to run dry.

The main interest the government takes in the distribution of liquor is to control the ceiling prices, through the OPA. The amount of liquor released by distillers and wholesalers is thus governed not by a rising or falling market but simply by their guess as to how long it will be before it's possible to produce more. Presumably they'll be more generous now that the war news is uniformly good. There's even a wan little rumor going around that the government is satisfied with its stockpile of industrial alcohol and will soon permit the distillers to turn out some booze on the side. Four out of five package stores practice a mild form of rationing, allowing only one or two bottles of the popular brands to a customer. Gin from Cuba and Mexico is relieving the shortage of the domestic product, which is pretty severe. This shortage has come about because gin doesn't have to be aged and there was no reason to have a lot of it sitting around in a warehouse. Inevitably, the freezing order caught the gin people with a small stock. There is a scarcity of cheap blended whiskeys—no neutral spirits to blend them with, and a consequent shortage. There's a brisk black market in domestic whiskeys, with a markup of ten or fifteen dollars per case. Neutral grain spirits, which are used for fortification when straight whiskey is cut with water, sells for around two dollars a quart. It's the spirits that make people feel extra queer on Sunday morning. There's hardly any way of detecting this particular kind of fraud. Inspectors of the Bureau of Internal Revenue regularly check up on the bars, but the instrument the inspectors use for testing tells them merely whether or not a certain bottle of liquor has been diluted below the proof indicated on the label. By using water, coloring matter, and grain alcohol, a bartender can cut your favorite Ancient Old Great-Uncle all to smithereens with little danger of getting caught. As for imported goods, you can still get practically anything you like provided you can pay for it. Scotch may soon be more plentiful, though even more expensive, because of an OPA ruling which has just gone through permitting higher prices. That would provide the aforementioned more favorable market. The wise guys with a big stock on hand have been waiting for something just like that to happen.

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FRAGMENT of conversation overheard down at the Erie ferry slip: "Know what I like about the Lexington Avenue express?—no Thirty-fourth Street."

The Kids

"THE dancing sensation of the universe" is how Louella Parsons has described Rosario and Antonio, the Spanish dance team. Dorothy Kilgallen (*Journal-American*) has said, "If I were queen, Rosario and Antonio would always dance for me after dinner." Cholly Knickerbocker (*Journal-American*) has said, "The most fantastic Spanish dancers New York has seen in years." Danton Walker (*News*) has stated bluntly, "The finest Spanish dancing team I have ever set my eyes on." To us, when we caught their turn at the night club Havana-Madrid the other evening, they seemed like admirable Spanish dancers. Their audience, a big one, liked them as well as we did and expressed itself with shouts of "*Olé!*," evidently being a cosmopolitan audience. Our intention was to interview the team and so we did, through the offices of their manager, Mr. Marcel Ventura, who brought them to our table when they had changed their clothes.

Antonio looked smaller and considerably less fierce than he had out on the collapsible platform which the management sets up on the dance floor for their act. This was partly because he wasn't on a platform any more and partly, we learned, because he had changed to normal shoes. "When I am dancing, I must wear elevators like Carmen Miranda," he told us. "If he weren't so small," Mr. Ventura said, "the movie people would have made another Rudolph Valentino of him." Rosario and Antonio have already been in two pictures and in Mexico City they are billed above Hedy Lamarr. As for Antonio's size, he may not have reached his full growth yet, for all we know, because he is only twenty. Rosario, who is his first cousin, is twenty-one. She is married and has a three-year-old son who can sing "The Star-Spangled Banner" in English, which is more than she can do. She is married to Silvio Masciarelli, an Argentinian arranger and composer who always travels with the team and conducts whatever orchestra they are appearing with.

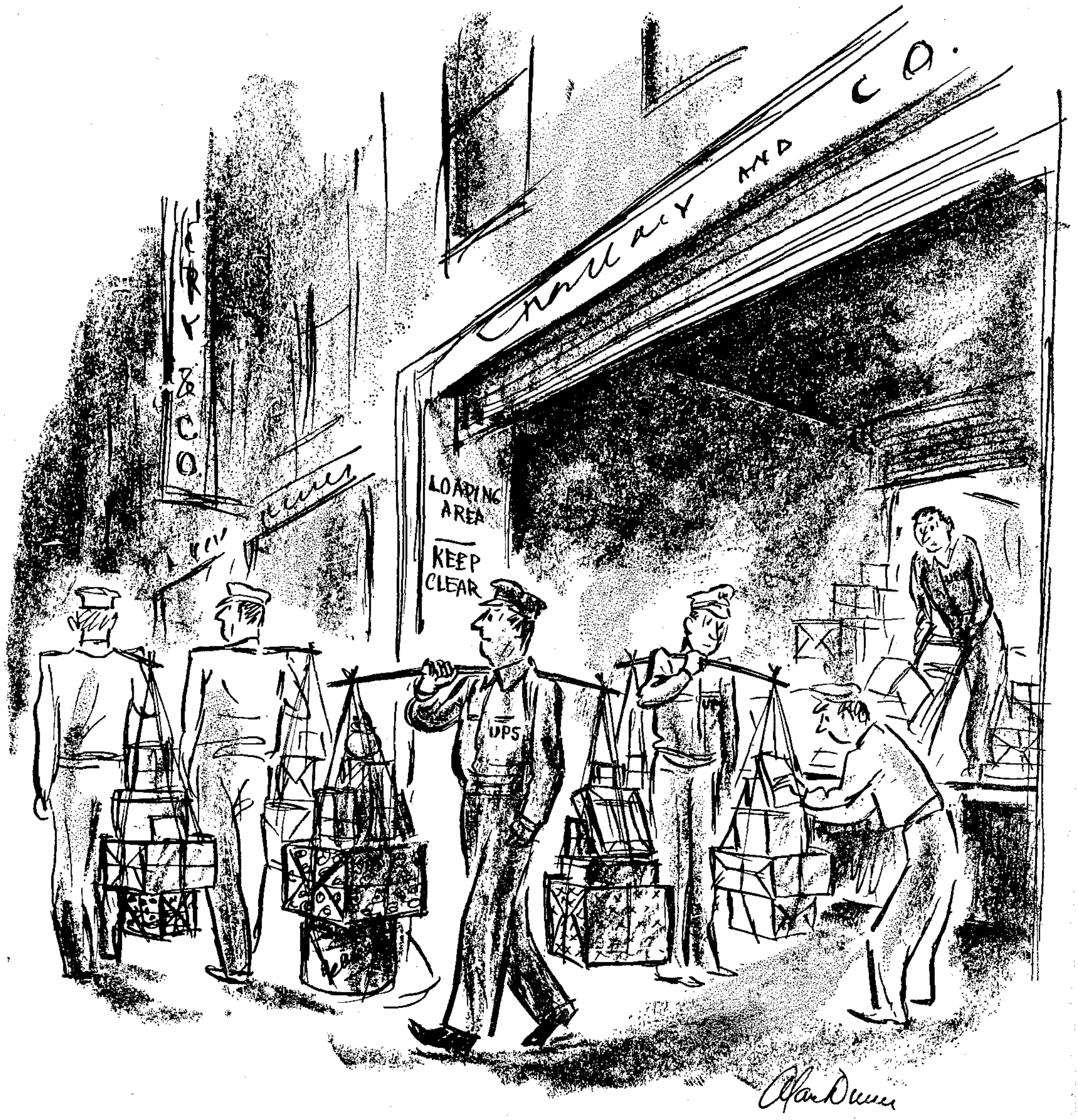
The rest of Antonio's name is Ruiz Soler and the rest of Rosario's is Perez. They were both born in Seville, of gypsy parents. Their fathers are dead, but their mothers are living over here with them, Antonio's at his place on West Fifty-fifth Street, along with his sister, and Rosario's with her and her husband and son at their place on West Fifty-fourth. Mr. Ventura told us that the mothers had constituted something of a stumbling block in a certain business matter that had come up. He had wanted his clients to have their legs insured, but the idea had met with sharp maternal indignation. "It was all right with the kids," Mr. Ventura said, "but their mothers just stared at me and made the sign of the cross. I said that Fred Astaire had his legs insured for half a million dollars, but it didn't make any difference. 'Why do you have this evil eye on our children?' they asked me. 'Why do you want that they should break their legs?' So the kids have no insurance."

Antonio and Rosario were about to end their engagement at the Havana-Madrid when we saw them. They have also been appearing in "Sons o' Fun" and are going with it on the road for a while, after which they will play the Radio City Music Hall. Rosario has looked over the Music Hall and is eager to work there. "It's terrific," she told us. The team likes a big stage and also likes to have, if possible, a wooden platform like the one at the Havana-Madrid, so they can raise a real rumpus when they get to drumming their heels. "I asked the Shuberts for one in 'Sons o' Fun,'" said Mr. Ventura, "but they didn't pay any attention to me. Then they came over here one night and saw this one, and they said, 'Say, that's a good idea. We'll have to get one of those.' You know the Shuberts."

Whenever Antonio and Rosario go on the road, it's quite a thing, we were informed In addition to their families, they take along sixteen trunks, in which, among other things, they keep all their money. Antonio has already lost seven thousand dollars that way, but he is being more careful now.

Washington

WE have a note from a lady in Washington informing us that she saw a firefly in the grillroom of the Mayflower the other night, neurotically turning itself on and off in the artificially chilled air. A man at the table next to her noticed it, too. After squinting earnestly, to make sure it was really there, he turned to her and said, "Pardon me, Ma'am, but this *is* the goddamdest city, isn't it?"



CUT DOWN THE TREES

THE old lady, Mrs. Walsingham, lived alone in the big house by the river with her maid, old Dossie. Alone, that is to say, except for forty Canadian soldiers who had taken over most of the house, parked their trucks in the lime drive, and built their huts on the damp English meadows sloping down to the slow, heron-haunted English stream. Mrs. Walsingham had kept for her own use her room and Dossie's, an extra one for guests, the dining room, and the library. The drawing room was under Holland covers, because Dossie and Mrs. Bunt, who came up from the lodge occasionally to lend a hand, could not be expected to keep it dusted and polished too. Dossie had mourned as they packed away the crystal chandeliers and hung dust sheets over the Gainsborough and the Zoffany conversation pieces, but Mrs. Walsingham had been firm.

"There's already more than you and I can do here," she said, "and the days of sitting in drawing rooms are over, for the moment, anyway. We're all too busy."

"If we could get a couple of housemaids from the village, that would be something," said Dossie sourly. "But there are no girls left. They're all in the Waafs or something like that, larking about, getting into mischief with their bobbed heads and their lipstick and all. They'll want sobering down before anyone will take them into good private service after the war, Madam, and no mistake."

Mrs. Walsingham laughed and limped over to close an emptied Queen Anne cabinet, her stick tapping with a hollow sound on the bare, polished floor. "Maybe they won't want to be taken," she said. "Until they do, you and I will have to crawl round as best we can, Dossie. That's the last packing case. Boxall can come in and take it down to the cellars."

Dossie, still unconvinced, said, "Yes, Madam. But if we did get a couple of girls—young ones who wouldn't be called up yet—if we did, it wouldn't be a bit of good with all those soldiers about. You know what happened to Mavis."

"Well," said Mrs. Walsingham briskly, "it's not a bad thing, with the birth rate the way it is. They're fine young men, the Canadians. You don't want England populated with nothing but old crocks like you and me, do you?"

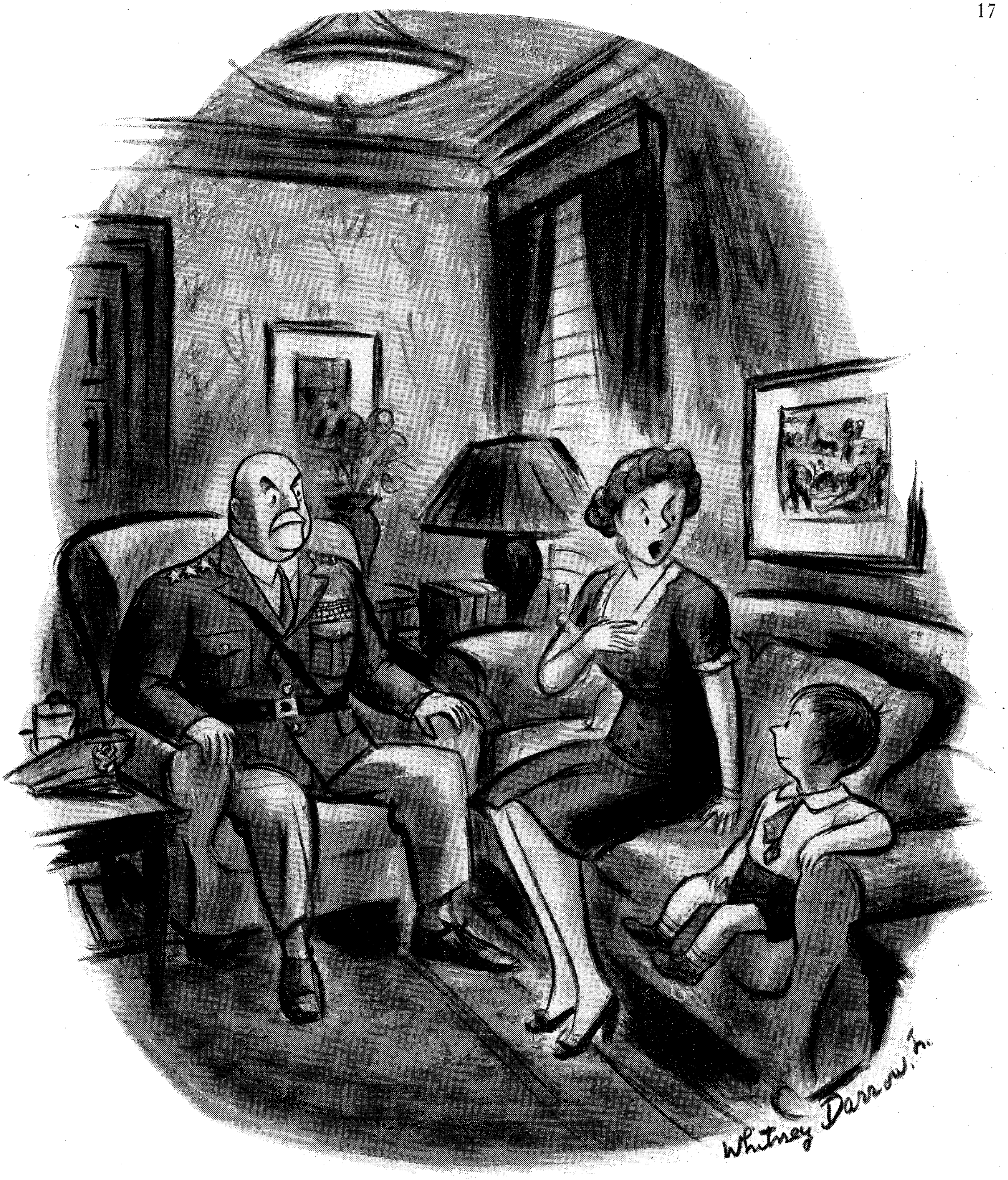
Dossie sniffed but did not answer. Mrs. Walsingham had behaved with regrettable airiness over the affair of Mavis, the last kitchen maid who had flitted through the big house in the days when the kitchen still had a cook in it. For Mavis, unrepentant and blooming after fatal evening strolls along the river with a corporal from Vancouver, Mrs. Walsingham had managed to find one of those layettes from America with two of everything, one pink, one blue. She had also provided a pram and sent the girl grapes from the hothouses. Not that it was entirely Mavis's fault, Dossie thought, though it was true that Mavis had gone on her unfortunate expeditions under the willows not with the air of a lamb being led to the slaughter but rather with the spryness of a young pussycat slipping off down the garden. No, it was those men, those soldiers who were to blame for everything.

DOSSIE had never had any use for the Canadians from the day they came. Of course, it wasn't precisely their fault that they were there, but it made her sick to hear their big boots clattering up and down the stairs and to see their trucks standing in line along the lime avenue. When she came across a bunch of them messing about, their heads deep in the bonnets of their trucks, she would either hurry past with averted eyes or say primly, "Good afternoon," and jerk her head in a brief, grudging salutation. Sloppy, she would say to herself as she went by, sloppy young chaps in those nasty khaki romper affairs, no spit and polish, nothing smart and military about them at all. They would watch her walking toward them and their heads would slowly swivel to watch her out of sight, with the marooned male's desperate interest in a skirt, even though the neat navy-blue article in question covered the limbs of Miss Dossie, the old girl at the big house. The more audacious would whistle and shout "Hiya, Miss Dossie!" or even "Hiya, sweetheart!," grinning and wiping the engine oil off their hands along the seat of their pants. Friendly as puppies, they seemed to interpret Dossie's outraged glare as that fine old British reserve that you read about in books. Now and then she attempted to put one right. One day a sunburned blond youngster, coming round to the kitchen on some errand, said cheerfully, "Say, your Mrs. Walsingham is certainly a grand old guy. We think she's swell, the way she stumps around and runs this big old place without any help. Reminds me a lot of my Aunt Katie on the ranch at home."

Dossie had drawn a deep breath and given him a terse picture of the house as it used to be—shooting parties in the autumn, Mrs. Walsingham in her diamonds at big dinners, and Queen Mary driving over to see the celebrated herbaceous borders when she was staying in the neighborhood. Interested but uncowed, the young soldier stood listening. "Yeah," he said, "yeah, Queen Mary. She's another grand old guy."

If they had called Mrs. Walsingham a grand old guy to her face, Dossie well and disapprovingly knew, her mistress would not have objected. She seemed to like them. Peeping from the house, Dossie would see her limping down toward the home farm with two or three of them in attendance on her, a large, imperious old woman in her careless black with a shocking old hat skewered anyhow on her gray hair. Now and then she would pause, with her clothes whipping in the wind, and raise her stick to point out a crop or a prize Guernsey to the young men, who seemed noisily appreciative and not respectfully silent in the uncommunicative island way which Dossie could have understood.

Once a week, their officers, who were billeted elsewhere, came to dine with Mrs. Walsingham. On those evenings, more laughter floated out to Dossie, creaking along the passage with the cheese soufflé and the hot plates trundled on a dinner wagon before her. The dinner wagon was another of Mrs. Walsingham's ideas. "I can't carry a tray, with my stick, and you'll fall flat on your face if you try," she had said, "but we can both push things," so Dossie thereafter made her entrances into the dining room as though she were propelling a pram. She had to admit, grudgingly, that it was nice to see claret reflected in polished mahogany again, the candles lit, and Mrs. Walsingham leaning back and laughing as serenely as though Jenner and the footman were behind her chair, seeing to dinner, instead of only old Dossie wheezing into the room with her dinner wagon. Yes, it was nice, although the Canadian gentlemen couldn't be relied upon not to cry in horribly ringing tones across the


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Richard! How dare you talk back to your grandfather!"

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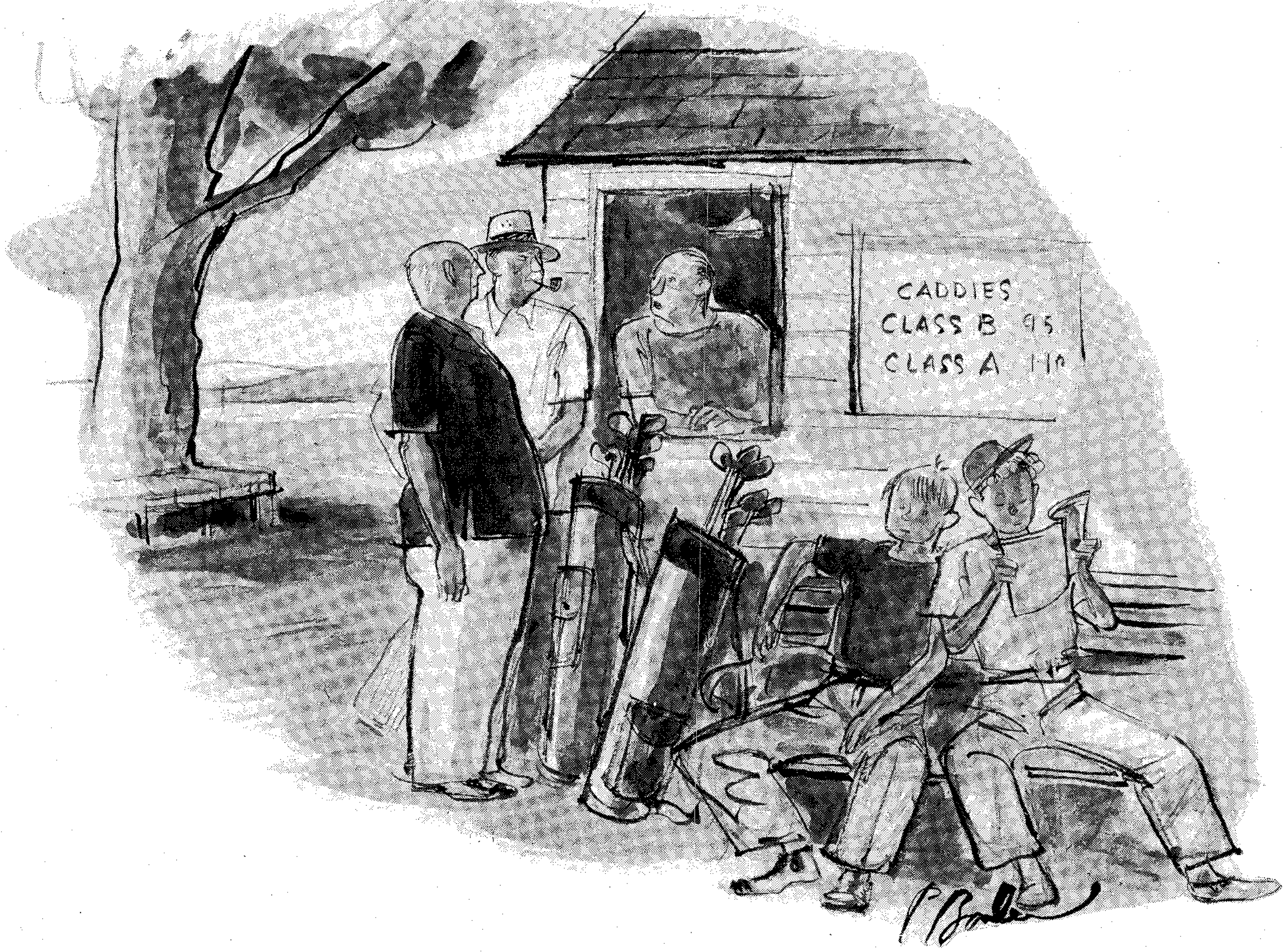
table, "Dossie, you're a pearl among women! This soufflé is even better than the one last week. It's great, isn't it, Mrs. Walsingham?" Bridling with resentment, Dossie would murmur, "Thank you, sir," in a voice intended, though failing, to quell some amiable young bear of a major who would be more than likely to bestow on her a cordial hug, its cordiality somewhat heightened by Mrs. Walsingham's Lafitte '24, when she handed him his hat and coat at the end of the evening.

Except for these small hospitable occasions, Mrs. Walsingham had her meals in the kitchen. Observing Dossie's horror the first time she had appeared in the kitchen for a meal, she had said tersely, "Less way to carry the food. Warmer, too, in the winter. At my age, I'd rather be warm in here than grand in there with a rug over my knees." So she ate cozily and pleasantly, the heat of the kitchen fire toasting her



"Mr. Webster and Mr. Frank walked out yesterday, but they were so tired they just sat around for a while and took a shower and went home again."

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old back, while Dossie, resisting all invitations to join her, withdrew and chewed morosely in the pantry. She disliked the innovation intensely. It was all part and parcel of the unwarranted bad joke, the conspiracy against Dossie's way of life, which they called a war and which had taken first the menservants and then the girls one by one, which had stopped the central heating, made a jungle of the borders and a pasture of the lawns, marooned the two old women in a gradually decaying house with forty Canadians, and made Mrs. Walsingham stop dressing for dinner.

"It's out of place now," she had said one day when she came upon Dossie carefully rolling her evening stockings to put out on the bed as usual. "It's ridiculous for an old woman to dress herself up every night when thousands of young men are being bombed and killed and when thousands more people are starving all over Europe."

"I'm sure I don't know why a lady shouldn't look nice even if they are," snapped Dossie.

"Well, if you can't understand that," said Mrs. Walsingham, "perhaps you can understand that it's chilly in the evenings without the central heating. I don't want to take things off, my good woman, I want to put them on. If you must put out something, put out my tweed shooting cape."

Dossie was shocked to the marrow of her being, but there was nothing to be done about it. When peace came, sane existence would be immediately resumed. Dossie sincerely believed that the big house, quietly chipping and moldering above its meadows, would be instantly repopulated, as though by a genie's wand, with faceless figures in housemaid's print dresses, in dark blue livery and gardener's baize aprons. She believed that the lawns would be velvet again, that visiting royalty would once more point a gracious umbrella toward Mrs. Walsingham's Himalayan poppies, that the gentry would know their places and sit over their claret in the dining room, where they belonged. Dossie had a full and ungrudging faith in the resiliency of the British upper class. Until that day came, she would look after things as much as possible and wait.

Dossie rebelled a little when Colonel Walsingham, Mrs. Walsingham's son, came home from the Middle East on special leave.

"You'll be using the dining room while the Colonel is with us, I take it, Madam," she said after he had telephoned that he was in London and would be home in time for dinner.

"Why?" said Mrs. Walsingham wickedly. "He'll be much more comfortable in the kitchen—always used to like going in there as a little boy, you'll remember. And I don't suppose he's accustomed to have things very formal in the desert."

"No, Madam," said Dossie, going

off to set the dining-room table with the scanty silver that hadn't been sent to the bank.

It was the first time Colonel Walsingham had seen his home since the soldiers took over. He walked round and looked at it all quietly and observantly. It was a beautiful August evening and some of the men were playing baseball in one of the meadows. Others were sunbathing after a dip in the river. The smoke from the cookhouse went up thin and straight into the cloudless blue sky and in the house, at one of the upper windows, a soldier was whistling, throwing in an occasional "Da-da de da." As the Colonel stood looking down from the terrace, a rabbit came out from behind a group of magnolias and began nibbling away at the long grass on the lawn. It moved confidently, taking no notice of the Colonel, as though it didn't expect to be disturbed.

Dossie had grimly laid out Mrs. Walsingham's black lace dinner dress and set the open jewel cases on the dressing table, so the old lady looked very handsome sitting opposite her son at dinner. He tried not to laugh at the unexpected sight of old Dossie tottering in and out, hanging onto her dinner wagon like an elderly child learning to walk by supporting itself with a toy horse on wheels. "I had no idea that Dossie could cook," he said.

"She hadn't either," said Mrs. Walsingham. "She's an invaluable creature in lots of ways. Her trouble is that she hates adjusting to the war and she doesn't like me to adjust, either. She has always refused to adjust to anything. I sometimes think that if there's ever a social revolution in England, they'll string Dossie up first before they bother about me."

Their coffee was waiting for them in the library, where Dossie had been to shake up the sofa cushions and freshly crease the *Times* before ranging it with the *Field* and the *Spectator* on the long velvet stool by the fireplace. This room looks as though nothing had happened, thought the Colonel, strolling over to the window to listen to the distant, nostalgic Canadian singing floating on the quiet air at the back of the house.

"They've cut down some of the trees," he said.

"They had to, to put up some of their paraphernalia," said Mrs. Walsingham. "They were very nice about it. Do you mind, Edward? To tell you the truth, I think it's an improvement—lets in more light and air. It's altered the view from this side of the house, but what's a view? Everything else is changing so fast I suppose we shouldn't bother about trees and water staying the way they were."

He nodded, looking out at the gap where the trees had been. He didn't know why that depressed him far more than the latrines dug in the paddock where his pony used to snuffle a hay bag, or the boots clumping on bare boards overhead, or even old Dossie trundling her dinner wagon. After Mrs. Walsingham had gone to bed, he found a stick and called the ecstatic spaniel for a walk round the woods. By the time he got back it was twilight, too dark to notice the huts or the trucks in the drive, and he stood for a moment looking up at the dark shape of the house, which now seemed familiar again, like an old friend sitting against the light so that wrinkles were unnoticeable.

Dossie was lurking in wait for him in the hall.

"The whiskey and soda are in the library, sir," she said. "Do you wish me to call you at eight o'clock, as usual?"

The Colonel opened his mouth to tell her that he didn't want calling, that she should have gone to bed and left him to find the whiskey and soda for himself. He closed it again, for he was aware that Dossie was watching him anxiously. The old woman's eyes seemed to implore him to play their game for a little while longer, to pretend that things were just as they used to be, that their world, which had come to an end, could still be saved. And he heard himself answering meekly, dutifully, "Yes, call me at eight, will you, Dossie?"

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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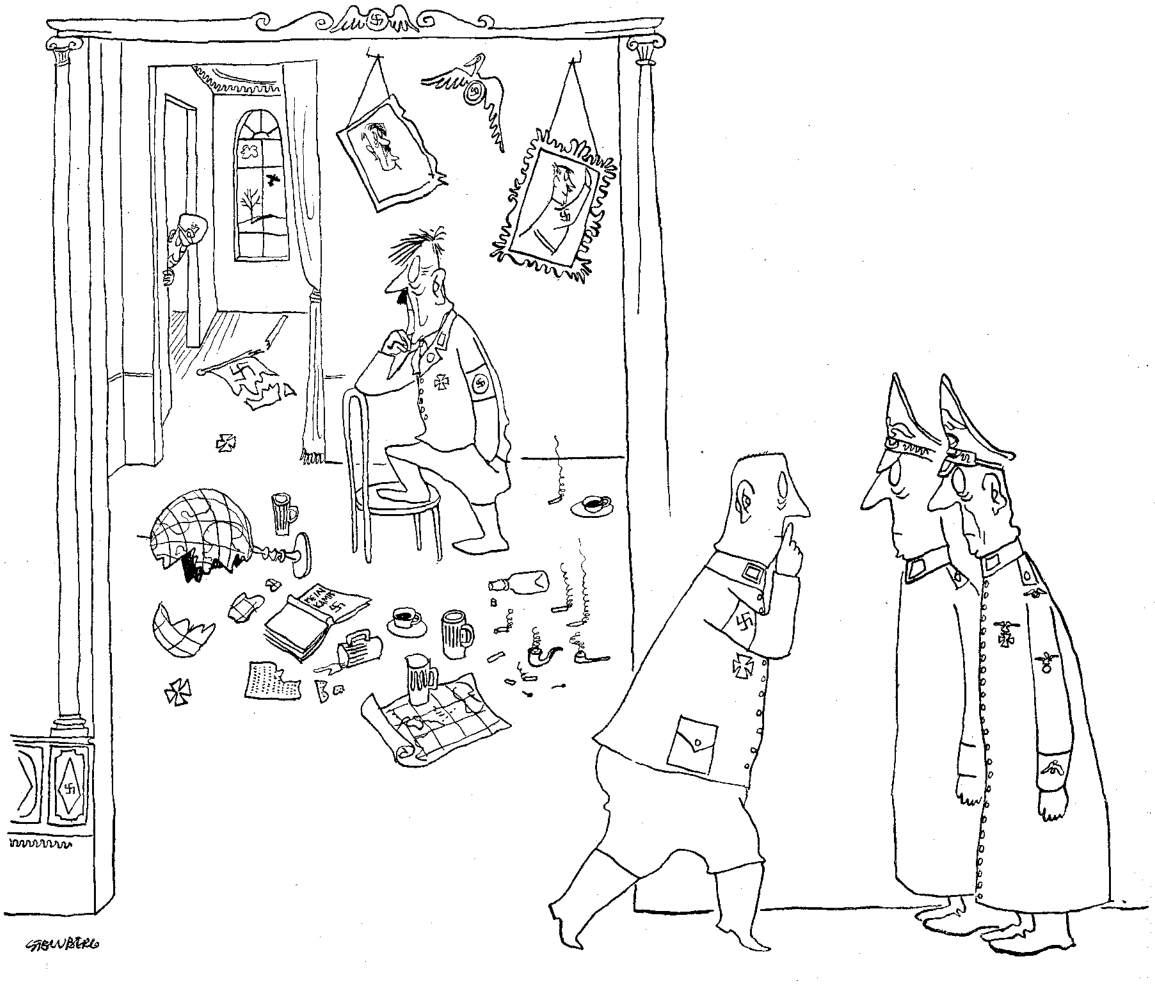
The history and record of the party is so dear that it cannot be lightly cast aside and forgotten, and none but half-naked Republicans will think seriously of such a move.—*Boston Herald.*

If you get enough of them, though, they'll carry a lot of weight.



CONTINUED HUMID

Albert Sampson was waiting for a student late one afternoon this summer in his office in Morris House, the white clapboard building which sheltered the Romance Language Department of the New England college in which he taught. He had, for the moment, forgotten the heat outside. His office was on the north side of the building, and in the afternoon a row of old elm trees just outside the windows kept it dark and relatively cool; also, he had come across the yearbook of his class, 1930, while straightening his shelves, and now, sitting behind his desk with his chair tipped back against the sill of the open window, he was looking at his photograph in the book.

He could not see any great difference between his face then and the way he looked now; the face in the photograph was more eager, of course, more open, yet not really different. His hair, perhaps, was thinner now, receding at the temples, but he still wore a crew cut. The eyes looked at him from the picture with the same easy candor with which, he supposed, he still looked out at the world. But when he glanced at the print under the photograph, his gray-green eyes narrowed, and the lines on either side of his mouth, wrinkles formed by a characteristic smile, deepened into fretfulness. "Most Popular Man. . . . Destiny: brilliant critic or novelist." Thirteen years. And he was now an instructor in French at thirty-one hundred a year, without prospects of promotion or of a raise in salary.

The ringing of the telephone on his desk was so startling to him that the book slammed shut and the front legs of his chair came down on the floor with a bang.

It was Sally, his wife. "Albert," she said, "there's a letter for you from the Army Air Forces. Shall I open it and read it to you?"

His breath stopped in his throat. He hesitated. Then he said, "No, I'll come right home," and started to put the instrument down.

"Oh, Albert—"

"Yes?"

"Bring a loaf of whole-wheat bread on your way, and a small melon."

"Yes," he said.

"And stop at Larkin's to see if they've repaired the electric fan. The heat has had the baby howling all afternoon."

"Yes," he said again.

He got up quickly, pulled on the seersucker jacket which hung on the back of a chair, and rushed into the corridor and out of the building. Outside, on the steps, the heavy, damp heat of the August afternoon struck him with the force of a blast. He groaned softly and looked up at the pallid sky; its vast insipidity promised no relief. Sweat broke out all over his body. He pulled a damp, wrinkled handkerchief from the hip pocket of his gray flannel trousers and wiped it across his eyes.

When he looked up he saw Richard Crane running toward him along the path that led to the steps where he had paused. "Sorry I'm late, sir," Crane said, panting. He was sweating, too, and, like Albert, mopping his face. "I wanted to say goodbye."

"Where are you going?"

"Fort Devens, sir. Tomorrow."

"You've been drafted? But I thought you were 4F."

"I was reclassified last month."

"Oh. Well, look, walk along with me."

They went down the path between neatly boxed hedges toward the main quadrangle of the campus.

"When it's over," Crane said, "I want to come back and do some more work with you on Racine, if you'll have me."

"Racine," Albert said speculatively, and then, "Crane, I don't care, you know, if I never hear of Racine again."

The boy looked at him with solemn surprise. "Why—" he said, but Albert interrupted him.

"You see, Crane, I'm going in too."

"Into the Army?"

"I've applied for a commission. Army Air Corps." Albert's voice was elated. "They need instructors. Of course, I may not get it—everyone isn't getting a commission now, the way it was a while back—but even so, in my interview the officer said my chances were good. I'll be teaching straight technical subjects. If I teach, that is."

"But if the commission is *for* teaching—"

"Oh, that. I've been told it doesn't matter much. If they like your looks, they put you in action. I know men from the last war who went in this way and then found themselves at the front."

"I see," Crane said quietly.

"And you can see, too, can't you, Crane, what it makes of Racine? And of all this?" Albert swept his arm out in a semicircle.

They were now in the quadrangle, nearly deserted in the hot, late afternoon. The Georgian buildings, standing tidily on the brilliant grass, among the well-kept, symmetrical trees, looked like enormous dolls' houses.

"All dead, Crane. Pretty and dead."

"What about your book on the Symbolists?"

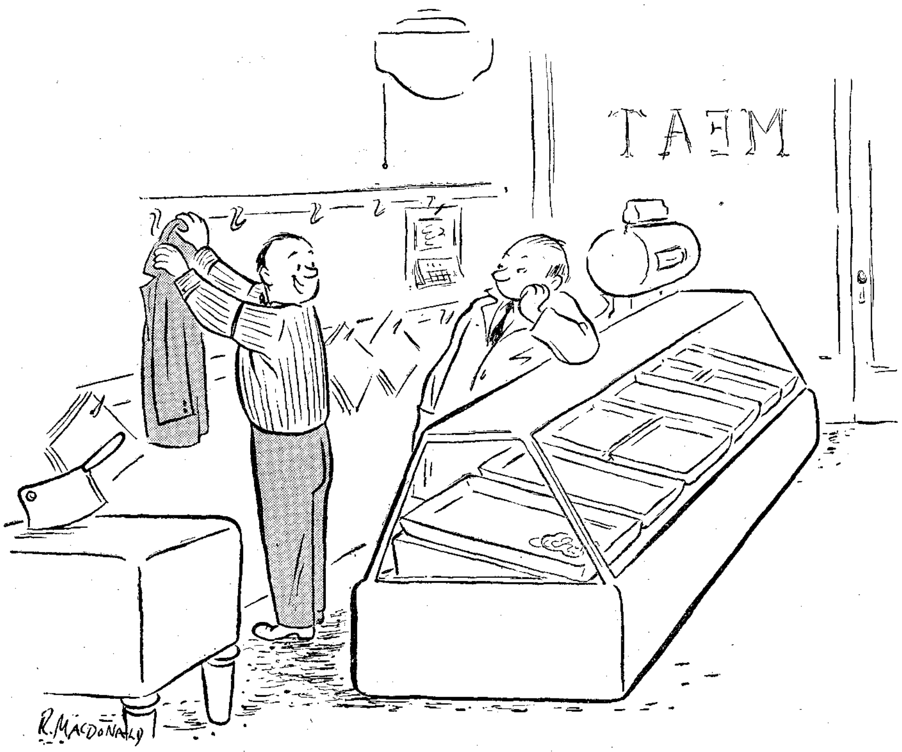
"I've lost interest. That's why I haven't any future here. They think I'm lazy. They think I haven't lived up to my promise. But with this ahead of me, I can tell you what I think, and it's to hell with them."

The boy's eyes, behind his spectacles, were puzzled and hurt. As he and Albert emerged from the quadrangle, he said, "Here's where I turn."

"I'm afraid I talked mostly about myself. Good luck, Crane. Maybe we'll meet somewhere. And don't worry, Racine will keep."

They shook hands, and Crane, as if he suddenly felt shy, ducked his head and swung off in the direction of his dormitory. Albert began to whistle and walked rapidly away toward his home.

The Sampsons lived on the second floor of an old house which had been converted into flats. It was painted an intensely ugly color, a nearly mustard yellow, and whenever Albert approached the building, he found himself doing so with repugnance. But today he did not notice. He watched the newsboy swing close to the curb on his bicycle, throw the evening paper up on the steps, and then wheel out into the street again. As Albert came closer, he saw Claudia, his six-year-old daughter, playing aimlessly on the steps with some bits of gravel she had picked up from the drive. One cheek had a gray smudge on it and wisps of her brown hair had escaped from her pigtails, which were neat and tight in the mornings but disarrayed by afternoon. He saw that her hands were grimy. He bent down and kissed her and, more cheerfully than



"Well, what'll we do today?"

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usual, said, "Hello, darling." He picked up the newspaper and ran up the steps. Claudia followed him in.

Albert saw the letter at once on the cluttered telephone table in the hall, a long white envelope which seemed faintly luminous in the gloom of the dark corridor. He picked it up and walked into the living room. The baby, whimpering and nearly naked, was in his play pen in the middle of the room and Sally was working at her desk.

"Hello, darling," Albert said.

"What did the letter say?" Sally asked eagerly.

"I haven't read it yet," he answered. He dropped the newspaper in a chair and kept on walking.

Claudia came in after him, holding a doll. "Daddy, fix my doll's—" she began, but Albert was already in the back hall. He went into the bedroom and closed the door behind him.

In the bedroom he waited, with his back against the door, the letter in one hand. Then he walked over to his bureau, which stood between two windows. He looked at his name on the envelope and he saw how the envelope was shaking. He looked away from it and his glance fell on the unused gifts on his bureau top. Sally and he had agreed, before his birthday a few weeks ago, that he had better be given things which he would need when he "got in." The pigskin toilet case was from Sally, the writing kit of durable imitation leather was from Claudia, the black wallet, small enough to fit in a hip pocket and equipped with transparent flaps for all the identification cards one needed to carry, was from the friends who had been asked to his birthday dinner, and the cellophane money belt, which had cost a dollar and nineteen cents, was, Claudia had insisted, from the baby. Albert looked at these things and abruptly tore off one end of the envelope.

A glance was enough. The phrases leaped out at him: ". . . duly considered . . . so many applicants with a high degree of technical training . . . cannot now consider . . ." He crumpled the letter in his fist, put his arms on the bureau, and laid his head down on them.

When he straightened up, he looked at the gifts again, and presently he opened the top drawer of the bureau, where he kept his neckties and handkerchiefs, and pushed the toilet case, the writing kit, the wallet, and the money belt into it. The crumpled letter he stuffed into his pocket. He walked to the door and stared at it, and at last he went back to the living room. The baby was crying.

Sally looked up from the papers on her desk. "Did you get the fan? Bobby's miserable and I've been too busy all day to take him out."

"I forgot," he said dully, "and I forgot the groceries, too."

"Oh, *Al*bert!"

"Daddy, look," Claudia said. She thrust her damaged doll into his hands and held out its wig to him, a matted, carrot-colored cap of imitation hair. Albert glanced at the curious bald head of the doll.

"Well," Sally said, "one of us will have to go for them. We haven't any bread and we haven't any dessert. But first I want you to look at these."

"What?" Albert asked, and turning to Claudia, he said, "Put Bobby's toys back in his play pen and keep him quiet."

"These bills—"

"Oh, Lord." He dropped the doll into a chair, picked up the newspaper, and glanced at the weather report. " 'Continued humid.' Christ, I'll go crazy," he said. He took off his coat and opened the collar of his shirt. "Isn't there anything we can do about this apartment? It's as damp as a cellar."

"Albert," Sally said, "this is the last liquor bill we can pay. We'll have to cut out drinking entirely, even when we have guests. Everything's become so expensive, and all the talk about easy money and high wages just doesn't fit us. Your salary is just what it was three years ago, but prices—"

"Sally, don't," he said. He was looking at her dress, of blue cotton with a mild little pink flower printed all over it. Then he looked at her bare feet under the desk, and her shoes, lying where she had kicked them off. And finally, he looked at her face, white and tired, without makeup, drawn.

"I mean it, Albert. And that isn't all. I've got to let the cleaning woman go, and I've got to do more of the laundry myself—all but your shirts. We just can't run bills like these any more. I'm at the point where I juggle one against the other, figure out which one can slide or which one I can pay just part of, and it gets worse every month. I won't live that way."

"Is that all right, Daddy?" Claudia asked. She had put the toys back in the pen, and for the moment, while the baby threw them out again, he was quiet. Albert saw that his diaper was wet.

"Thanks," he said to Claudia.

"And now will you fix my doll?" asked Claudia. "There's some glue in your desk."

"Did you hear what I said, Albert?" Sally asked, looking at his face, which seemed listless and dull.

"No," he said.

She stood up angrily, and he noticed

WHAT, GENTLEMEN, WILL BECOME OF THEM NOW?

(LAMENT UPON OBSERVING THAT THE HERALD TRIBUNE'S "PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE," A SOCIETY COLUMN STARTED BY JAMES GORDON BENNETT THE YOUNGER IN 1869, HAS BEEN DISCONTINUED)

Mr. Robert Appleton has returned from Hot Springs, Va., and is with Mrs. Appleton at the Plaza.

Commodore Bennett was a grand old sport,
But he didn't give a hoot about the Little People.
He ate plovers' eggs, drank lots of champagne,
And kept an Alderney cow on his yacht
So that he could have cream whenever he liked.

Mrs. Frank C. Munson and Mrs. Charles E. Marling have returned to 300 Park Avenue from Palm Beach, Fla., and Nassau, Bahamas.

The Commodore was the pal of kings and maharajahs,
And he'd snoot a Vanderbilt if he felt like it.
When he told Mr. Stanley to find Dr. Livingstone,
Why, Mr. S. jolly well went out and found him,
For Mr. Bennett wasn't a man who meant maybe.

Mrs. Francis L. V. Hoppin, who was at Mayfair House from Palm Beach, Fla., has gone to Newport, R. I.

One day he told his editors to start a column
And print it under the head of "Personal Intelligence,"
And the editors, knowing where bread was buttered,
Said "Yes, Mr. Bennett," and "P. I." was born,
To the vast delight of all Nice People.

Countess Apponyi, of Washington, will come to the Ritz-Carlton today.

And the fine old Commodore got good and stiff
And drove laughing under the Arc de Triomphe at midnight,
Wearing no hat, no coat, no shirt, no shoes, no pants,
But proving to one and all that he was Somebody.
Ah, happy days, before the Century of the Common Man!

Mr. and Mrs. H. Rivington Pyne are at the Pierre from Far Hills, N. J.

The Commodore's bones have lain a quarter century,
And now "P. I." itself, calendar of patricians,
Is gone, a blue-blooded casualty of global war.
To all his other crimes, that grisly list,
The Beast of Berchtesgaden has added this.

Mrs. Hope Iselin Jones is visiting her mother, Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin, at the Beekman.

We'd come to love this "P. I." crowd; we watched
As they drifted with the ineluctable seasons—
Short Hills to Tuxedo to Newport to Narragansett,
From horses at Aiken to quail at Thomasville,
Like cool, aloof stars wheeling in the heavens.

Mrs. John Bell Huhn and Miss Sally Huhn have come to the Weylin from Bryn Mawr, Pa.

We'd come to know their hotels, their country places,
And which ones parted their names in the middle.
They were a race peripatetic but eternally pure;
No scandal ever touched them—not in "P. I."
What, gentlemen, will become of them now?

Mrs. LeBrun Rhinelander has returned to Mayfair House after visiting Mrs. Philip M. Rhinelander in Washington.

Will they remain in some dreadful limbo of anonymity,
Their comings and goings unchronicled forever,
While we, who knew them not but loved them all,
Sit groping, fretting, wondering where they are?
Well, gentlemen, it looks like it, for "P. I." is dead.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank T. Griswold, Jr., of Radnor, Pa., are at the Ritz-Carlton.

Will there be no one to tell us the whereabouts
Of Mr. and Mrs. W. Kingsland Macy, of Islip, L. I.,
Or Mr. and Mrs. E. Magawly Banon, of Newport,
Or Mr. and Mrs. H. Adams Ashforth, of Greenwich?
Probably no one, and the prospect does not please.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Berwind are at the Waldorf-Astoria Towers from Paoli, Pa.

What of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore de Joly de Sabla,
Mrs. Twining Cox, Mrs. J. Morris Legendre,
Mrs. A. Sidney Rambo, Mrs. Ward C. Belcher,
And Mrs. Arthur McIlvain Maris, no less?
Let them understand that our thoughts are with them.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Fife Symington, Jr., returned to Firth House, Roslyn, L. I., yesterday from the Waldorf-Astoria.

We'll watch for them in the bright, postwar world,
Hoping all's well with what is left of aristocracy,
From Hobe Sound all the way to Dixville Notch.
But don't think, friends, the waiting's easy.
Meanwhile, let us get on with the war. Buy Bonds!

Mrs. Lydig Hoyt is at the Pierre from Staatsburg, N. Y.

—STANLEY WALKER

• •

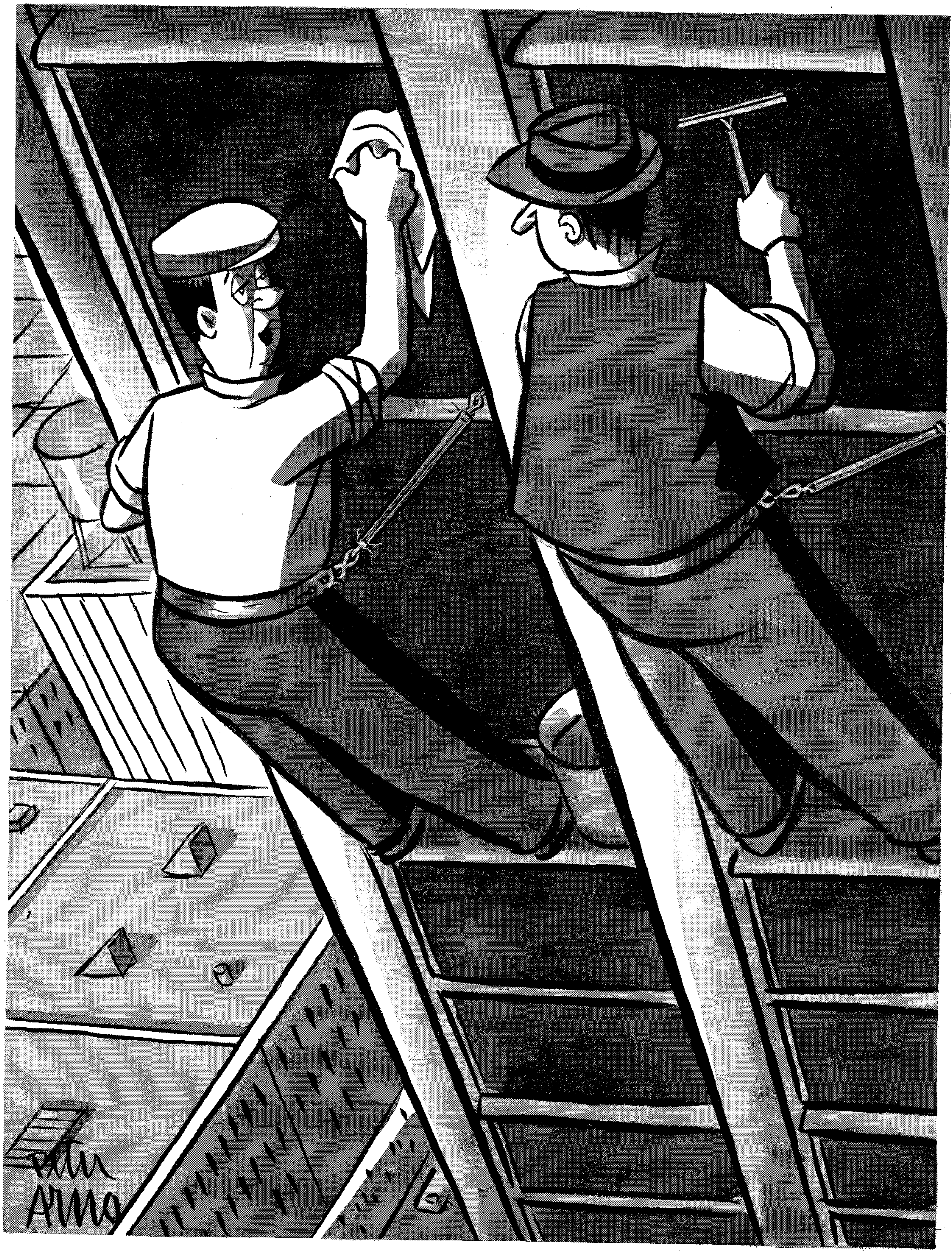
how small she was without shoes. "You have a streak of absolute infantilism, you know. Darling, we can't *pretend* we have more money than we've got. We can't drink liquor we can't buy or hire a cleaning woman we can't pay. You just won't *face* anything. But I can't live on fantasy. I've even thought this afternoon of putting the children in one room and renting the other to some student."

"Sally, for God's sake—"

"Oh," she said, surprised, "what did the letter say?"

His face became suddenly alive again. "I was turned down," he said, and then, in a rising voice, he cried, "But don't worry, they'll get me yet. I'll be drafted! This war isn't over by a long shot! Don't you worry!"

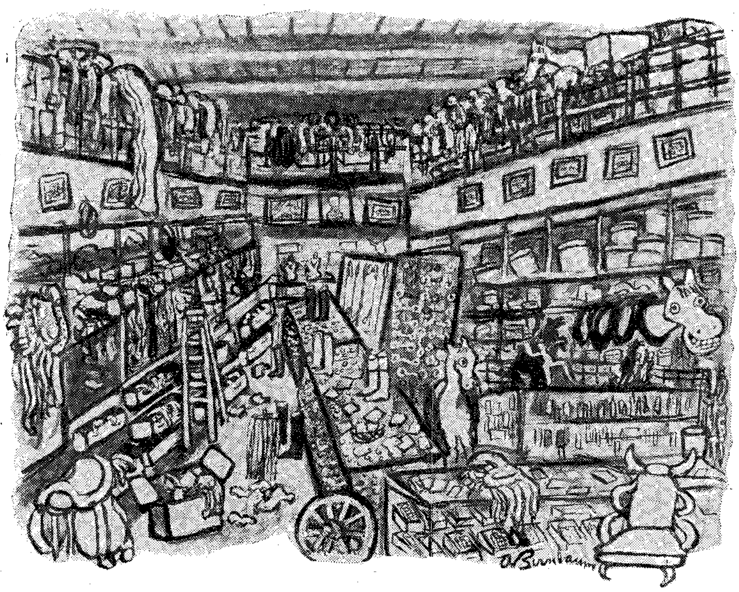
She drew in her breath sharply and backed away a step as she saw his eyes, narrowed, and burning at her with a kind of wildness. —MARK SCHORER



"I wish I could remember to buy a new belt. This one's about shot."

PROFILES

THREE MEN AND THE HORSE



IKE and Jake Kauffman have extracted a comfortable fortune from their steady confidence in the horse. Together with Ike's son Bernie, they operate the country's largest business of its kind, the Kauffman Saddlery Company, on East Twenty-fourth Street. The firm is predicated on the assumption, thus far proved correct, that the horse cannot be replaced by anything, including the helicopter. At the moment, of course, the horse is having a field day, what with gas rationing and the lull in the automotive trade, and nobody is less surprised than the Kauffmans. "The horse is here to stay," Jake occasionally observes, and his partners nod their heads.

The Kauffman company, which advertises "Everything for the horse and rider!," is unusual on several counts. In the first place, it has survived industrial and economic changes that would have killed off any less determined outfit. In spite of the Kauffmans' unswerving belief in the basic soundness of their business, the horse itself has, from time to time, suffered a slump. Statistics prove it. This lack of stability has not, however, shaken the Kauffman Saddlery Company. By providing one equine accouterment (practical or fancy) after another, by catering to show and saddle horses when dray horses began to disappear from view, and by always keeping a careful eye on changes in the equestrian world, the partners have prospered. The first World War, memorable to the Kauffmans chiefly because it curtailed the sale of fancy riding gear, dealt a foul blow to many saddlery concerns, and the depression finished off a lot of others, but Kauffman's has proceeded at a fairly even pace ever since 1875, when it was founded. In the early thirties, it is true, a lot of its customers were eating the apples they had formerly been feeding their horses and the quality's riding was stringhalted, but the Kauffmans came out strong for dude ranching and the situation soon cleared up again. This conspicuous success in the service of what many consider a dying industry is perplexing to some people but not to the Kauffmans, who attribute it to enlightened and tidy management. "We anticipate the trends in the horse world," Bernie says.

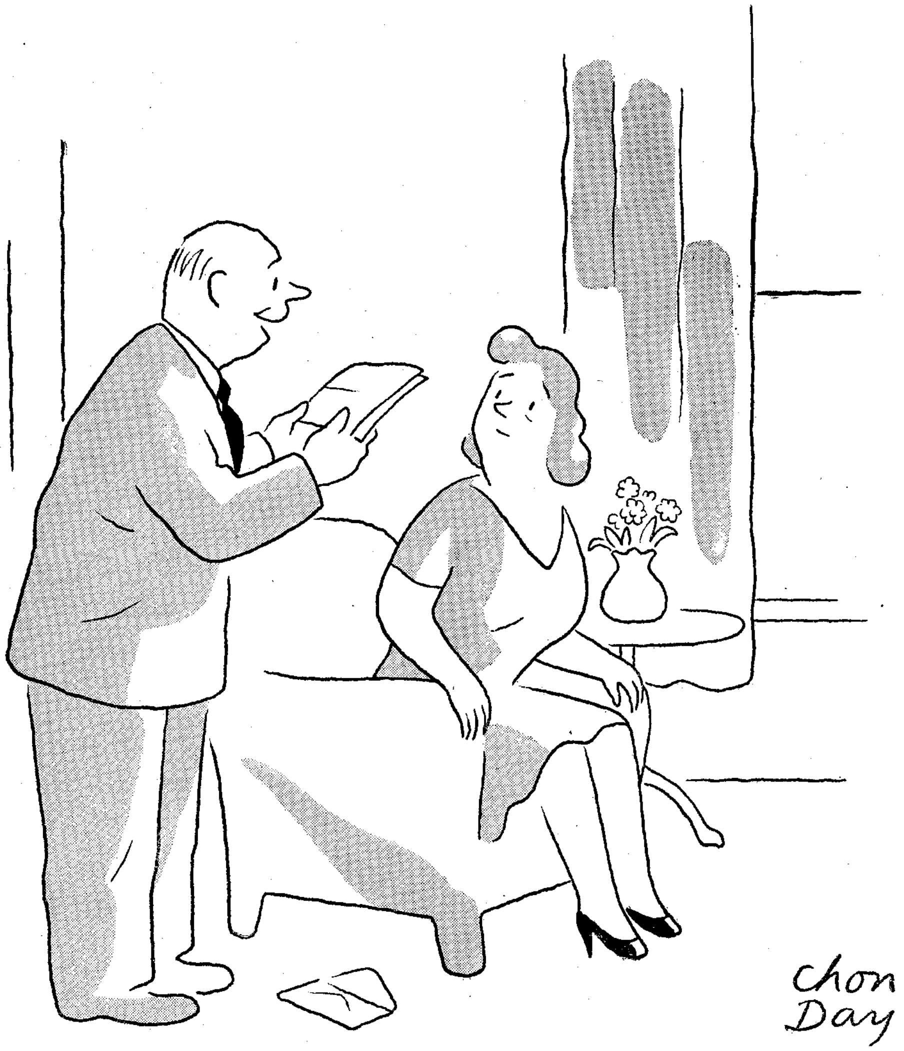
In view of the Kauffman record, there can be no doubt that the management is indeed enlightened and tidy, but the establishment it operates is a fine study in confusion. Its premises, at 141 East Twenty-fourth Street, between Lexington and Third Avenues, are proclaimed to the visitor by the life-size figure, standing at the entrance, of an ancient and yellowed papier-mâché horse, which presumably symbolizes the firm's invulnerability to storms; the animal has been standing in front of the store for several decades and has not yet been seriously marred by the elements. While it might frighten off a stranger or a man suffering from hangover, it is a sign of welcome to Kauffman's regular customers, among whom are many of the most frantic horse-lovers of several continents. The store is a vast, barnlike structure, a hundred feet long and fifty feet wide and filled with a weird array of equipment, some of which has only the most tenuous connection with the stable. The merchandise on the ground floor is scattered around rather haphazardly and through it, like footpaths through a swamp, run aisles of crooked and bewildering pattern. Long ago the place was a horse-trading and auction centre. In what was once the selling ring the Kauffmans have strewn their counters. On the balcony above, from which buyers used to bid on Belgians, Percherons, hunters, and trotters as they were led into the ring, there is now rack upon rack of fine harness and saddles. The partners, who are assisted by a staff of eleven leather workers, tailors, and so on, like to think that they have arranged the store with a careful regard for efficiency and they make frequent offhand references to the saddle department, the clothing department, the stable-supply department, and the mail-order department. This byplay is effective only with strangers. Patrons familiar with the place are resigned to the knowledge that they may have to wait an hour or two while the Kauffmans stalk a requested item. If a customer finally grows impatient and asks where it is, he generally receives the comforting reply "It's in *stock!*"

Sometime every year the partners, with great bustle and fanfare, start taking an inventory, but this effort dies quickly. The chief obstacle is the seemingly limitless variety of the stock. While a men's-clothing merchant, say, can easily and rapidly classify and make a record of his goods by writing "Men's size 36 suits, 242," "Men's size 42 overcoats, 112," "Silk socks, 3," and so forth, the Kauffmans find themselves noting down innumerable odd things like "One peacock tail powderer," "One English-style pigeon saddle," "One bottle Gombault's Horse Health," and "One tiger-skin pistol holster." Such far-fetched merchandise has gradually accumulated through the years. The pigeon saddle was ordered by the father of a whimsical child. As it turned out, the saddle didn't fit the pigeon and the man returned it. Generally the inventory lasts several days, or until one of the partners remarks, "The hell with it." Then they all get back to normal.

The Kauffman staples are carriages (known to the trade as "wagons"), saddles, harness, riding clothes (including boots), and horse blankets. Other important articles are spurs, hackamores, muzzles, snaffles, surcingles, cavesons, cradles, bats, coolers, linseys, sweat hoods, scalping boots, rattlers, gags, calking boots, soaking swabs, leg hopples, boil rolls, head bumpers, stall guards, oat sieves, hoof picks, lunging reins, roadster pads, foot levers, salt bricks, speculums, tapaderos, and manure baskets. One or two of these items may be unfamiliar to the layman, but they all add to the comfort of either the horse or the rider and they enjoy a steady sale. As the business has grown, the partners have also taken to dealing in goods that are less intimately related to horses. For instance, they now carry a great deal of jewelry whose only right to space in the showcases is that it is somewhere or other decorated with an equine motif. There is likewise a lot of similarly decorated glassware, statuary, and bric-a-brac, and a staggering number of unclassifiable oddities that are presumably somehow capable of brightening the life of a horseman. Much of this material has been acquired by Jake, who has a penchant for poking around in small, nondescript shops about town during his off hours and buying what he fancies. He leans toward books and statuary. His recent acquisitions include such literary rarities as Chauveau's "Comparative Anatomy of the Domestic Animal," Gray's "Gallops," and a volume bearing the uncompromising title of "The Horse, Dog, Ox, Sheep, and Pig."

THE store contains, as might be expected even in this helter-skelter establishment, an office, which is just opposite the front door as you go in and slightly larger than a telephone booth. In this cubicle Miss Sally Guggenheim, the bookkeeper and cashier, wrestles with the Kauffman ledgers. She has quite a time. For example, Jake prefers to record the sales he himself makes in simple statements like "Cash—$5," on the ground that any additional folderol is useless once the money has changed hands. Jake is considered the store's head salesman. A restless, explosive man of sixty-two, he has been described by friends as a noisier Jimmy Durante, to whom he bears a marked resemblance. His voice has a hoarse, raspy quality and it is used freely. In an expansive mood, Jake wanders through the store crying loud greetings to old customers, kicking and cursing such stock as gets in his way, and hollering at the employees to keep them on their toes. Ordinarily, though, he merely stands near the door and greets the trade. His manner to regular patrons is amiable though gloomy, but with strangers he is reserved and almost curt. "You want something?" he says. "Look around." One reason for this coolness is his conviction that shoplifting rogues are in constant transit to and from the place. The minor loss of stock he suffers because of the activities of these folk does not bother Jake; what makes him bitter is his belief that the thieves come in later, along with the numerous small traders who visit the place every day, and sell the stuff back to him. Not long ago a seedy-looking chap turned up and offered Jake a brand-new umbrella-holder that he claimed was absolutely unique. The Kauffmans agreed that it was unique, since they had made it themselves. It was, furthermore, the missing part of a shipment to a customer that was being held up by its absence. "What could I do?" says Jake. "I *had* to buy the damn thing back." When relaxed, Jake gives the impression that he is always mentally at ease. Actually, he worries a lot. Rationing is on his mind, for one thing. Nowadays, when a regular customer comes in and asks for something, Jake usually answers, whether he has it or not, "My friend, have you heard of the U. S. Army?" Then he looks around the store and, chances are, finds the article, since rationing hasn't yet made any great dent in the company's supply.

All the partners find that catering to horse people makes excessive demands on their nervous energy, and within easy reach inside the office there is a decanter of whiskey, which they consult from time to time as crises arise. None of them could be called a drinking man, but they agree that an occasional freshener helps keep things moving. Jake, for one, uses the bottle as an anodyne for those unfortunate solecisms so often uttered by inexperienced equestriennes. If a young lady, freshly equipped with her first riding habit, should drop around for a harness and remark, "My horse is about the color of a gelding, you know," Jake would probably say, "Pardon me, Madam," and duck into the office for



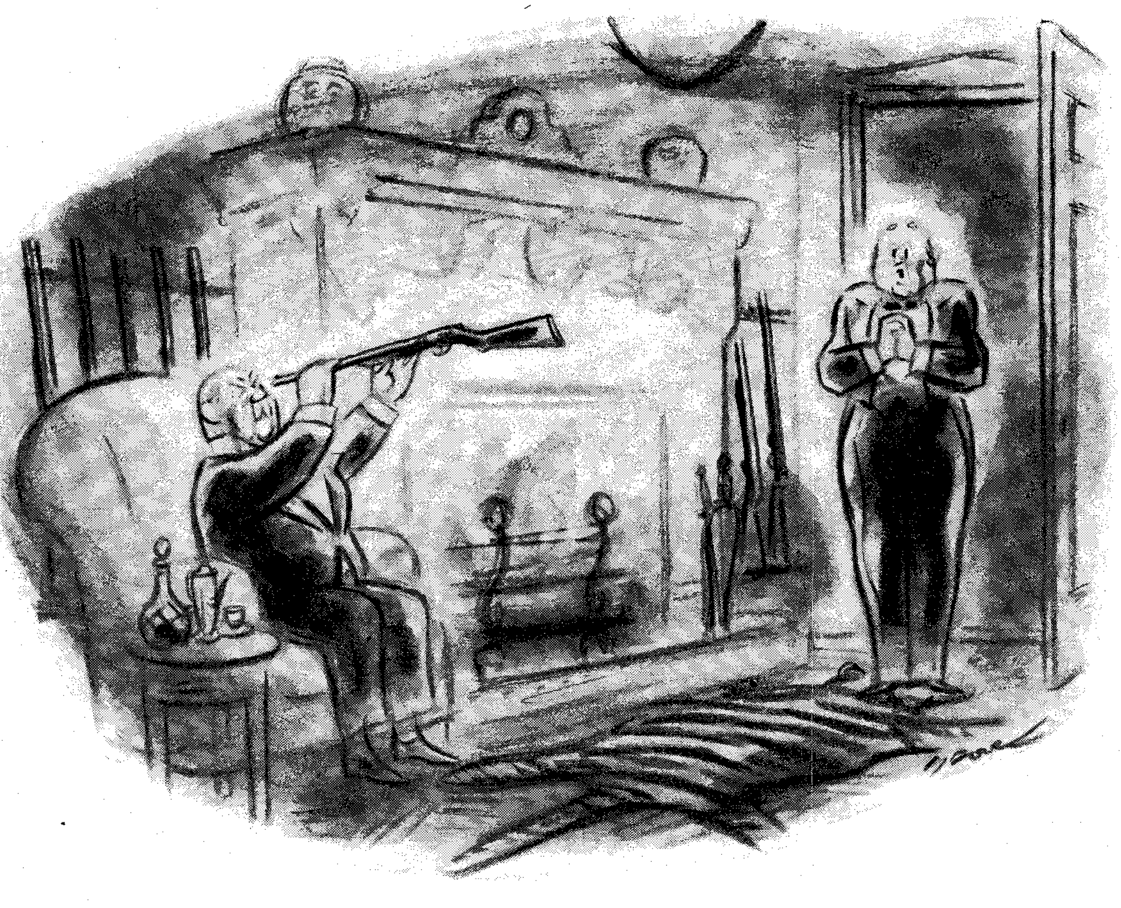
"Harry says he is already tired of eating spaghetti and wants to push on to where he can get some sauerkraut."

a quick one. Owing to the size of the store and the difficulty of moving through the tortuous aisles, the brothers used to find themselves facing many an emergency while cut off from their source of tonic. To put an end to this, Jake finally stowed a supplementary bottle under the balcony in the left rear. Now, when he is harassed beyond endurance by some ignoramus, he disappears briefly under the balcony, pretending to search for something, and improves his outlook.

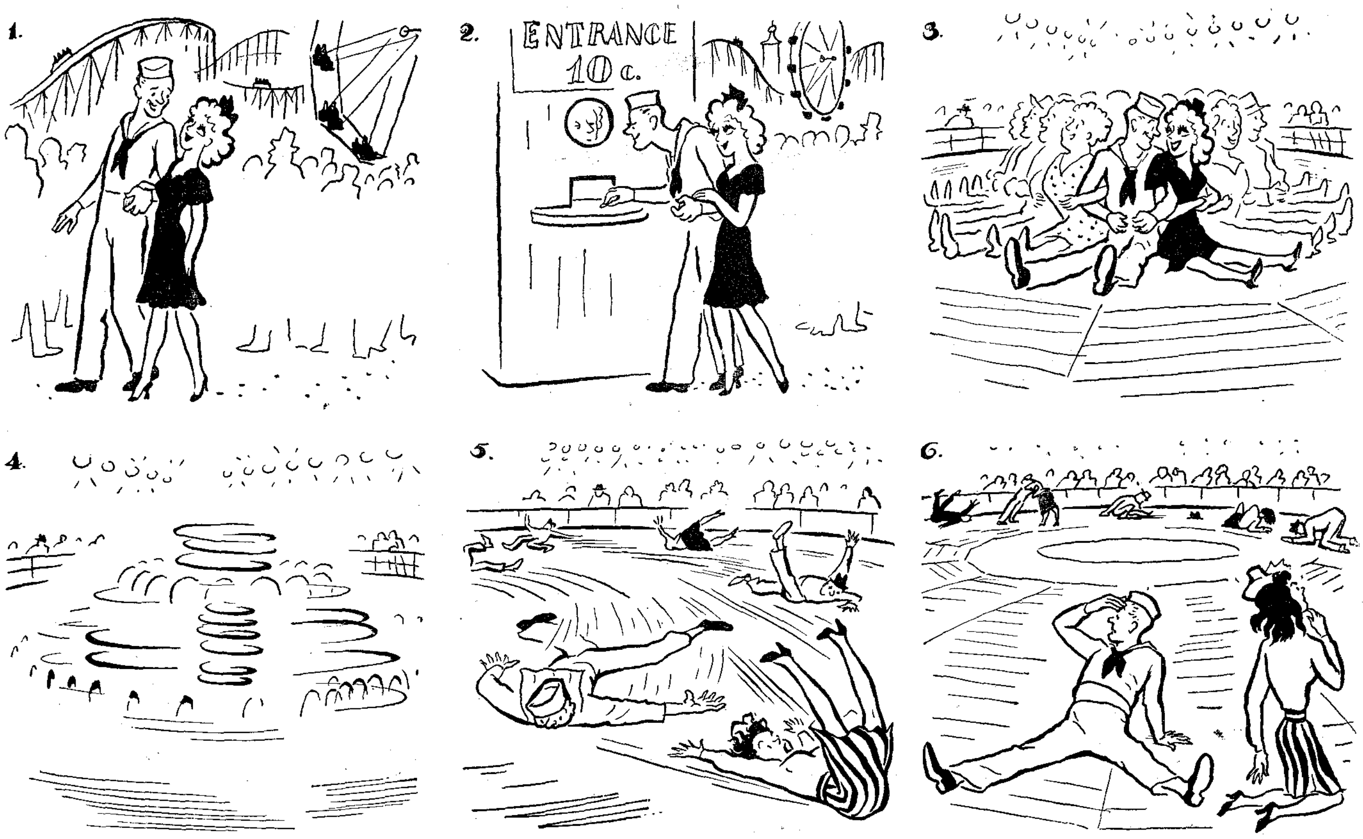
As you enter the front door, you come upon a pair of enormous chairs made of steers' horns, which serve as a reception room. Whenever one of the partners has an important business deal to discuss, he waves the visitor toward the chairs and says cordially, "We'll sit here, where we can talk private." Although the talk is often so private that neither of them can hear the other, on account of the surrounding hubbub, the Kauffmans are perfectly satisfied with the arrangement. An open space among boxes of Western outfits, saddle soap, bits, blankets, and other equipment piled so high that they reach to the floor of the balcony is known as "the office of the secretary." In this perilous clearing are several dusty filing cabinets, a wooden chair, and an old, run-down oak desk. Here sits a young lady employee named Evelyn Kuba, who is also known as the stenography department and the mail-order department, the last chiefly because she opens the mail and answers it. The firm does occasionally send out a catalogue to an inquirer, but few prices are listed in it. Instead, the catalogue simply advises the prospective customer to tell them what he needs and adds that the prices will be sent him. Kauffman's catalogues usually run to about thirty-five pages and describe some of the company's staples, with pictures and captions that consist largely of superlatives.

In the rear of the store the Kauffman tailors do their work on a series of exceedingly makeshift counters, and the leather workers, headed by a man known as Professor Louie Heilman, who says he was with Buffalo Bill for eight years and modestly claims to know more about leather than "anybody in the world or anywhere else," hold forth on the balcony. Most of the Kauffman leather products, such as harness, saddles, quirts, boots, and whips, are bought from various artisans or manufacturers in this country, Mexico, or England, but Heilman and his colleagues turn out special orders for certain customers. They have equipped Bing Crosby, Gene Autry, and Roy Rogers, to name three, and at the moment are making saddles for the camels at the Bronx Zoo, the idea being that children can thus give the camels a little exercise now and then.

MOST of the company's important decisions are made by Ike, who is the real boss of the firm. He looks after its major financial problems and acts as a counterbalance to Jake, who is considered by the rest of the firm too sentimental to be a sound businessman. For one thing, Jake becomes attached to the stock and would doubtless refuse to sell a single article if he were running the place. Ike, a small, quiet, bespectacled man of sixty-seven who looks as though he might have been born a full-blown bookkeeper, and Bernie, his son, are sometimes difficult for the employees in the store to recognize, since they work with their hats on. "It keeps the customers from getting in one's hair," says Bernie, with a dignified chuckle. If Kauffman's can be said to have a front, it is undoubtedly Bernie, whose principal rôle seems to be that of official spokesman. In the course of the day several important customers are likely to come in, and Bernie stands ready to give them the benefit of his education and striking appearance. Unlike his father and uncle, who ended their schooling early in the grades, Bernie got through two years of New York University before the horse fever seized him. He is tall, black-haired, neatly mustached, and suave. He is thirty-eight, but he seems younger. Some of the girl employees think he looks a little like Cesar Romero. When Mrs. Roosevelt drops into Kauffman's, as she often does, possibly to pick up another hackamore, Jake greets her at the door and calls for Bernie, who then waits on her. Mrs. Roosevelt is not hard to wait on, but the job is considered beyond the depth of Jake and Ike, who are diplomatically unsound. Ike might be in one of his taciturn humors and answer all her questions with yes or no, and



"Sir Hubert—please! You know how they blame butlers for that sort of thing."



Jake might commit the social blunder of offering her a snort from his bottle.

Celebrities are a commonplace in Kauffman's, and they mingle democratically with the less distinguished portion of the clientele. Since the establishment caters to such a distinct community of interest, it acts as a great leveller. It would not be odd to see a member of the Rockefeller family, a hostler, one of the Biddles, a jockey, Winston Guest, a cow-puncher, Paul Whiteman, and a colored exercise boy discussing the merits of a certain bit. Helen Hayes buys riding clothes for her daughter at Kauffman's, James Melton drops in once a week looking for accessories for his collection of old automobiles, and President Roosevelt's mother used to visit the store to order riding clothes for her grandsons. Except for patrons so distinguished that they require the personal attention of Bernie, all the customers wander around pretty much on their own. The partners conscientiously ignore them as much as possible, on the peculiar theory that if they are left alone they will buy more. There being several schools of thought about what the horse should wear, the clientele, thus abandoned, has a tendency to knot up and get into arguments. One of these not long ago involved several visiting Latin American horsemen, a Jewish junk dealer wearing a black derby, and a Long Island matron who was wearing a pair of men's boots the partners had lent her while hers were being repaired. The group was hung up on the proper usage of hammerhead spurs.

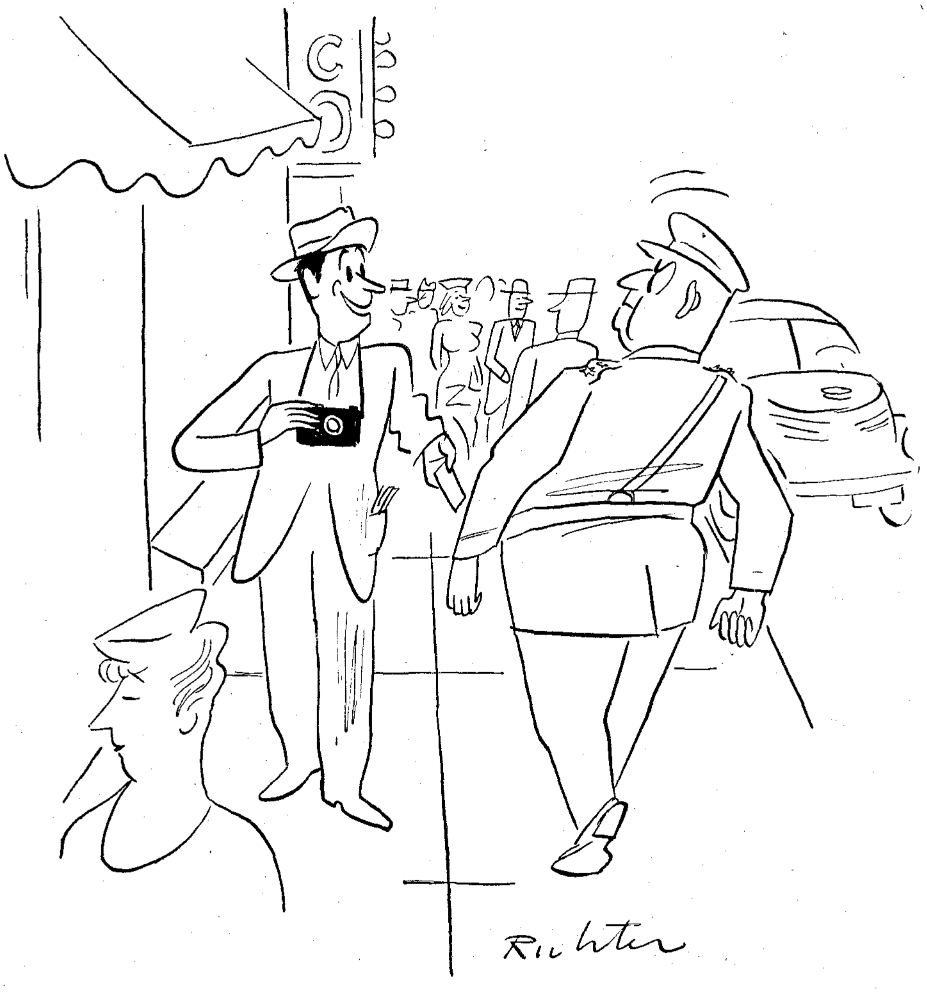
All of the partners have difficulty classifying their clients, who are wonderfully varied. The place seems to attract unusual types. One elderly man with a white walrus mustache comes in regularly, picks up a ragged volume entitled "Principles of Equitation," and sits quietly reading it in one of the steers'-horn chairs. He has been at the book for some time and there is no indication when he will finish it. Although he never buys anything, nobody bothers him. "Just a fellow comes in here," Jake describes him.

On the balcony the Kauffmans have installed a steam-driven mechanical mount that can simulate all the known gaits of horses; this device is popular with customers who want to try out new saddles before leaving. The steam horse, which is an awesome affair and makes a rather ominous hissing noise when in full cry, is looked upon with extreme suspicion by Jake and Ike and is operated only by Bernie, who is himself convinced that eventually it will explode. Few of the real experts ever use this machine; they consider its mechanical appearance incongruous in its surroundings, and Jake and Ike agree with them.

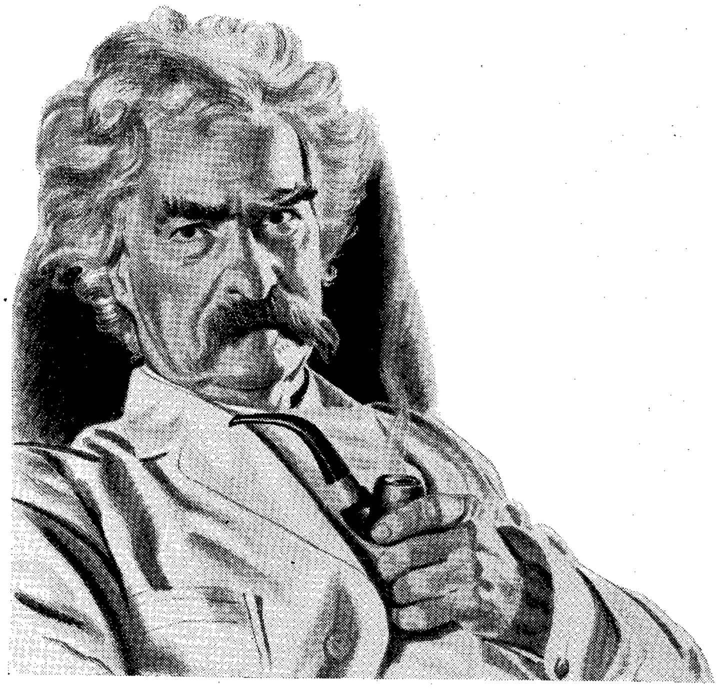
ANY Kauffman customers who are interested in wagons—that is, carriages of any kind—are taken to the company's five-story warehouse, which is just down the block. In this building the partners' genius for confusion finds its fullest expression. Distributed haphazardly throughout its dark, musty lofts are about two hundred carriages. Most of them are masterpieces of craftsmanship and, standing row upon row, they give the warehouse an air of grandeur and jauntiness that the shiniest automobile showroom can never have. Wagons, or carriages, are not manufactured any more. The Kauffman partners have collected theirs, most of which they acquired in the last five years, by buying them second-hand wherever they could be found. Early in 1938 they had only six on hand. Their stockpiling campaign began shortly after a visit to the store by Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., who, as nearly as Jake can remember, was looking for a pair of riding pants and a snaffle. Stettinius had not yet become a dollar-a-year man, but he had nevertheless been meditating on the future. He advised the Kauffmans to buy up carriages. "There's going to be a war and a shortage of automobiles," he told Bernie. The partners were impressed and held one of their infrequent conferences. Kauffman conferences are not like the average, or cinema-type, business conference in that they do not require the physical proximity of the partners. Jake will yell to Bernie, who will be up at the front of the balcony, and Bernie in turn will get in touch, also by yelling, with Ike, who will be under a pile of horse collars in the rear of the store. After a good deal of shouting back and forth, to the amazement of new customers, the matter is settled and the conference is considered adjourned.

Right after this particular one was adjourned, with a decision to take action, Bernie went on the road, looking for carriages. He took along an employee named Joe Connelly, an expert of long standing in everything to do with horses. By turn a groom, hackman, and trainer, he now functions as the Kauffman capper, or an adviser on the purchasing of horses and equipment. Connelly has a thorough knowledge of the contents of the stables of most of the big estates in the East. As he prowls among the two hundred carriages now in Kauffman's warehouse, he sometimes carries on a descriptive monologue, a kind of self-imposed refresher course. "Brewster made it," he mutters, laying a hand on a victoria. "1870, four thousand dollars, all hand-turned, mahogany frame, ebony spokes, still better than any automobile, curse the day they were born, belonged to the second Morgan." Wandering slowly along the Atlantic seaboard, Bernie and Joe bought up all the good wagons they could find. They would run onto a pony cart on a Long Island estate, a brougham on a Maryland farm, a buggy in the back yard of some country doctor who had retired to write his memoirs, or a phaeton in the garage of a New England spinster. In Montclair they picked up an elaborate buckboard from the widow of a sea captain who had bought it just before he set out on his final, fatal voyage, and they found fine tallyhoes in many a dusty, unused stable. In upstate New York they bought a buggy from a man who looked embarrassed when they handed him the money. Bernie asked him what was wrong. "Well," he said, "I hate to do this to such a nice young feller. You see, I got an old wagon factory I used to run just a few miles from here. Full of new wagons that were never sold, lots of them better than this." Bernie and Joe got twelve brand-new old carriages from the factory and knocked off for the rest of the day.

Bernie paid anything from a few dollars to around a hundred for the wagons he found and those now in the warehouse are priced at from $50 to $500, depending, naturally, on their age, their condition, and the craftsmanship that went into them. The wagons have been going very well, and the tempo of sales has increased sharply of late. Among the recent customers are Mrs. E. H. Harriman, Arthur Whitney, Stuyvesant Fish, and Mrs. Allan MacDougall, Alice Foote MacDougall's daughter-in-law. Bernie estimates that all told about fifty Kauffman wagons are now on the streets of Manhattan. Most of them are victorias and are used for family outings in the park on Sunday afternoon. The majority of the carriages sold have gone to people in New York and the suburbs. Occasionally, however, a customer comes clear across the country to buy one. Many of the wealthy clients bring in their chauffeurs, who regard the carriages with profound distrust. One chauffeur told his employer that horses gave him asthma and that he wanted no part of

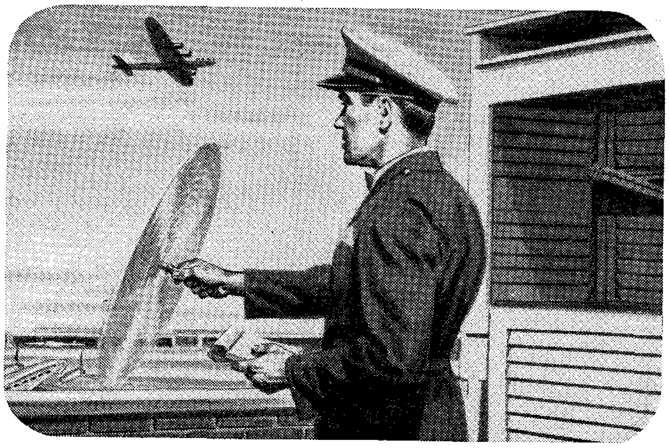


"See yourself in action, General?"

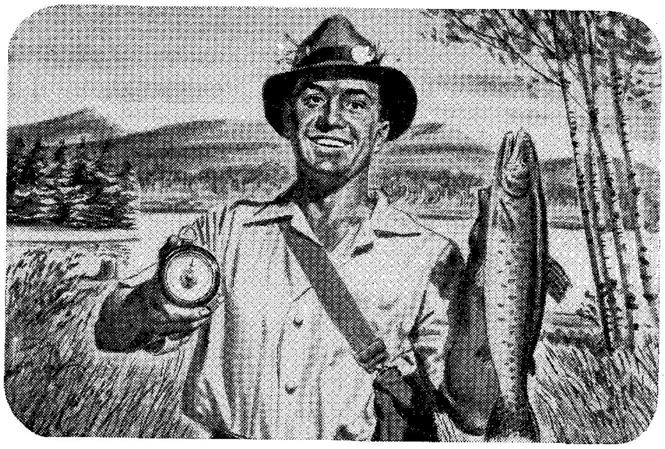


Mark Twain
and the
Tomatoes

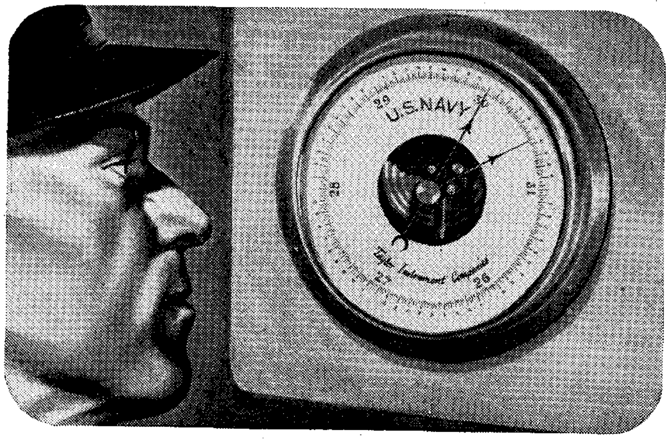
1 When Mark Twain complained that nobody *did* anything about the weather, he obviously hadn't heard what Taylor was doing about it. Today, he'd be glad to know, we're doing plenty! Taylor control of temperature and humidity is so accurate that we can even make tomatoes ripen exactly when the market is right! That's in the warehouse of course. But speaking of outside weather...



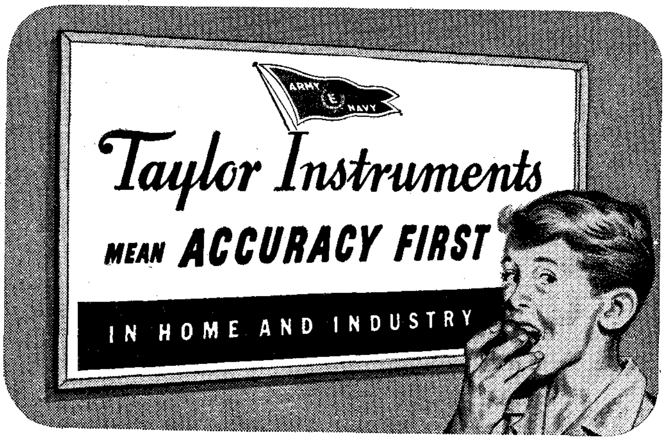
2 The weather man's art is fast becoming an exact science. He can forecast changes far in advance by measuring the relative humidity of traveling air masses. The Taylor Sling Psychrometer, which you twirl around like a pen-knife on a chain, is one of many Taylor Instruments used by the Air Forces to make flying safer.



3 We're a great help to fishermen, too, with this Taylor Fishing Guide that tells when the fish are biting. If it says they won't bite, and they do, you're a genius. But if you return empty-handed you have a perfect excuse. You may have to wait a while though, because war has stopped almost all our production of home instruments.



4 Meanwhile, here's a special offer! Two Taylor Barometers for the price of one! We're not fooling. All you do is buy one $25 War Bond. The Navy gets the barometer it needs now—and you get the swell new one you want after the war with the same Bond. But whatever you buy *then,* the thing to do is to buy an extra Bond *now!*



5 Uncle Sam has first call on Taylor Instruments. But equally important are the thermometers, recorders, and controllers we supply essential industries—from tomatoes to synthetic rubber! If you have any instrument problem, see your Taylor Field Engineer. Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester, N. Y., and Toronto, Canada.

carriages, then sat down in the warehouse and cried. "He got over it," Bernie says. "He came back in and learned how to drive." The Kauffmans find that they have to explain the rudiments of driving to many of their customers these days. Once in a while an old chauffeur who was long ago converted from a groom turns up. He is usually deliriously joyful at the prospect of being converted back. Around three-quarters of Kauffman's wagon customers are women. The partners think that women adapt themselves much more readily to changes in living conditions but that they are rather too optimistic about their ability to cope with horses. One woman, a rank amateur, told the partners she was having her buggy rigged for two horses, one in front of the other. She was talked out of the idea in a long argument in which Bernie convinced her that tandem driving was a neat trick even for an expert and extremely hazardous for a beginner. The woman had admired the rig in a movie. "She would undoubtedly have had a hell of an accident," says Jake, "and tore up a fine wagon." In spite of the Kauffmans' present preoccupation with the wagon branch of their business, the sale of wagons constitutes only fifteen per cent of their gross annual take.

Saddles account for half of their gross. In calmer times the partners imported the greater part of their saddles and riding boots, most of them from England. Now they are lucky if they get ten per cent of their supply from abroad. However, since they have a substantial number of English-made saddles (the exact number is a Kauffman secret) and something like twenty-five hundred pairs of boots on hand, they have never been professionally distressed by the submarine problem, such as it is. Good English saddles at Kauffman's sell for from $28 up to $150 or so. Ordinarily, Western saddles cost less, but some cowboys like to invest all their ready cash in a richly elaborate saddle and harness, and such special jobs, some of which the Kauffmans make themselves, sell for much more. Many cowboys and other Western horsemen order from Kauffman's by mail. Since the partners buy leather goods all over the country, a Kauffman customer in Los Angeles may easily receive an article that was made in San Francisco. These mail-order requests are generally explicit enough for the store to fill them without any trouble. "My wife," a gentleman wrote in recently, "weighs 130 pounds and tends to be low-slung, with fairly wide hips and legs that measure 30 inches in length. Her arms are short."

There are still quite a few expert saddlemakers in this country, and Mexico also produces a lot of fine Western saddles. Westerns are distinguished from the English saddles mainly by a horn, around which a lariat is looped when the rider is roping steers, and a raised rear rim, against which the rider can brace himself after snaring a steer. Kauffman's clothing department not only custom-makes clothes but also designs riding clothes and sends the patterns to various factories which turn out some of the Kauffman merchandise. The partners are reluctant to tell where they get much of their other stock, having established sources of supply perhaps not known to all of their competitors. "We get it round about," Jake likes to say, mysteriously. By buying imports in large quantities and taking a small profit, Kauffman's can often sell them for less than the retail price in England. Ever since the store was founded, its theory of business has been low markups and a big volume of sales. "Papa started the system," Jake says, "and it has always worked out very well."

Papa, the first Kauffman to hitch his wagon to a horse, was Herman, father of Jake and Ike. Even by Kauffman standards, Herman seems to have been something of a character. He and his wife came to this country from Germany right after the Civil War, when both were still in their teens. Since he had worked in his father's leather business in Germany, Herman looked around here for kindred work and wound up in a Newark tannery. The stench was occasionally so overpowering that he took to running over to New York for a breath of fresh air and a prowl around the Manhattan harness shops, where his real interest lay. Before long he was taken on as a bench worker at a downtown shop and by 1873 he had managed to save enough to open a place for himself, on Division Street. Even in this fledgling stage of his career, Herman was recognized by the trade as a leather virtuoso. Like a concert pianist who makes a lifelong specialty of one composer, he was most at home with harness, but he dabbled in other leather goods. Many well-known firms which made harness themselves paid Herman to rig their customers' horses in order to be sure the job was done right. His shop was run with pleasant informality. Customers often had to canvass the neighborhood pubs to find the master, who had the idea that genius, to find successful expression, must be relaxed. Herman always had a high regard for the all-around therapeutic value of spirits. When any of his employees, goaded to desperation by the wonderful dishevelment of Kauffman's, exploded and quit, Herman would insist on taking the man to the nearest bar for one last drink. Some hours later the two would reappear in the shop, roaringly happy, and frequently were reconciled for as long as another week.

A ruddy, boisterous, barrel-like man, Herman established the easy-going tone for Kauffman's. He kept most of the shop's financial transactions in his head and always tried to discourage a customer from paying up a bill in full, since he preferred to have a little something on the figurative books and thus, presumably, keep himself in his customers' minds. In spite of his inattention to the details of anything except harness making, the store conspicuously prospered. There were half a million horses in Manhattan in those days, as against twenty-five thousand now. Herman became well-to-do and bought a home in Flatbush. By 1900 he was ready to expand. His two sons were then old enough to be taken in as partners, and he changed the company's name to H. Kauffman & Sons, the name it officially bears today. Then he branched out into saddlework and the like and soon started buying up saddlery firms in the neighborhood that were beginning to suffer as a result of Kauffman's competition. Some of the present store's most valuable employees, like George McKinley, a veteran in the harness department who came from the firm of Martin & Martin, were added to the Kauffman roster through the acquisition of rival companies. In 1920 the partners moved to the place on Twenty-fourth Street, taking their atmosphere of confusion with them.

Until his death, in 1928, Herman was the boss of Kauffman's. In his latter years, however, he lost some of the genial sparkle of his youth. He was much galled spiritually by prohibition, though its practical effect on him was nothing at all, since he had laid in several barrels of whiskey in the cellar of his home just

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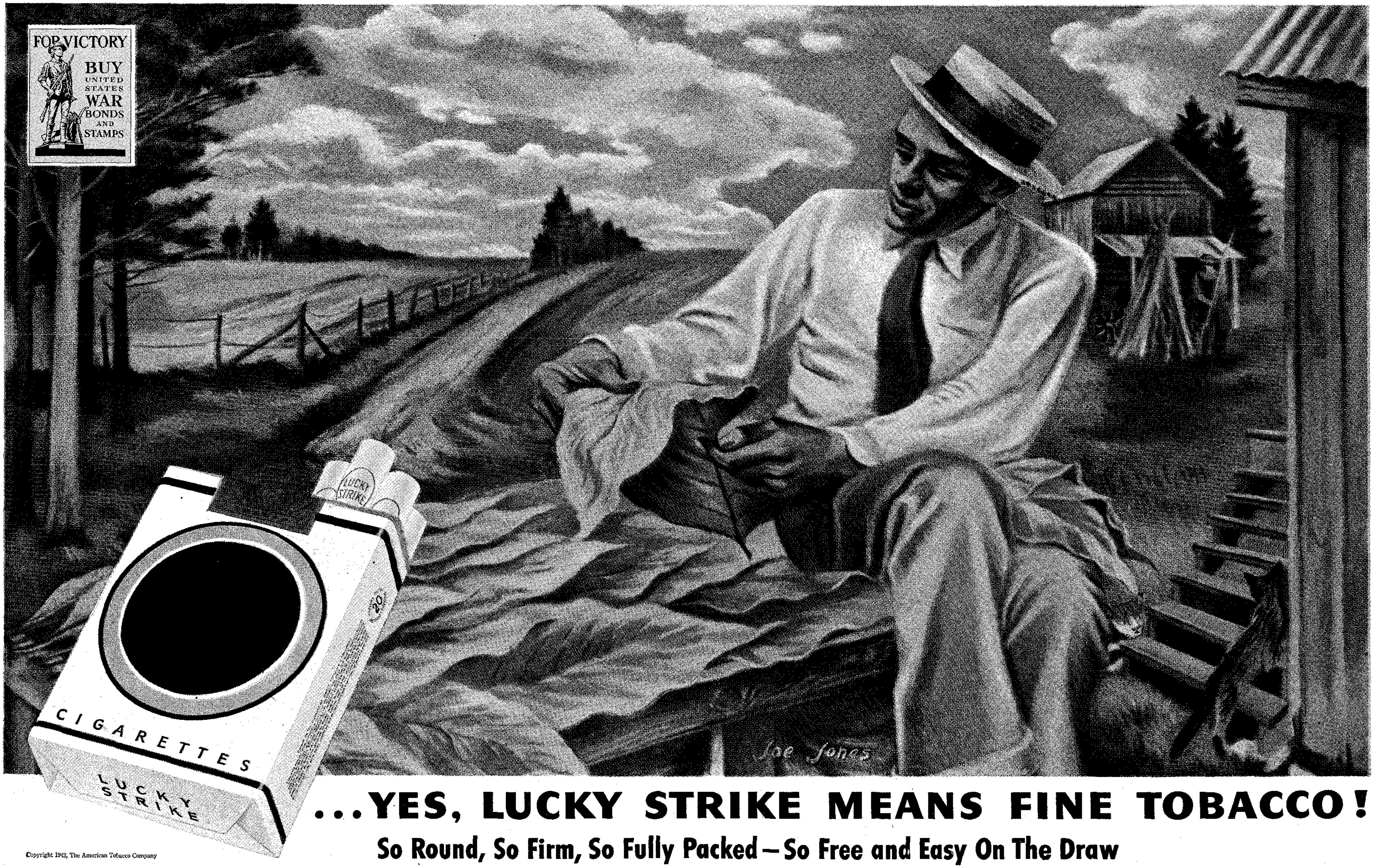
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Jessie ROYCE LANDIS Robert KEITH Joan CAULFIELD
BILTMORE Thea., 47th W. of B'way. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
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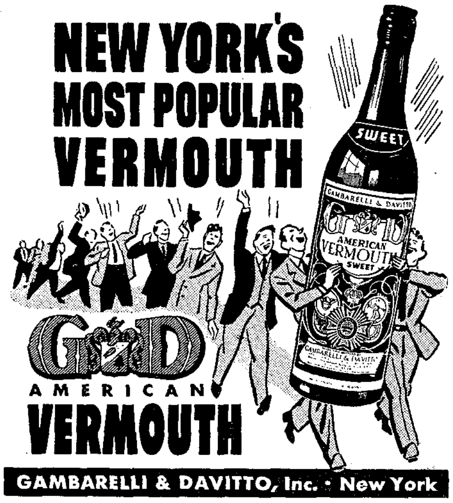

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before the law went into force. To show what he thought of prohibition, Herman took to visiting the barrels before breakfast. He would come up shouting curses at the idiocy of a law which required his drinking before breakfast to exhibit his contempt for it. Jake and Ike married around the time they became partners in the business, and, like their father, bought homes and settled in Brooklyn. They are now within a few blocks of each other, and Ike's son Bernie, who is no man to slight a tradition, lives in a nearby apartment house with his wife. All of the couples have children; Mr. and Mrs. Ike have three (including Bernie) and Mr. and Mrs. Jake and Mr. and Mrs. Bernie have two. A younger son of Ike's, Leroy, who is a junior member of the firm, is now a lieutenant in the Army. The partners are given to family gatherings, at which there is inevitably a good deal of amiable argument about the business, which is practically their only interest. At a recent meeting of the clan it was decided to pay more attention to harness for farm horses. The partners have no opinion on the length of the war, but they feel they are ready for anything. They have no illusion that the wagon boom will persist after the war, but they do think that riding will be more popular than ever. They recall the dark days in the early twenties, when practically everyone abandoned his carriage and took to tearing around in an automobile, and they remember that after a while the automobile became commonplace and people started to ride again. They are all agreed that the airplane looks like the biggest postwar menace, but, as Bernie says, "Flying will get dull, just like motoring, and they'll come back to the saddle." The riders won't necessarily be the same. More and more, as the Kauffmans see it, taxes will cut into the incomes of the wealthy and the size of many stables will be reduced, but as the upper classes ride less, the middle classes will ride more. "Imagine," says Bernie, "a raft of new customers! We'll have stuff at prices they can afford and they'll go nuts about everything because it will be a novelty to them. This is one hell of a fine business."—JOHN MCCARTEN and ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

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AFTERNOON IN LINEN

IT was a long, cool room, comfortably furnished and happily placed, with hydrangea bushes outside the large windows and their pleasant shadows on the floor. Everyone in it was wearing linen—the little girl in the pink linen dress with a wide blue belt, Mrs. Kator in a brown linen suit and a big, yellow linen hat, Mrs. Lennon, who was the little girl's grandmother, in a white linen dress, and Mrs. Kator's little boy, Howard, in a blue linen shirt and shorts. Like in "Alice Through the Looking-Glass," the little girl thought, looking at her grandmother; like the gentleman all dressed in white paper. I'm a gentleman all dressed in pink paper, she thought. Although Mrs. Lennon and Mrs. Kator lived on the same block and saw each other every day, this was a formal call, and so they were drinking tea.

Howard was sitting at the piano at one end of the long room, in front of the biggest window. He was playing "Humoresque" in careful, unhurried tempo. I played that last year, the little girl thought; it's in G. Mrs. Lennon and Mrs. Kator were still holding their teacups, listening to Howard and looking at him and now and then looking at each other and smiling. I could still play that if I wanted to, the little girl thought.

When Howard had finished playing "Humoresque," he slid off the piano bench and came over and gravely sat down beside the little girl, waiting for his mother to tell him whether to play again or not. He's bigger than I am, she thought, but I'm older. I'm ten. If they ask me to play the piano for them now, I'll say no.

"I think you play very nicely, Howard," the little girl's grandmother said. There were a few moments of leaden silence. Then Mrs. Kator said, "Howard, Mrs. Lennon spoke to you." Howard murmured and looked at his hands on his knees.

"I think he's coming along very well," Mrs. Kator said to Mrs. Lennon. "He doesn't like to practice, but I think he's coming along well."

"Harriet loves to practice," the little girl's grandmother said. "She sits at the piano for hours, making up little tunes and singing."

"She probably has a real talent for music," Mrs. Kator said. "I often wonder whether Howard is getting as much out of his music as he should."

"Harriet," Mrs. Lennon said to the little girl, "won't you play for Mrs. Kator? Play one of your own little tunes."

"I don't know any," the little girl said.

"Of course you do, dear," her grandmother said.

"I'd like very much to hear a little tune you made up yourself, Harriet," Mrs. Kator said.

"I don't know any," the little girl said.

Mrs. Lennon looked at Mrs. Kator and shrugged. Mrs. Kator nodded, mouthing "Shy," and turned to look proudly at Howard.

The little girl's grandmother set her lips firmly in a tight, sweet smile. "Harriet dear," she said, "even if we don't want to play our little tunes, I think we ought to tell Mrs. Kator that music is not our forte. I think we ought to show her our really fine achievements in another line. Harriet," she continued, turning to Mrs. Kator, "has written some poems. I'm going to ask her to recite them to you, because I feel, even though I may be prejudiced"—she laughed modestly—"even though I probably *am* prejudiced, that they show real merit."

"Well, for heaven's sake!" Mrs. Kator said. She looked at Harriet, pleased. "Why, dear, I didn't know you could do anything like that! I'd really *love* to hear them."

"Recite one of your poems for Mrs. Kator, Harriet."

The little girl looked at her grandmother, at the sweet smile, and at Mrs. Kator, leaning forward, and at Howard, sitting with his mouth open and a great delight growing in his eyes. "Don't know any," she said.

"Harriet," her grandmother said, "even if you don't remember any of your poems, you have some written down. I'm sure Mrs. Kator won't mind if you read them to her."

The huge merriment that had been gradually taking hold of Howard suddenly overwhelmed him. "Poems," he said, doubling up with laughter on the couch. "Harriet writes poems." He'll tell all the kids on the block, the little girl thought.

"I do believe Howard's jealous," Mrs. Kator said.

"Aw," Howard said. "I wouldn't write a poem. Bet you couldn't make *me* write a poem if you *tried*."

"You couldn't make me, either," the little girl said. "That's all a lie about the poems."

There was a long silence. Then "Why, Harriet!" the little girl's grandmother said in a sad voice. "What a thing to say about your grandmother!" Mrs. Kator said. "I think you'd better apologize, Harriet," the little girl's grandmother said. Mrs. Kator said, "Why, you certainly *had* better."

"I didn't do anything," the little girl muttered. "I'm sorry."

The grandmother's voice was stern. "Now bring your poems out and read them to Mrs. Kator."

"I don't have any, honestly, Grandma," the little girl said desperately. "Honestly, I don't have any of those poems."

"Well, *I* have," the grandmother said. "Bring them to me from the top desk drawer."

The little girl hesitated for a minute, watching her grandmother's straight mouth and frowning eyes.

"Howard will get them for you, Mrs. Lennon," Mrs. Kator said.

"Sure," Howard said. He jumped up and ran over to the desk, pulling open the drawer. "What do they look like?" he shouted.

"In an envelope," the grandmother said tightly. "In a brown envelope with 'Harriet's poetry' written on the front."

"Here it is," Howard said. He pulled some papers out of the envelope and studied them a moment. "Look," he said, "Harriet's poems—about stars." He ran to his mother, giggling and holding out the papers. "Look, Mother, Harriet's poetry's about stars!"

"Give them to Mrs. Lennon, dear," Howard's mother said. "It was very rude to open the envelope first."

MRS. LENNON took the envelope and the papers and held them out to Harriet. "Will you read them or shall I?" she asked kindly. Harriet shook her head. The grandmother sighed at Mrs. Kator and took up the first sheet of paper. Mrs. Kator leaned forward eagerly and Howard settled down at her feet, hugging his knees and putting his face against his leg to keep from laughing. The grandmother cleared her throat, smiled at Harriet, and began to read.

" 'The Evening Star,' " she announced.

"When evening shadows are falling,
And dark gathers closely around,
And all the night creatures are calling,
And the wind makes a lonesome sound,

I wait for the first star to come out,
And look for its silvery beams,
When the blue and green twilight is all about,
And grandly a lone star gleams."

Howard could contain himself no

longer. "Harriet writes poems about stars!"

"Why, it's lovely, Harriet dear!" Mrs. Kator said. "I think it's really lovely, honestly. I don't see what you're so shy about it for."

"There, you see, Harriet?" Mrs. Lennon said. "Mrs. Kator thinks your poetry is very nice. Now aren't you sorry you made such a fuss about such a little thing?"

He'll tell all the kids on the block, Harriet thought. "I didn't write it," she said.

"Why, Harriet!" Her grandmother laughed. "You don't need to be so modest, child. You write very nice poems."

"I copied it out of a book," Harriet said. "I found it in a book and I copied it and gave it to my old grandmother and said I wrote it."

"I don't believe you'd do anything like that, Harriet," Mrs. Kator said, puzzled.

"I did *so*," Harriet maintained stubbornly. "I copied it right out of a book."

"Harriet, I don't believe you," her grandmother said.

Harriet looked at Howard, who was staring at her in admiration. "I copied it out of a book," she said to him. "I found the book in the library one day."

"I can't imagine her saying she did such a thing," Mrs. Lennon said to Mrs. Kator. Mrs. Kator shook her head.

"It was a book called"—Harriet thought a moment—"called 'The Home Book of Verse,'" she said. "That's what it was. And I copied every single word. I didn't make up *one*."

"Harriet, is this true?" her grandmother said. She turned to Mrs. Kator. "I'm afraid I must apologize for Harriet and for reading you the poem under false pretenses. I never dreamed she'd deceive me."

"Oh, they do," Mrs. Kator said deprecatingly. "They want attention and praise and sometimes they'll do almost anything. I'm sure Harriet didn't mean to be—well, dishonest."

"I did *so*," Harriet said. "I wanted everyone to think I wrote it. I said I wrote it on purpose." She went over and took the papers out of her grandmother's unresisting hand. "And you can't look at them any more, either," she said, and held them in back of her, away from everyone. —SHIRLEY JACKSON

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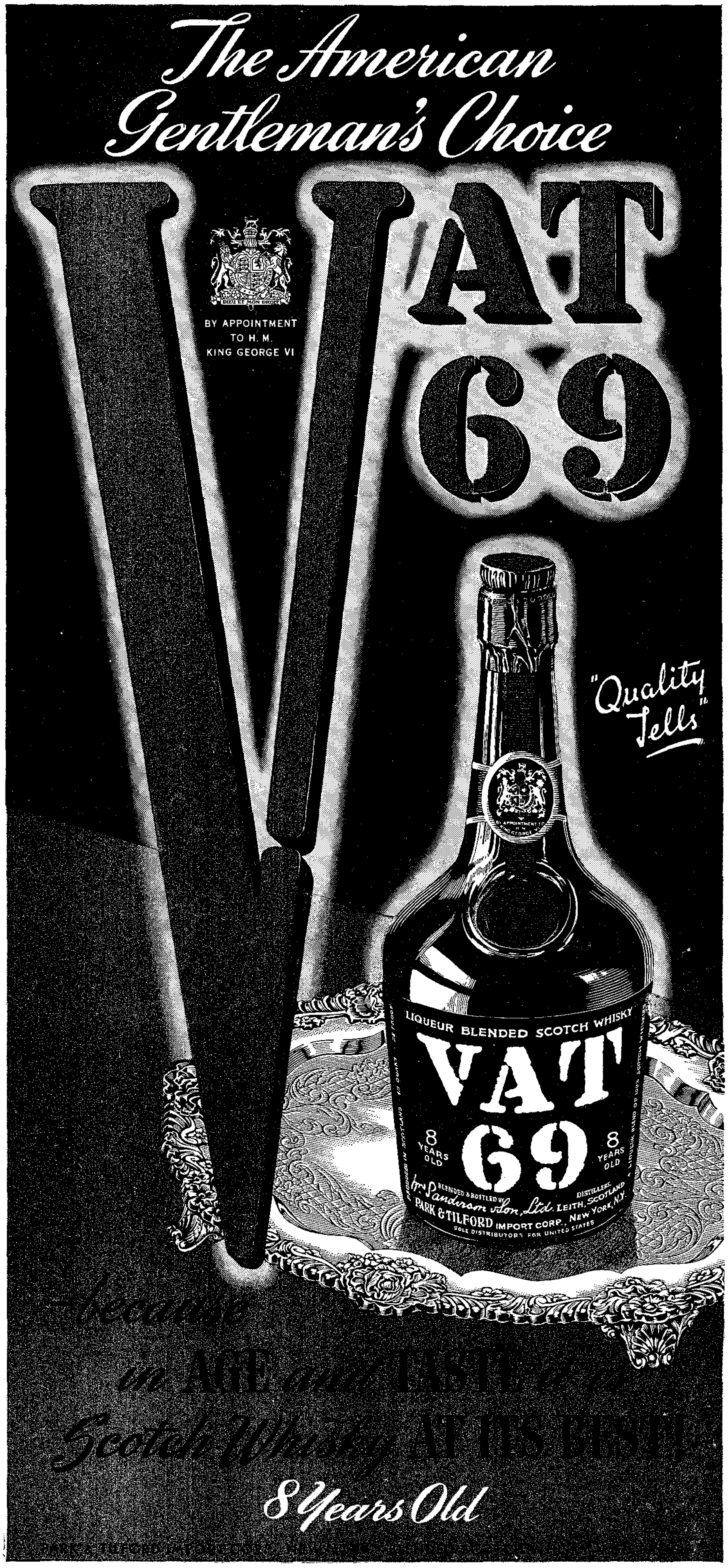
CANFIELD Cottage Camp, 2201 S. Santa Fe—All the disappointments of home. Phone PE 9860.—*Adv. in the Rocky Mountain News.*

Come on, now, not *all* of them!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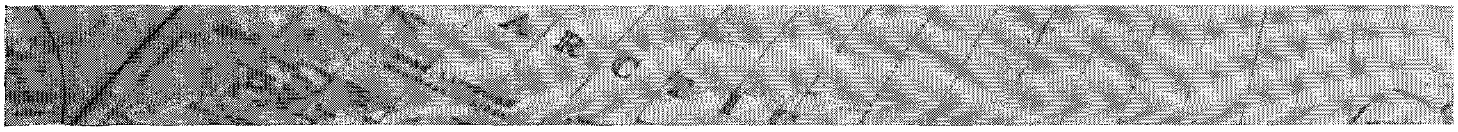

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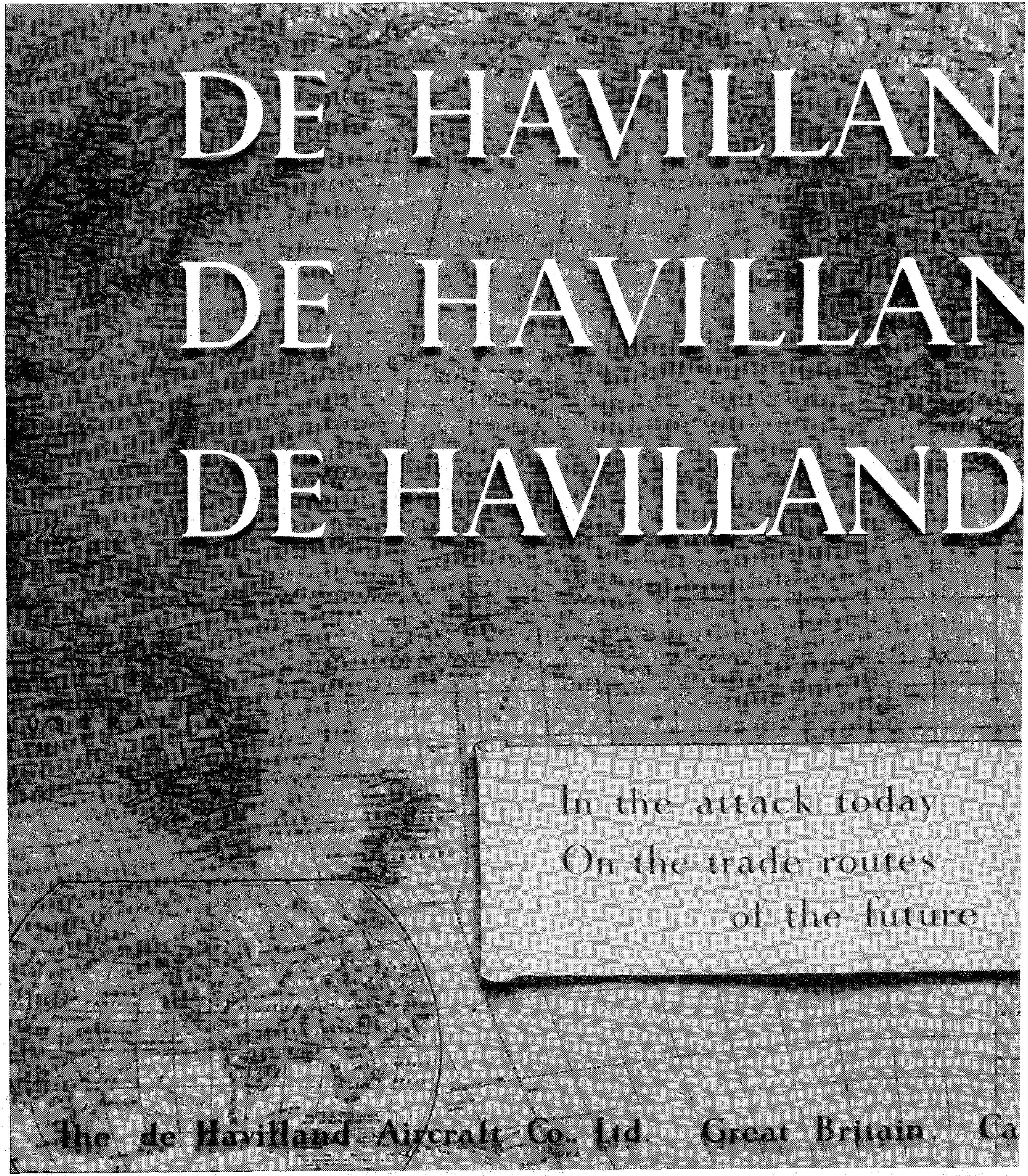
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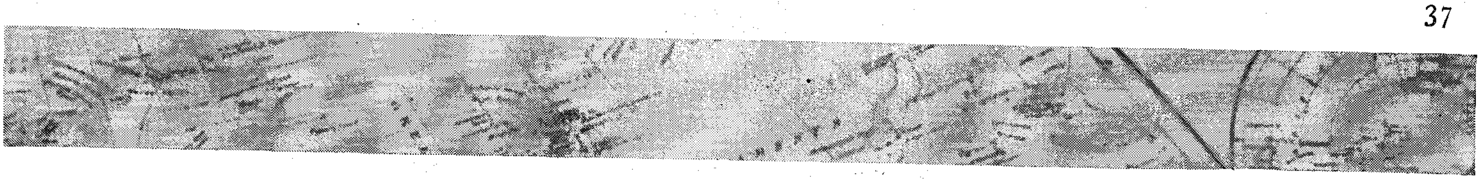

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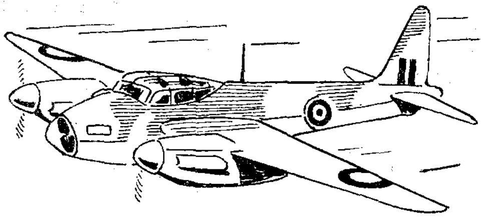

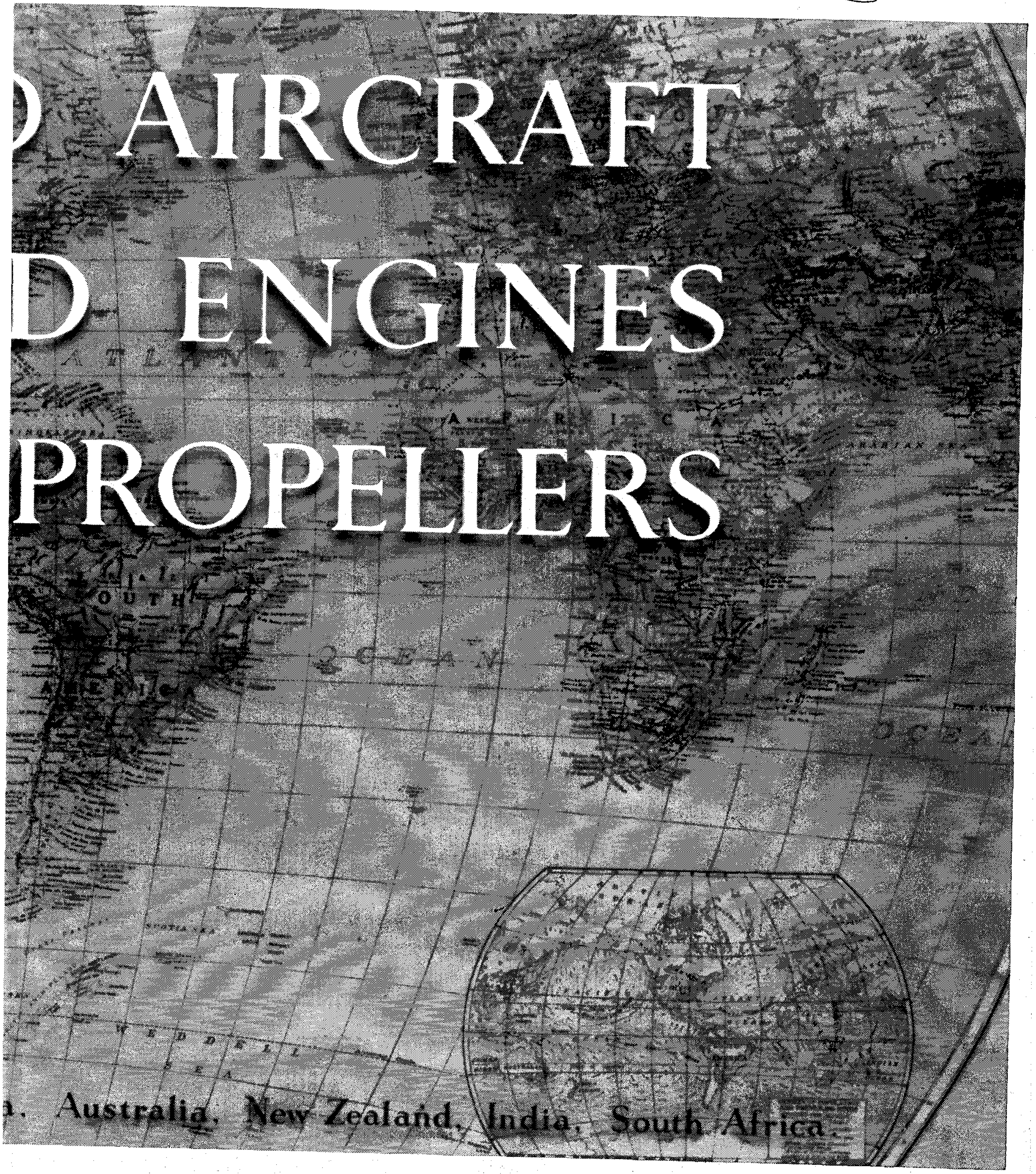

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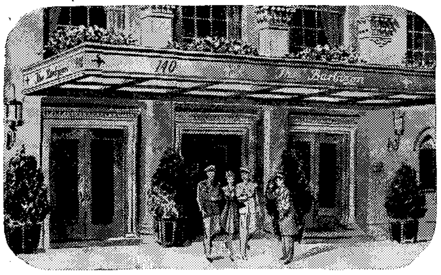

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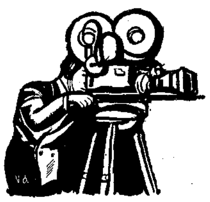
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Jaundiced Eye

SOMEBODY, the author or the director or the producer, presumably, was in an ugly temper during the creation of "The Sky's the Limit," starring Fred Astaire and Joan Leslie. There's a moodiness about it that's hard to account for any other way. For one thing, in the early sequences, when Mr. Astaire is trying to make the acquaintance of the usual total female stranger and is being something of an annoyance to her, he is three times the annoyance that such a character usually is. There is really nothing gay and frolicsome about him; he's a downright menace. He doesn't even dance with her for a good thirty minutes of footage. When Miss Leslie finally breaks down and smiles at him, you can't think why. She certainly wouldn't have done it if she could have had a peek at him as he appears a little later in the picture, drunk and breaking glasses. In him you find the most unlovely character ever not played by Peter Lorre.



Robert Benchley is also around, but he doesn't do much to liven things up. He has a variation of his talk on business conditions (with charts), but it's not as good as the original one and gives you only a momentary lift. The rest of the time he's too tangled up with the story to be of any help. Then there are three songs, all with rather good tunes by Harold Arlen and somewhat less than good lyrics by Johnny Mercer. One, called "My Shining Hour," has words that are practically undecipherable. Another, called "One for My Baby and One for the Road," is probably the best all around. The aforesaid story has to do with a Flying Tiger who is home on leave and wants to forget the war. He meets this girl while in civilian clothes and doesn't tell her what he is, causing her to think he's pretty useless. By the time she finds out different, they've had a number of squabbles, although not too many to keep them from dancing with each other a couple of times. The dancing is of course the best part of the picture, Mr. Astaire being in good form and Miss Leslie being able to keep up with him pretty well, or at least to look as though she is.

WALLACE BEERY is back, and playing the rôle of a drill sergeant again, this time in the Marine Corps. The film is "Salute to the Marines," the action of which takes place in the Philippines up to and including the beginning of the war. In spite of this slight change of scene, Mr. Beery is indistinguishable from the Beery of former times and parade grounds. He is just as abusive to his men, just as inclined to drop a tear in moments of strong emotion, and just as given to screwing his flexible features into astonishing contortions. It's some time before the Japs come into the picture, and until then there's not much going on. The sergeant's wife, played by Fay Bainter, provides what little commotion there is by being a pacifist at first and objecting to the entire Marine Corps as an institution. The sergeant's daughter, played by Marilyn Maxwell, doesn't feel that way about it and in fact has a close friend in the Marines, played by William Lundigan. Noah Beery is also in the cast, but he hardly says a word, even to his brother. Anyhow, the Japs finally arrive and the only satisfaction you're likely to get from the picture is seeing quite a number of them knocked off.

THE main trouble—and it's a big one—with "Hitler's Madman" is that it has been done before. There have already been at least two films having to do with Heydrich and Lidice and this one is not enough unlike them to be worthwhile. Other, minor troubles are that John Carradine, as the madman, is obliged to speak in pidgin English, which spoils an otherwise creditable performance, and that the rest of the characters speak only in eternal verities and they don't seem accustomed to it.

—DAVID LARDNER

•

Antony went up to his bedroom to fetch his pipe. It was occupied by a housemaid, and he made a polite apology for disturbing her.—*From "The Red House Mystery," by A. A. Milne.*

Should have smoked her out.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Philadelphia Record*]

SPOKANE, WASH. (AP)—Truman Jones received a letter from Sergeant Keith Walser, serving overseas. The censor had deleted everything except this postscript:

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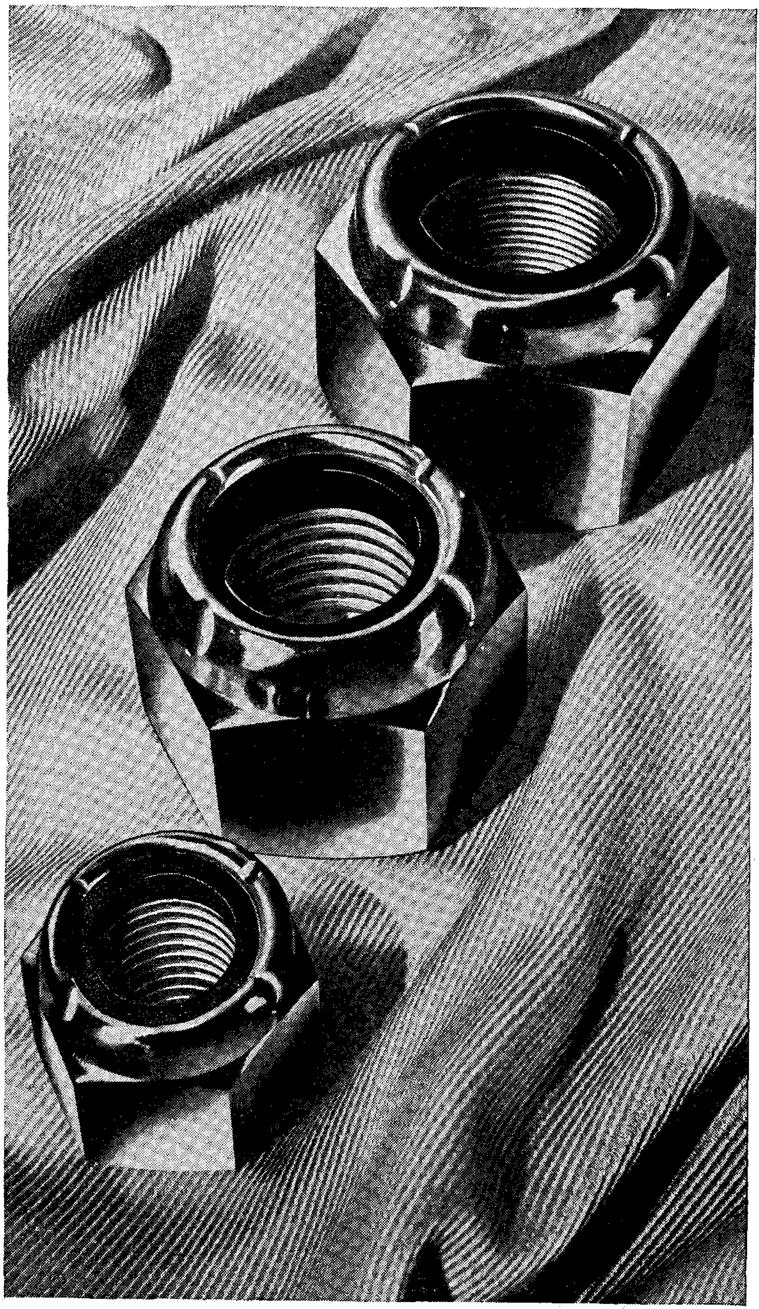

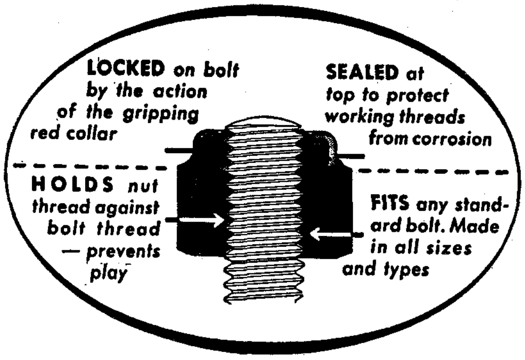
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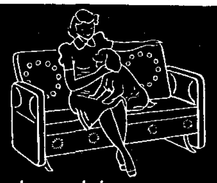

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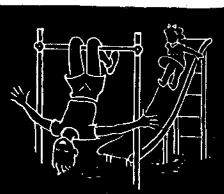

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

EIGHTY-THREE DAYS—III

[EDITORS' NOTE: This is the final part of a three-part article on Seaman Basil Dominick Izzi's experiences on a raft in the Atlantic.]

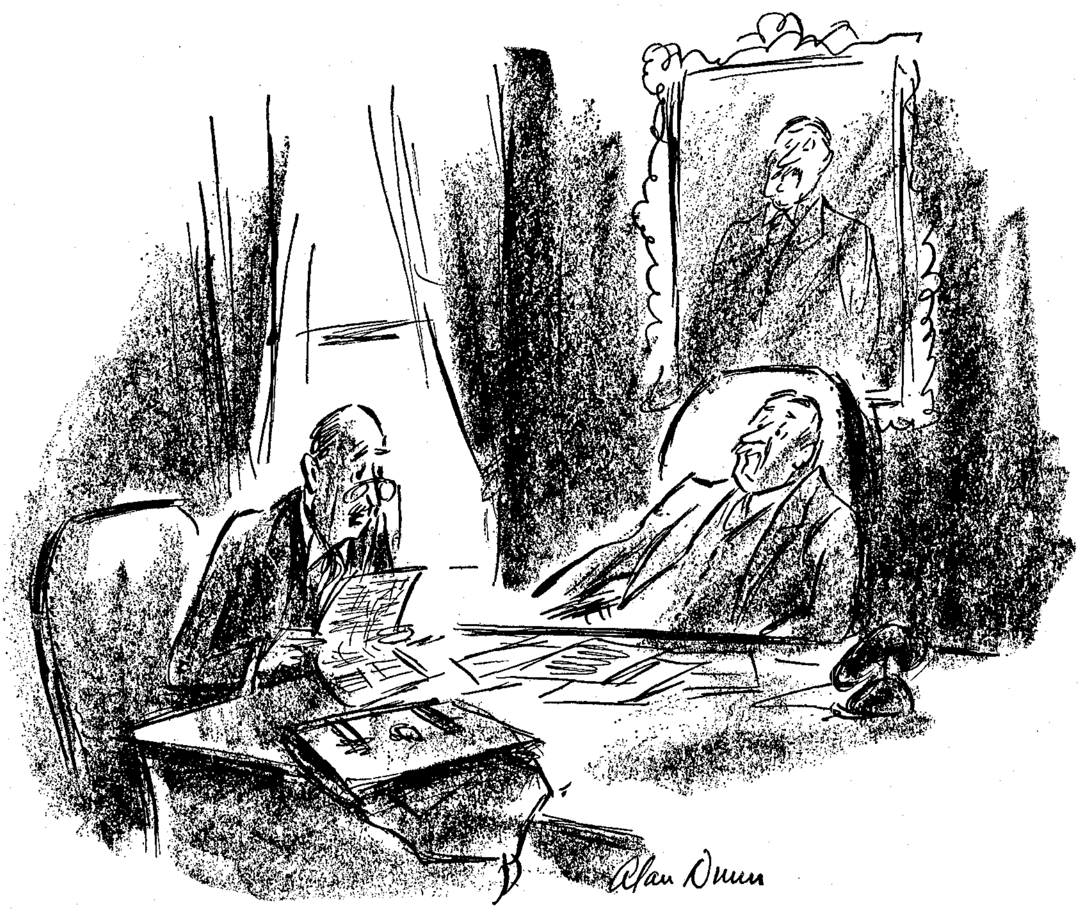
THE day after Seaman Basil Dominick Izzi's birthday, December 3rd, Ensign James Shaw Maddox, who had been Izzi's gunnery officer aboard the ship, announced to his four companions on the raft—Izzi, George Beasley, Nicko Hoogendam, and Cornelius van der Slot—that December 12th, their fortieth day adrift, would be his own birthday. He was going to be thirty. "Mr. Maddox said to van der Slot, the old Dutchman," Izzi told me on one of the many occasions I talked with him, "that if we got picked up on his birthday and that if van der Slot smoked a pipe, he would go out and buy him the most expensive pipe he could find. I told Hoogendam, the Dutch kid, that if we got picked up that day I would buy him a ring and he said he would buy me a ring, too.

"December twelfth came," Izzi continued, "and we were still on the raft. It was pouring rain, not quite as hard as on my birthday, but pouring just the same. Mr. Maddox said that, like me, he had never missed a birthday with either his family or with his wife. His wife always give him something, some kind of a present that day, he said. We tried to cheer him up, but he felt very bad about it, and a lot of the time he would just look out to sea and hit his hand against the ledge of the raft like he was waiting for something. Then, when we were still trying to cheer him up, he kind of laughed, and said that before he sailed he had gone to a fortune teller and she had told him that he would never live to see his thirtieth birthday. 'When I get back,' he told us, 'I'm going to go and see that old witch and tell her how wrong she was.' Mr. Maddox was so discouraged that day that we had to sit beside him all the time and pat him on the shoulder and say how nice it would be if we were picked up tomorrow. At least, we told him, we got *water*."

It rained almost every day in December, and though the weather was fairly warm, the men were chilled all the time. Three of them had bad colds and Beasley, the American sailor, was becoming very ill. The canvas tarpaulin began to rot because of the rain, and when the men huddled under it in a storm, water soaked through on them. Toward the end of the month they rigged up the tarpaulin so that the rain drained off it into the water container, but, even when the container was full, they continued their water rationing, because they feared that the rain might stop any day. The men were gaunt and their bones ached and stuck out grotesquely. They tried giving one another rubdowns to keep their muscles conditioned. There were days when a man might spend hours feeling the muscles of his legs. When the men gave each other rubdowns, they had to do it in shifts, because no man was strong enough to use his hands for more than a minute or two.

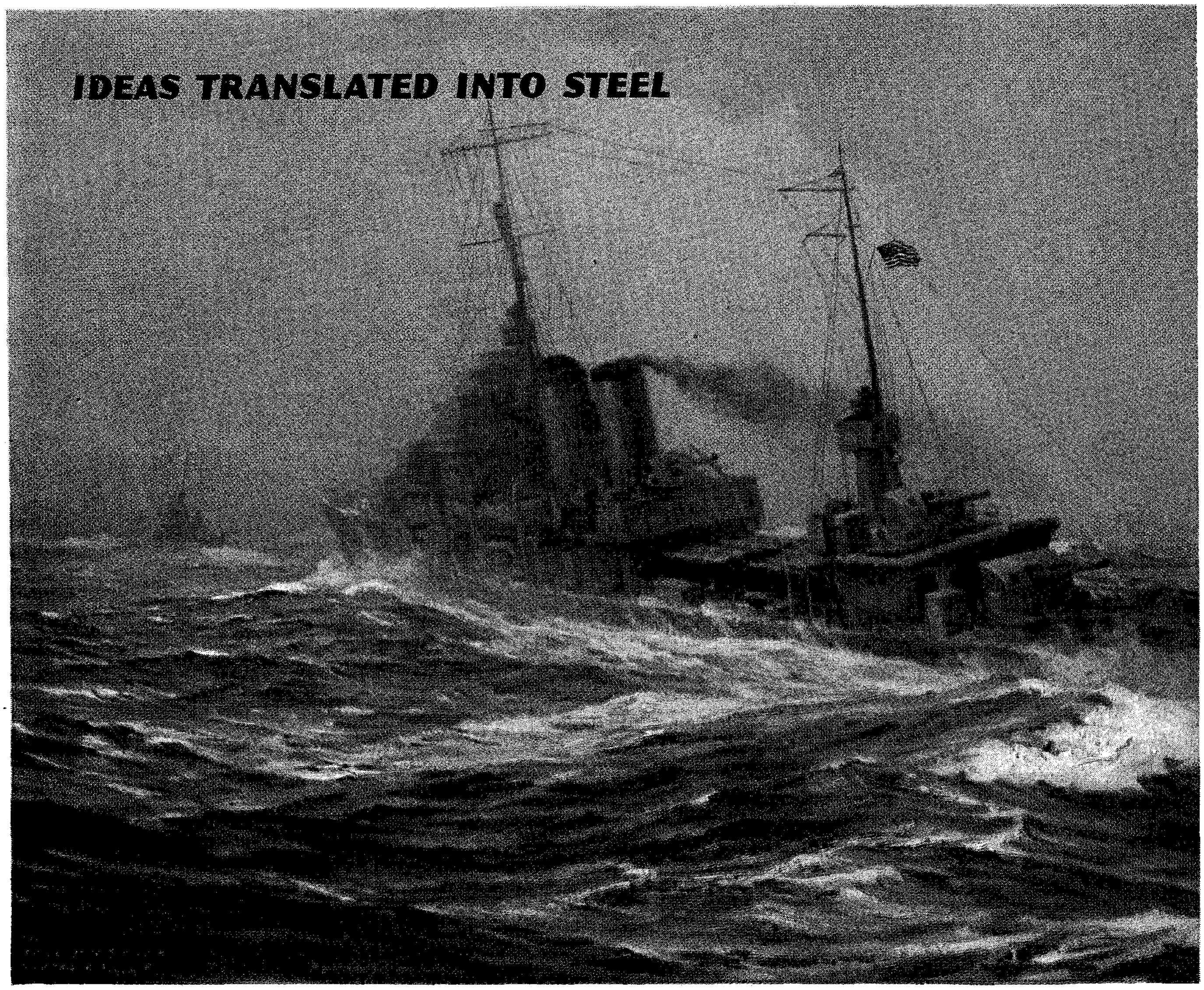
It was about the middle of December when they spotted the third ship they had seen since they had been on the raft. "It was a cloudy day and Mr. Maddox saw it first," Izzi said. "He was always first to see the ships. We saw smoke at first and then the ship. It must have been an old coal-burner. We had only one flare left, and it was wet, so we couldn't use it. We waved our flag, but they didn't see us. We took turns waving the flag, and we were so weak that when a guy stood up it took two of us to hold him, and the guy would only wave the flag two or three times and then he would have to sit down again. When that third ship disappeared, it was awful. We all slumped down and cried. We had always said that the *third* ship wouldn't pass us up, and here this one had gone right on by, away out there in the distance. We didn't talk much about it. We just cried and sobbed, and we were very discouraged."

AS Christmas approached, Izzi grew particularly depressed. He had grown up in South Barre, Massachusetts, in a pleasant New England countryside of Colonial architecture and woods and hills. South Barre is practically owned by the Barre Wool Combing Company, and most of the Italians in the com-



" 'The anti-windfall tax is the excess of the amount due in 1942 or 1943, whichever is the lower, over the tax on the highest income of the years 1937, 1938, 1939, or 1940 plus $20,000 figured at 1942 Revenue Act rates.' . . . Well, that much is clear."

IDEAS TRANSLATED INTO STEEL



Is that a destroyer we see disappearing into the mist? Yes and no! It is a destroyer, but mostly it's *two thousand tons of steel packed with ideas.*

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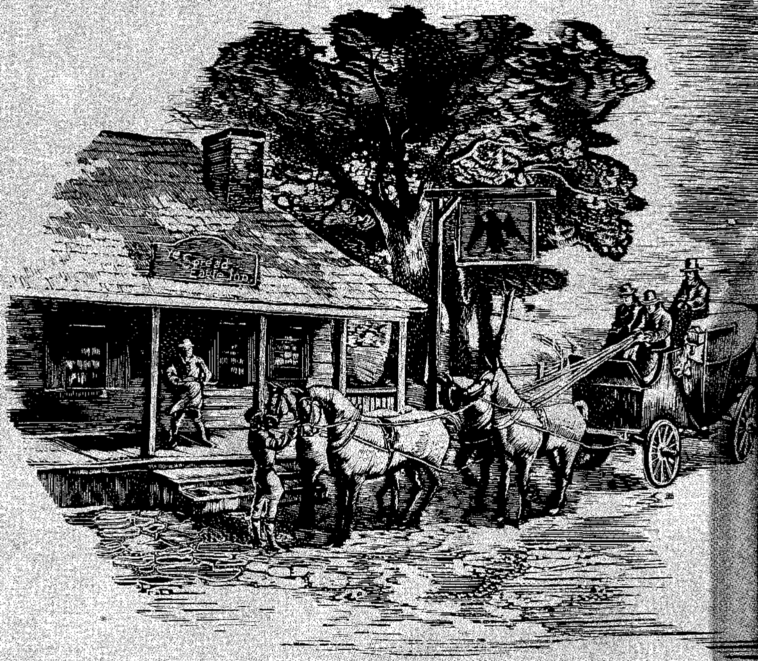

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National Distillers Products Corporation, New York munity work for it. Before the war, Izzi worked in the mill, too. Izzi led a fine life in South Barre. He hunted in the hills, played shortstop on the town baseball team, got in fights, was nicknamed Tuffy, had dates with girls, and often sneaked out nights with his father's car. "When I thought of Christmas, I was very sad," he said. "We always had a big celebration at our house on Christmas. The table would be piled with food, and there would be wine, beer, cordials, and whiskey, and no matter what time of night you came in on Christmas Eve, there would be my dad and mom at the table, talking to each other. They would talk to each other all through the night, and people would drop in and talk, and there would be presents for me and my six brothers and sisters. I could see this Christmas at home. It would be different. There hadn't been any deaths in our family around Barre for years, and with Italian people a death in the family is a very sad thing. They seem to feel it awfully deep. I could see there wouldn't be any celebration at home. Everybody would be in black, and the kids would be quiet, and my mom would be crying. The Ciccones and the Falcos and the Martones would be all trying to comfort them, and I could see my family, all in black."

Izzi thought about a lot of things on Christmas Eve, the fifty-second day adrift. "I thought of that pipe I had got my dad in Cape Town before we sailed," he said, "and those pillow cases for Mother, and the bracelets for my sisters, and the knives for my brothers. Christmas Eve we all got to talking about Christmas, and I told about how for a couple of weeks before Christmas every year we'd roam all over the hills looking for just the right tree to put up, and then how either Dad or I would cut it down, bring it into the house, and the whole family would help decorate the tree, and eat big bowls of figs and dates and nuts that Mom would put on the living-room table. Mr. Maddox led Christmas carols that night. He knew all the words, and Beasley and I knew most of them. The two Dutchmen knew the tunes, and sometimes they would use the Dutch words. We sang 'Silent Night,' 'Little Town of Bethlehem,' and 'Adeste Fidelis.' It sounded kind of nice, with the stars shining bright as hell and the water so calm that it reflected back the stars. Nick and the old Dutchman told us about Christmas in Holland, where they celebrate two days. We thought that was a swell idea, and we said that if we were picked up Christmas Day we sure would celebrate both the twenty-fifth and the twenty-sixth.

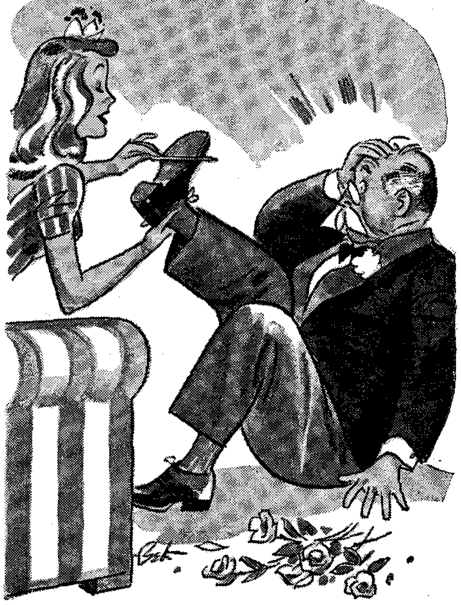
"Christmas Day was all right, although it rained a little and all of us were sad and pretty quiet. Mr. Maddox just looked out toward the horizon and now and then he'd hit the ledge with his hand. The next holiday would be New Year's, and we prayed we would be picked up by then."

All the men prayed a good deal during their weeks on the raft. Maddox had studied for the ministry for a while before deciding to become a teacher, and when the other men found it out they asked him to lead prayers. He prayed aloud every evening for several weeks, a sort of formal prayer service, and then gave it up. He explained that he didn't like to lead prayers, and everyone else seemed somewhat relieved. After that, however, each man prayed in his own way. Sometimes a man would say aloud, "Oh God, help us tomorrow." Izzi would say an "Our Father" and two or three "Hail Mary"s every evening.

For a few evenings, Maddox also conducted a rather odd story hour for Hoogendam. Hoogendam had said idly that he liked bedtime stories, so Maddox told him "The Three Bears," "The Three Little Pigs," "Little Red Riding Hood," and several others. Hoogendam wanted to hear more, but finally Maddox said he didn't want to keep on, and the story hour came to an abrupt end.

Hoogendam and van der Slot often talked to each other in Dutch. Sometimes they quarrelled bitterly. The others of course had no way of telling exactly what the pair were arguing about. Izzi said he thought that one argument arose over Nick's saying that he wished he was an American and that he was going to be one after the war. This hurt van der Slot, a proud Hollander. The Dutchmen also debated the respective merits of their home towns.

ALL the men except Izzi talked at one time or another about dying. Izzi tried not to acknowledge even to himself that he might die. Long before, around the end of the first month, Maddox had proposed that all the men on the raft write their names on the outside of the flare can, and the date they were torpedoed, November 2nd. "He said that then in case we died," Izzi recalled, "our names would be on the can, and if the raft was ever found or if it drifted ashore someplace, why then our names would be there and our families would know what became of us. Mr. Maddox



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IVORY TIPS—PLAIN ENDS—BEAUTY TIPS (red)

put his name and address down, Hoogendam put his name and address down, and Beasley put his down. Then only me and Case van der Slot was left. The men were scratching the names on the can with a knife, and Beasley handed the knife to me, and I handed it to Case. I didn't want to write my name down on that flare can. I wasn't going to die. I didn't want to die and I didn't want to think of dying. I wanted to live and I wanted to think about that. I didn't want these other guys to see how I felt, though. I didn't want to admit to them that I was afraid to admit I might be going to die. Well, van der Slot sliced his name on the can, and when he finished I said, 'There isn't any more room,' and I never did write my name down on that can. I was always glad my name wasn't there."

Beasley, the first man to become seriously ill, had begun weakening the fourth week on the raft. The raw birds and fish they had had to eat after their rations gave out seemed to upset him —he and Maddox were the only ones who were squeamish about raw food —and he would gag and vainly try to vomit. Then he would hiccough and retch for a whole day. Sometimes he would lie in one cramped position for days. Then he would rally and speak feebly to his companions. A couple of weeks later he became blind in one eye. Then he began to lose his hearing and the sight of the other eye. "We would hold up four fingers in front of him," Izzi told me, "and say, 'How many fingers I got up, Beasley?,' and he'd say, 'Two.' During the day he tried to keep his eyes covered all the time, and it hurt him terribly to open them. He had high cheekbones, and his face sunk in until it looked awful. When the third ship didn't stop, he began to just fall away. If we caught a bird or a fish and gave him a piece, he would spit it out. Then it got so he wouldn't move at all, and at night, when we wanted to put him under the canvas, we would have to pick him up, and we were weak, too. It gave him awful pain. We'd say, 'Come on, Beasley, let's get under the canvas.' He'd scream, 'Don't touch me! You're trying to hurt me! Let me alone, please! What are you trying to do, kill me?'

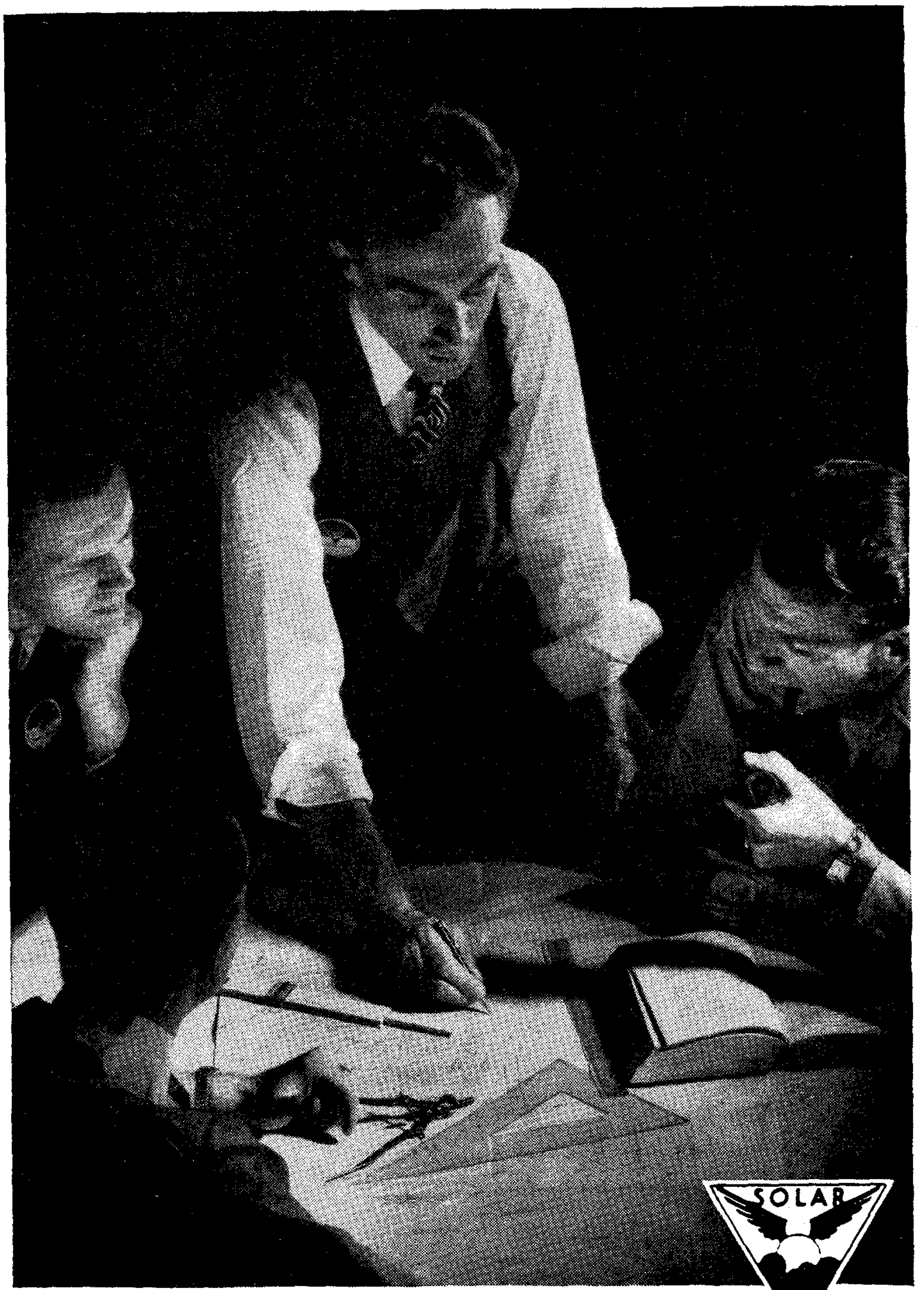
"It went on like that, and then he was almost blind and deaf, and he started talking about people we didn't know and asking for cigarettes and candy. He'd say, 'I *know* there're some Lucky Strikes on the shelf and you guys are hiding them from me.' And then he'd go on about Harry and other people we didn't know. 'Why don't you help me, Harry?' Or he'd say, 'Please, Alice, why don't you help me? I'm over here.' And then he'd say he didn't want to die, he didn't want to die.

"On the sixty-sixth morning, when we woke up, the old Dutchman asked me how Beasley was. He'd been groaning all day before and most of the night—mmmm mmmm, like that. Beasley was next to me, and I looked at him, and his hands were out in front of him, clutched like he was grabbing for something, and his teeth were all showing, and the whites of his eyes. We knew he was dead, but we watched him for a couple of hours, kind of hoping, I guess, that maybe he would move, and then we were sure he was dead. We wanted to wait until night to bury him, but then after looking at him just lying there for a few more hours, we decided not to wait. I said prayers to myself and the others said some prayers aloud. Mr. Maddox said the main prayer. He said, 'He is probably going to a better spot. May he rest in peace.' And we buried him at sea. It took the four of us to roll him overboard, and after he had splashed in, we didn't look at him but just sat and waited and looked out to sea the other way."

Izzi took Beasley's wallet to return to his family, and a cameo ring his girl had given him. In the wallet were some American paper money, a few foreign coins, and Beasley's dog tag. All of this Izzi put in the flare can, so that it wouldn't be washed overboard.

WHEN Maddox had swum to the raft on the third day after the torpedoing, he had taken possession of a small piece of yellow cloth that was intended to be used as a sail, an awning, or a windbreak. He thought that he had a right to the cloth because he had had pneumonia twice. He came to feel that it belonged to him and he would wrap it around him to keep himself warm. For weeks Maddox and van der Slot argued about the piece of cloth. Sometimes van der Slot would sit and glare at Maddox for hours, and occasionally van der Slot told Maddox that he should either give up the cloth or sleep on one of the ledges along the sides of the raft, completely exposed to the weather and sea, so that there'd be more room under the tarpaulin for the rest of the men. Maddox always chose to sleep on a ledge.

Another source of bitterness was the positions the men took when they lay down at night to sleep. They were supposed to rotate, so that no man would



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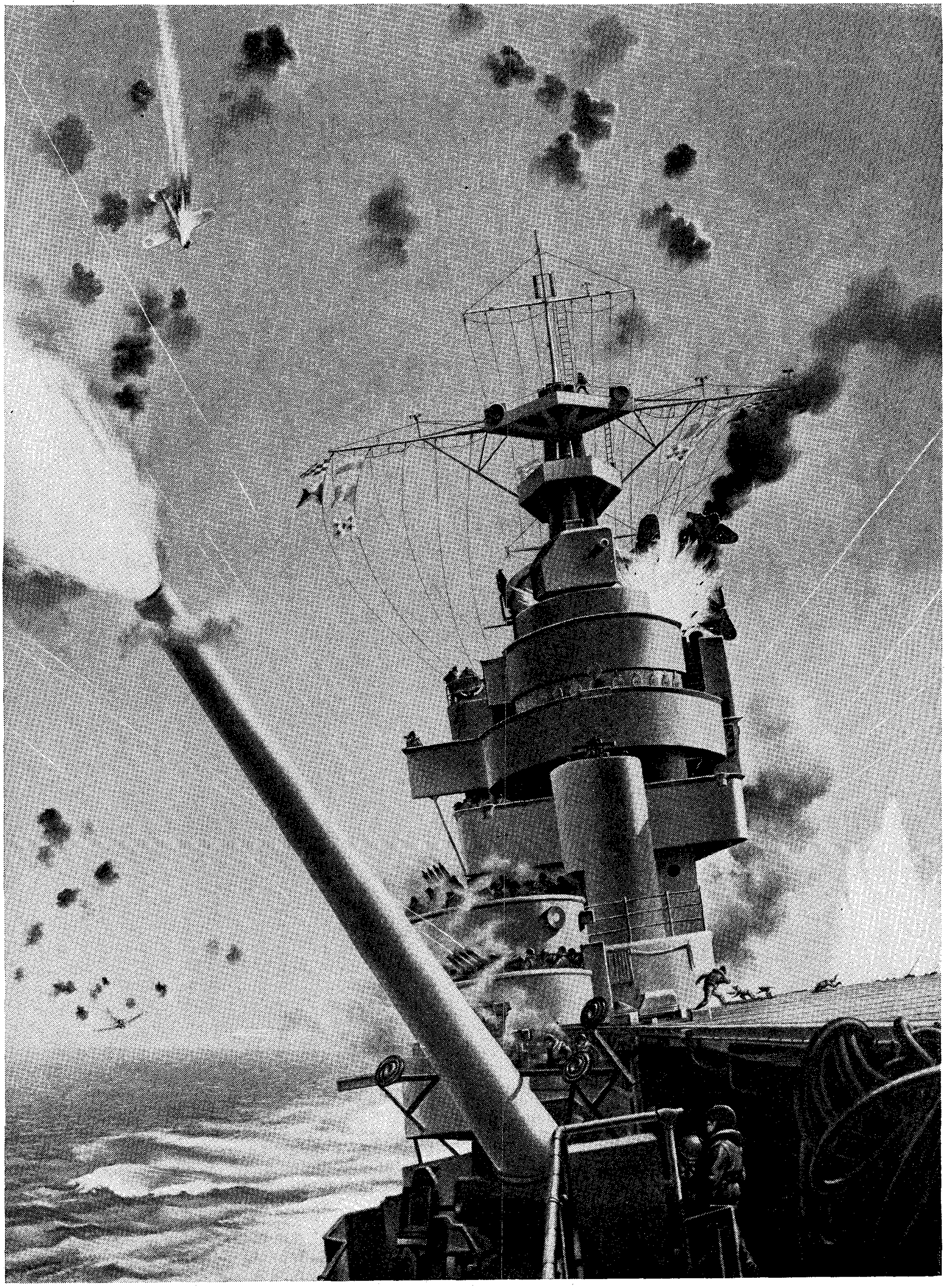
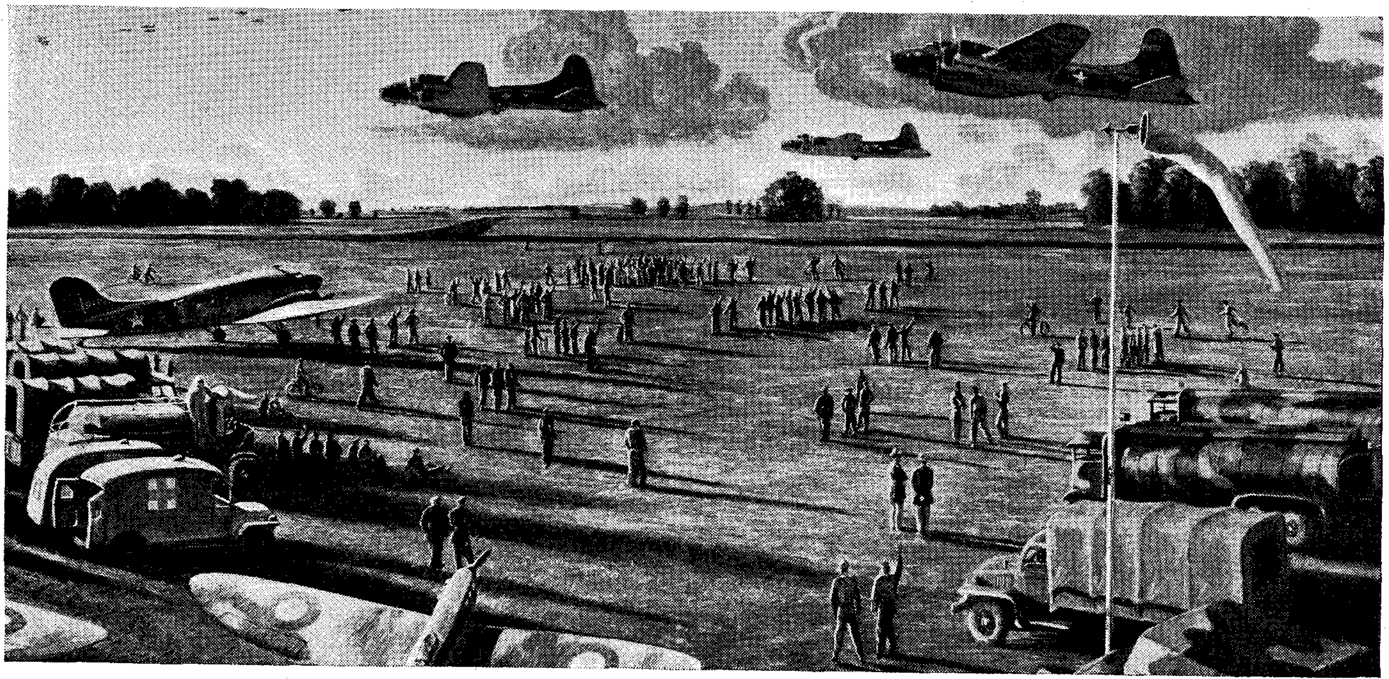


Hornet's Last Day. Of all the stories of World War II, none is more packed with heroism and tragedy than the loss in the South Pacific of the mighty aircraft carrier *Hornet.* LIFE artist, Tom Lea, spent 66 days aboard the *Hornet,* left her just four days before she was sunk. For LIFE, artist Lea has painted a series of stirring pictures graphically depicting step by step the last fight and death of the gallant ship.



Return from Rouen, by Peter Hurd, shows American 8th Air Force Bomber Command returning to base in England from first all-American blow at Hitler's Europe. The ground crews in an excited and joyous breach of regulations surge out onto field. The twenty paintings in the Hurd collection are the result of the five months the artist spent living with the Bomber Command recording its men and activities.

An extraordinary exhibition of war paintings now showing at the Metropolitan Museum

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After Pearl Harbor, artists were sent to every part of the front. Today, LIFE has more than 200 canvases and a continuing coverage of the war by 29 famous artists. Many of their pictures have already been reproduced in LIFE where they are proving to be a realistic and revealing new technique of war reporting. And as new pictures are completed they will be published in LIFE.

The artists who are contributing to this graphic contemporary record of World War II were nationally famous before the war. They include such artists as Tom Lea, Peter Hurd, Fletcher Martin, Floyd Davis, Paul Sample, Millard Sheets, and Julien Binford.

Now, 146 of these finished paintings, covering events from the start of the war to the American campaign in North Africa, have been collected and are now on exhibition at New York's Metropolitan Museum.

The first public showing of these paintings has just been concluded at the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., where it attracted wide attention among art critics and national leaders.

Comment from officials

ADMIRAL A. J. HEPBURN
Chairman of the General Board of the Navy

> **"I am tremendously pleased by the realism, the authenticity of the paintings in the LIFE collection. To me, even more important than their value in giving civilians a vivid, accurate idea of what war is like, is the good done the men in service, through the recognition of their work."**

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> **"American artists depicting the actual combat scenes of this war have contributed an unparalleled record which is of great value now and for the future."**

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> **"This collection of over 200 war paintings which LIFE Magazine has commissioned strikes me as of high significance. What these artists have set down they have set down for the benefit of us civilians, to whom their works will probably provide the closest contact with reality we are likely to experience."**

LIFE is the only publication to send leading artists to the battle front as war correspondents to do this kind of vivid and accurate war reporting, which brings readers so closely in contact with the realities of war.

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have the same place two nights in a row. They numbered the positions from one to five, and Number 1, being the driest, was the favored position. One day after the rainy season had started, Izzi and Hoogendam got into a fight about it. "The kid said it was his turn to have the dry spot," Izzi told me, "and I said it was my turn and that he had had it the night before. He said I was lying and that he wouldn't move from it. I drew back to hit him, but Mr. Maddox and the old man grabbed me, and so the kid and I said we would fight it out the first thing when we got on land."

Beasley, during the two months before he sank into unconsciousness, got on Izzi's nerves more than anyone else. Beasley, who was from Hannibal, Missouri, had an annoying habit of speech. "He said 'thataway' all the time," Izzi recalled, "until I thought I'd go nuts. He would say something was 'over thataway' or he'd say, 'Don't shove me thataway,' and I got so I could hardly stand it."

The organization of life aboard the raft was gradually simplified. No one tried to exert any authority over the others, nor did any one man turn out to be a leader. That was probably just as well. The five men were more or less helpless, for the raft could not be sailed or guided; it could only drift with the wind and the ocean currents, and in such circumstances a too forceful character might have driven his companions insane from sheer irritation. For a while, Maddox, a commissioned officer, was looked upon as boss, but in time he came to be regarded as just one of the group, not because of any slackness on his part or any lack of discipline in the others but merely because there was no real need for a leader.

Beasley, Hoogendam, and van der Slot spent so much time arguing about who had first found the raft that Izzi is not sure who actually did. The feeling among the men seemed to be that if anyone could prove that he had first found the raft he would have a little more authority than the rest. Izzi thinks that Hoogendam, van der Slot, and Beasley were together in the water and that Beasley swam to the raft and held on to it while the others climbed on and then was helped aboard by them. The fact that Beasley, van der Slot, and Hoogendam had been on the raft before Maddox and Izzi gave them a vague sort of prestige and authority. However, for a long time Maddox was a dominant figure in the group because of his alertness and his ideas. It was he who thought of lassoing the shark, of making a trough in the tarpaulin so that rainwater would run into the water container, and of making fish spears from the blades of a pair of scissors they had found in their first-aid kit.

There were two knives on board when the journey on the raft began. There were also two flashlights and a light that could be used as a running light. Beasley dropped one flashlight overboard. He didn't know quite how he did it; it just slipped out of his hand. "We didn't bawl him out," Izzi said. The battery of the running light gave out and eventually the second flashlight gave out. However, the men kept both of them, thinking they would be useful someday for something or other.

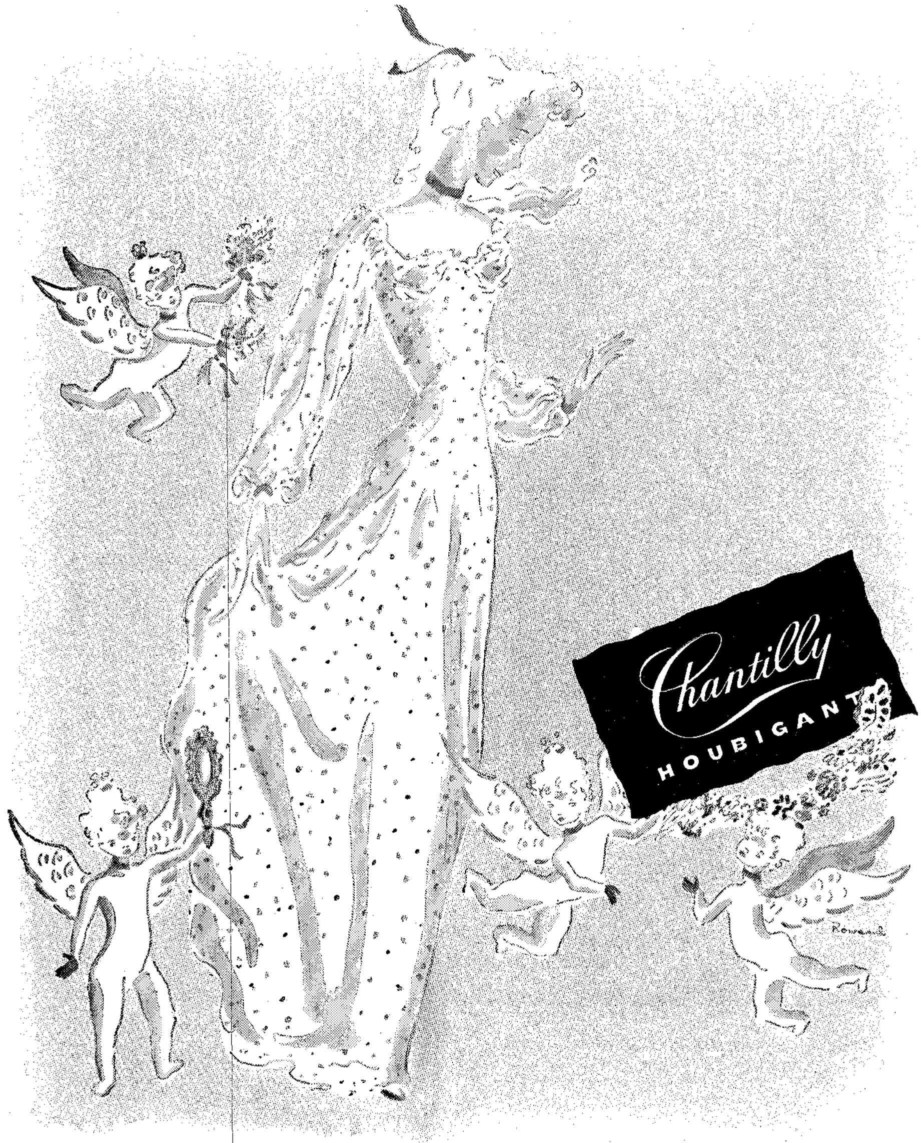
One day, toward the end of the second month, Hoogendam and van der Slot were sitting on one of the ledges of the raft, pulling the feathers out of a bird, when they saw a large wave coming. They got down to the deck and pulled the canvas over them just as the wave struck. One of the knives, which was lying on the ledge, was washed overboard. "Then, a few weeks later," Izzi said, "Hoogendam and I were reaching down after some little fish through the hole we had cut in the centre of the deck. As we caught them, we threw them to Mr. Maddox and van der Slot, who were cutting the heads off and cleaning them. Beasley was too sick to do anything. He couldn't even wash a fish, he was so sick. The second knife was lying on the canvas. The kid and I were so anxious to get the fish we were grabbing them and throwing them, splashing sort of careless, I guess, and van der Slot said, 'Take it easy.' Beasley was watching and he said, 'Why don't you push the tarpaulin back so you won't get it wet with your splashing?' Hoogendam didn't know the knife was on the tarpaulin, and he pushed it back and the knife fell between the slats into the water."

The men on the raft caught a fair number of fish with the two spears they had made out of the sticks and scissors. One day, as Hoogendam stabbed at a fish, the blade of his spear broke. The second spear was washed overboard not long afterward. The men then removed the glass from the burnt-out flashlight and tried to break it so that they would have something with which to cut up any birds and fish they caught. They tried for hours and finally Hoogendam succeeded by slamming the glass against the edge of a slat. The glass broke cleanly, however, and the edges weren't sharp enough to cut anything, so the men removed the reflector and bent it into the shape of a cookie cutter and sliced fish with that.

ONLY for one short period did the men play any kind of game. "Hoogendam and Mr. Maddox started a checker game," Izzi said. "I don't think Hoogendam had ever played checkers, but he was more interested in playing than the rest of us, and Mr. Maddox said he would teach him. 'Get the first-aid kit,' Mr. Maddox told him, 'and scratch some squares on it with a knife.' We had a hell of a time explaining to Hoogendam what he meant by squares, but the kid finally got it. They didn't have room for a full board—only about four squares one way and five squares another. They took some matches, broke them in two, and used the ends with the heads for red checkers and the other ends for black ones. Nick and Mr. Maddox played for a while, and Nick beat Mr. Maddox, and Mr. Maddox didn't want to play any more. Mr. Maddox told me to play with Nick, and Nick kept asking me, and finally I played, but I didn't like it. You couldn't tell which match was which, and you moved twice and you were on his side. I got fed up. It was silly. It just lasted for a couple of days.

"As far as entertaining ourselves went, Beasley and Mr. Maddox used to sing a lot at first. They were from the West, you know—Indiana and Missouri—and they knew a lot of the same kind of songs, slow songs, like cowboy songs. They had good voices, and sometimes they would hum. I never sang much. I wasn't in the mood."

SHORTLY after Beasley's death, Maddox, who had been growing weaker and weaker, became ill. "After we buried Beasley at sea," Izzi recalls, "Mr. Maddox said to me, 'Izzi, I think I'm going next.' I told him nobody is going next, and that if anyone was going to die we'd all go together. He patted me on the shoulder and said, 'Izzi, you're a brave man.' He always was saying I was a brave man. I didn't get it. Mr. Maddox used to tell me about how his mother had wanted him to be a minister and how his father had wanted him to be a lawyer, and finally how he had become a teacher. He was a good-looking, very sociable guy. He had gotten married and he built a little house on a hill in Lafayette, Indiana, and he would talk about that, and how when we all got back he wanted me to come visit him and we would go horseback riding. His family had been over



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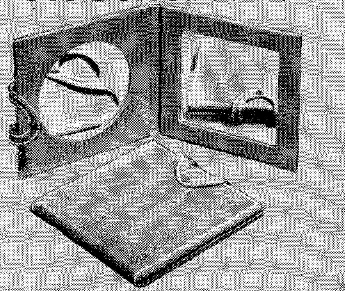

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here for a long, long time, and whenever there was a war some of his family would be in the cavalry. His family couldn't understand why he didn't join the cavalry and why he had picked the Navy. He was just stubborn, I guess. He talked a lot about books. He used to read all the time on shipboard. I can remember going out on watch and coming back in at two in the morning, and he would still be in his cabin, reading. Some nights he must have got only three or four hours' sleep, he read so much."

Maddox began to pound the ledges of the raft more and more. He would also twist the gold wedding ring on his finger and talk to Izzi about it. "My wife," Maddox said, "told me not to come back without this ring. It's good luck." Like Beasley, Maddox began to lose his sight and hearing. He became nervous, and the three other men tried to calm him. Finally, on the seventieth day, Maddox had the same trouble with his eyes that Beasley had had. The other men would hold up four fingers and ask, "How many fingers am I holding up, Jimmy?," and Maddox would reply, "Two."

A dry spell set in, and on the seventy-sixth day they ran out of water. They had run out of water several times before, but now, when everyone was so weak he was hardly able to move, the situation was much more serious. Maddox was having long spells of delirium; he talked of his wife, of fellow-instructors at Purdue, of his family, of horses, of books, and of people he had known in his childhood. Sometimes his talk became merely a mutter and the men could not understand him. The men wrapped him in the yellow cloth and laid him on a ledge, where he could lie stretched out and more comfortably than he could in the cramped confines of the deck. The sea was calm and there was a hot sun. "He would keep asking for a drink," Izzi said. "He'd insist we had water but were keeping it from him. He couldn't see and he could hardly hear, and he would beg us for water, and we would say, 'But, Jimmy, there *isn't* any water. We haven't got any water either.' On the seventy-sixth night, he was groaning away all night—ooooh, ooooh, like that. The next morning, when I woke up, Nick said to me, 'You'd better look at your gunnery officer.' I felt his pulse and I found out he was dead. I bawled. The other men tried to comfort me. They crawled over the canvas and put their hands on my shoulder, and van der Slot said, 'Have courage.'

"I remembered Mr. Maddox saying

his wife had told him to be sure he came back with that ring. I took it off his hand and put it in Beasley's wallet with the other stuff. We said some prayers about may he rest in peace. I said, 'If there is anybody else going to die, let the Lord take all three of us.' The Dutchmen agreed to that, and they prayed and I prayed. We said another prayer for Mr. Maddox and we rolled him over the side and buried him at sea. This time we watched. His hair was long, and it floated out in the water. We saw him drift away, his hair floating out in the water.

"We sat back, and van der Slot said, 'Well, that's two out of five, three left.' Hoogendam said, 'Well, now we're the Three Musketeers.' Then I remembered there used to be a Three Musketeers chocolate bar in the States, and I told them about that, and said, 'When we get back, I'll buy you a case of them.' But most of that day I cried."

"RIGHT after Mr. Maddox's death," said Izzi, "something happened *for* us. Back weeks before, we had put the remains of that first shark in the food container, and it had spoiled and made a terrible, rotten stink, and we had dumped the stuff out and never used the food container again. Well, the day after Mr. Maddox died, the old Dutchman put his hand in the container for no reason at all and felt water. He put his fingers to his lips, and it was sweet water. He jumped up and shook our hands. 'I've found water, I've found water!' he said. We had been without water for two days. We strained it through a handkerchief and there were two cupfuls, and we each had a sip. It lasted for three days and saved us, I think. I don't know how it got there."

In the days after Maddox's death, there was little talking. The men lay on the bottom of the raft and tried to catch fish with their hands. Sometimes, too, two of them would tie a rope around the third man and let him over the side into the water, and, weak as he was, he would work his way under the raft and hunt for snails. They took turns at going under. It was van der Slot who discovered the snails. He was taking a bath one day when he saw a snail on the bottom of the raft. He pried it off with his fingers, brought it on board, picked it out of its shell, tasted it gingerly, and announced that it was good to eat. Finally all the men were eating snails.

On the eighty-first day it rained, and

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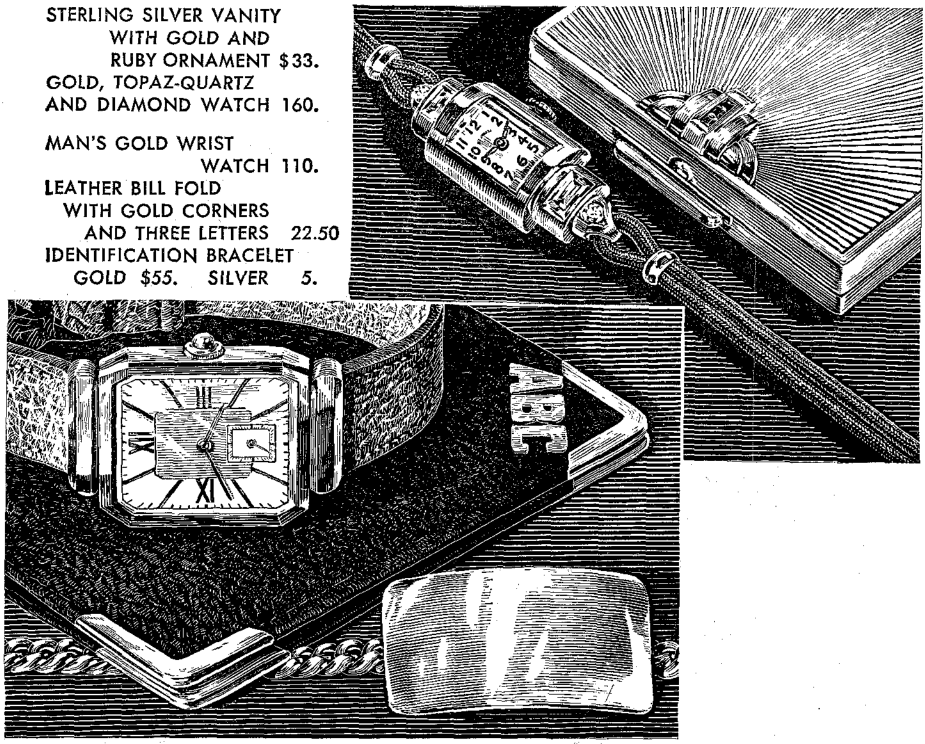

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the men soaked up some water in Maddox's piece of yellow cloth and in what remained of the leaky tarpaulin, then carefully squeezed them out into the water container after each man had taken a sip as his ration. "On the eighty-second night, just before we got under the canvas," Izzi said, "we heard a rumble, and there above us, very high, was an airplane. I held my right arm up with my left arm and waved it. The other two fellows waved, too. The plane, way up there, went right across the sky above us. It didn't slow down or circle, but it made us feel good to know we were someplace near where airplanes were. We went to sleep happy and I thought of the things we were going to do when we got picked up.

"The next day van der Slot heard another rumble early in the morning. He shook us and woke us up, and said, 'Look.' We looked up and there was some sort of a plane, a big four-motor job, went past us, and after a while it came back from the way it went. Each time we waved. Then after that a seaplane flew by and it looked like it was scouting, not looking for us but just scouting. Then early in the afternoon, van der Slot saw some smoke. He rubbed his eyes and said, 'I don't know, but I think I see something on the horizon.' We couldn't see anything then, but later on we did. We saw one ship, then two ships, then four ships—a convoy. We hardly dared to say anything to each other. We just looked, and then van der Slot said, 'If this misses us today, I'm going to jump overboard.'

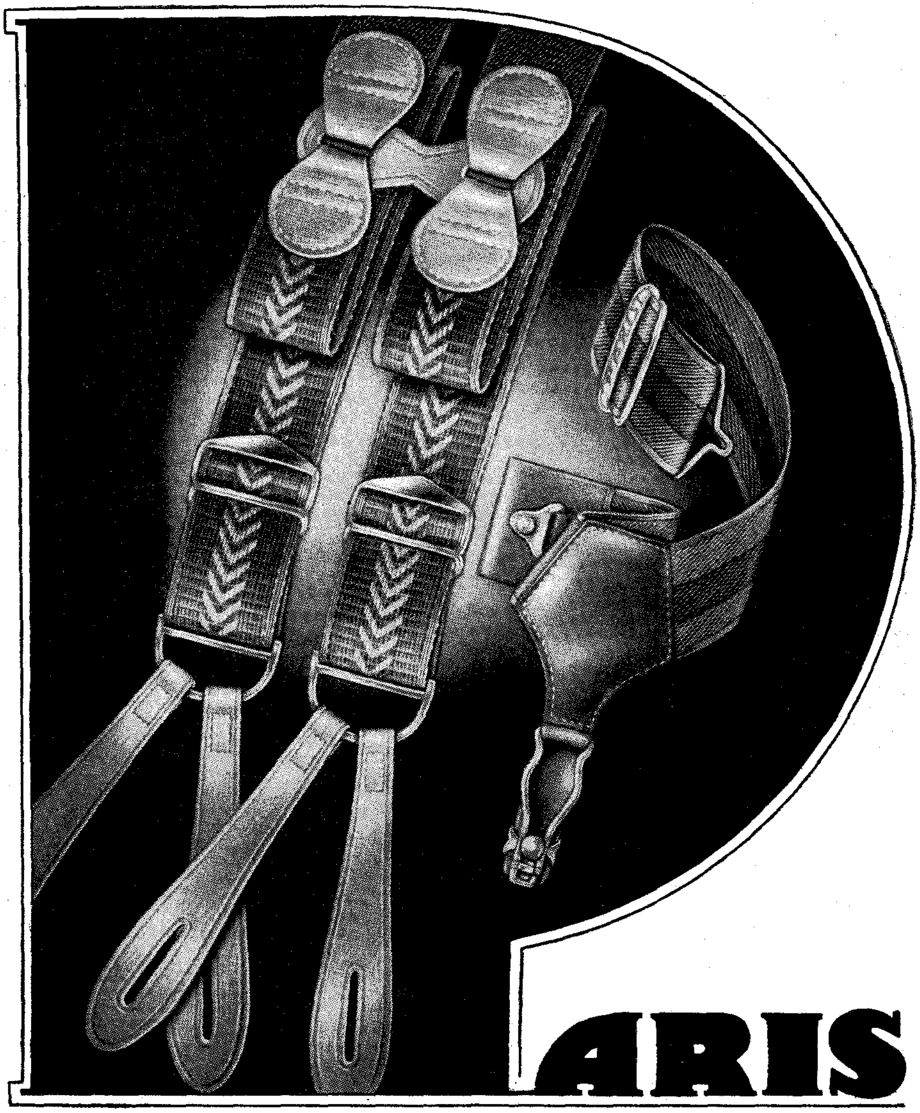
"The convoy didn't come toward us but just went along the horizon. There were planes flying around the convoy, and the first ship was a destroyer. We tried to stand up, but we were too weak and we would fall down. Then we noticed some smaller ships, some PC boats. Then one PC boat seemed headed right for us.

"We told van der Slot to stand up and wave our Dutch flag, and me and the kid would hold him. We each held him by the ankle with one hand and braced his knees with our other hands. We were lying down holding him and we couldn't see what was going on. 'They're coming closer,' he told us. The kid and I were awfully nervous and scared. 'What are they doing? What are they doing?' we'd keep yelling at van der Slot. And he'd say, 'Shut up! Shut up!' And we'd get more nervous and try to lift our heads to see what was happening, and we'd forget and let go of the old man and he would start to fall down, and we'd grab him again, and it would start all over. 'What's happening? What's happening?' we'd ask, and he was just as nervous and scared as we were, and he'd say, 'Shut up! Shut up! They're coming closer!' Then the boat came right over toward us full speed, and even the kid and I could see it. The first man I saw was a fellow on the bow beside a three-inch gun that was pointed right at us. He had a shell in his hand, and I said, 'Holy mackerel, are they going to shoot us?' Then I saw the American flag on the boat, but still I was scared the way that guy was looking at us that had the three-inch shell in his hands." Once van der Slot and Hoogendam saw that they were about to be rescued, they rushed for the water container and started drinking the last of their water. They asked Izzi to join them, but he said he'd wait until he got on board.

The PC boat came alongside the raft and the crew dropped rope ladders down onto it. The three men tried to climb up by themselves. Izzi's and Hoogendam's knees buckled. Van der Slot, however, somehow managed to make it. The other men finally had to be lifted up to the PC's deck. Van der Slot took the Dutch flag along with him and Izzi took the flare can containing Maddox's and Beasley's things. The crew of the PC asked the three men how long they had been out and they said, "Eighty-two days." They were only one day off in their count. They thought it was a Saturday instead of a Sunday. They had kept no definite record of time after the forty-fifth day; the marks they had been putting on one of their paddles had begun to discourage them. "Just the same, it was easy to keep track of the days after that," Izzi explained. "You know, today's Monday, tomorrow's Tuesday."

THE men on the PC boat wrapped the rescued men in blankets and gave them each a bowl of peach juice. Izzi asked for a cigarette. It tasted bad. As the three men lay on the deck, wrapped in blankets, they watched the crew of the PC boat try to sink the raft, which, if left to drift, might attract the attention of other American ships and needlessly draw them off their course. "They put a lot of twenty-millimetre shells into our raft before they gave up trying," Izzi said, "but they missed it most of the time and the shells that did hit her wouldn't sink her. I was kind of glad of it. She was a pretty good old raft."

—Mark Murphy



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PARIS GARTERS—"FREE-SWING" SUSPENDERS

WAR IN THE WORLD OF ELEGANCE

I COULD say that I was browsing among some rare volumes in a quaint old Oxford bookshop when I came upon my find, but the truth—and isn't that what we're fighting for?—is that I was in a London bar.

I sat at a table in the bar and on it were some stacks of gramophone records. I was leaning over, trying to catch the barman's eye, my mind quite free of any lofty or literary thought. I just wanted a drink. Then I noticed a piece of purple paper, creased and grubby, down between two of the stacks of records. I got my drink, idled over to the table, and fished the paper out. It was a magazine with a purple cover. There was so much printing on the cover that it took me a few seconds to make out the name—*The Ladies' Monthly Magazine: Le Monde Elégant or the World of Fashion, a Journal of the Courts of London and Paris.* Underneath, in a wonderfully garnished and frilly type, was the subtitle—*Fashion, Polite Literature, Beaux Arts.* The edition was No. 563, Vol. 47; the date, November, 1870.

How this journal came to be abandoned in a bar in the West End of London in July, 1943, is another, and probably more fascinating, story, but I don't know it. However, if anybody doubts the existence of my discovery, I have *Le Monde* by me now and all you have to do is hop on the next London-bound bomber and make me a reasonable offer.

Le Monde Elégant, according to its cover, cost a shilling, and contained only eight pages of letterpress. The selling point, however, was obviously a supplement described on its cover as "Five Beautifully Engraved and Coloured Plates of Fashion and the full-sized patterns of the most fashionable style, cut out on thin paper." These pages are unfortunately missing from my copy. (The literacy of the fashion-follower who originally bought this copy is in doubt because pages 2 and 3 are still uncut, or were until I cut them, just seventy-two years and nine months after they came hot off the press.) The archivistically inclined may care to know that the publication was owned by Louis Devere of South Kensington and that its American interests were cared for by Messrs. Willmer & Rogers, of 47 Nassau Street, New York.

The year 1870 means but one thing to me—the Franco-Prussian War. So I opened *Le Monde Elégant* eagerly to see how it was responding to the impact of that conflict. There was no attempt, I found, to dodge the issue or to be escapist. The writer of the editorial column, which was headed "Observations," got right down to the subject in the first sentence. "War," he, or she, declared quite simply, "has no permanent effect on Fashion; it simply directs a change of taste, and taste is generally guided by the triumphant party." The next sentence reaches an alarming height of objectivity. "There is every prospect at the present time that the Germans will be the conquering party," it says. "Therefore taste will probably gravitate more towards their ideas and we shall not have so many florid dresses with their richness and profusion without bounds, but the styles will be simpler and more severe." Mr. Devere, of South Kensington, had, I fear, all the earmarks of the ready collaborationist.

NO matter how grave the danger to Paris, the couturières there had apparently adopted a business-as-usual policy. Two and a half pages of *Le Monde* were devoted to descriptions of the costumes pictured in the now-vanished color plates, and every model was credited to a Paris salon. First place—*Le Monde's* Dress of the Month award—went to Mme. du Riez, of 8 Rue Halévy, Place de l'Opéra, for a dress *à deux jupes* made of bright blue silk with a black-and-white lace corsage. The runners-up were the Maison Boudet of the Boulevard de la Madeleine and the Maison Adolphe of the Boulevard des Italiens.

I have no reason to question the judgment of *Le Monde's* editors, but, rushing in where I have no business, I would have given my vote to the ball costume designed by Mme. Breant Castel, 28 Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, whose address has charm in itself. The little number Mme. Breant Castel dreamed up as the cannon rumbled nearby was a sky-blue silk dress, the bottom of whose skirt was "trimmed with a broad gaufréd flounce of white muslin, above which were two gaufréd [what the hell is gaufréd, anyway?] frills, one of the silk and one of the muslin, the whole being surmounted by a ruche of silk." I could go on about other Castel touches—the four deep, pointed pieces of sky-blue silk "forming a sort of upper skirt," for instance, and the white narcissus and foliage which were somewhere around too, but if your visual imagination isn't boggling, mine is. The writer who undertook to describe Mme. Castel's wares, I notice, didn't fool around with words like "bust" or "bosom" but called a chest a chest. I like that. Women haven't had chests, except to their doctors, in my lifetime.

Dropping down to a type face we would now call agate, *Le Monde* followed with a column and a fraction about hats. It's all very technical and detailed, but there is one bonnet which I feel it is my duty to tell about here. It was called a Pamela hat, a confection by Mme. Maria Boireau, of the Boulevard Montmartre, and was a little thing of black velvet "with a narrow, turned-up curtain," whatever that may be. It was trimmed with cerise and black ostrich feathers, those on the left being fastened by a white rose and those on the right by a pink one. ("*Ma chère,* look at that dreadful woman. She's wearing a white rose on the *right!*") Did I remember to say that at the back there were floating ends of black lace with a trail of rosebuds?

AS we are now on page 5, and near the end of it at that, you may be wondering where the Polite Literature and Beaux Arts mentioned on the cover come into *Le Monde's* budget of editorial matter. The Polite Literature in this issue is the first installment of a serial called "Elizabeth's Faith." This runs over to the back page, leaving the Beaux Arts to be represented by a single paragraph headed "The Theatres," which contents itself with an amiable report that everything in town is fine. Myself, I have my doubts about "Amy Robsart," a show that had just opened at the Drury Lane and is described as a dramatization of the Scott novel that "must be pronounced a combination of acting, music, scenery, ballet, and sensational effects which reflects great credit on the management of this favorite theatre." Note the spelling of "favorite." Another American note in this paragraph is the mention of a dramatic piece called "Chiselling," which was apparently a curtain-raiser preceding "Two Roses" at the Vaudeville.

But I left you on tenterhooks about "Elizabeth's Faith," or did I? The action of this tale, which is anonymous, takes place in a cathedral town, where we find Mr. Hasalwood, a prosperous architect, worried about his spoiled and ne'er-do-well son, Robert, who, not very understandably, is "the cynosure of ladies' eyes and the goal of many matrimonial endeavours." Mrs. Hasalwood adores Robert and Mr. H. pays the bills, and this adoration prompts the anonymous author to soliloquize, "How strange is this mother-love, which blinds itself to a child's faults long after they lie bare to a cruel searching world and which, even when it does see them, has such manifold and tender excuses for them."

Anyhow, there's a nice rich girl—enter Elizabeth—around the town and Mamma Hasalwood thinks Robert has his eye on her, which is a great thrill to her. The love of a good, rich woman, she seems to think, will do this heel Robert a power of good. But Elizabeth loves honest John Sandys, who is, of course, poor and supports his widowed mother. John is secretly paying off his late father's debts and to meet one dun he borrows a hundred pounds from Elizabeth. At the same time a hundred pounds is found to be missing from Mr. Hasalwood's office. Only honest John and Robert knew the money was there. And so, until the December issue, we leave Elizabeth and as chump-headed a collection of characters as ever I met.

THE note of ennui, particularly toward the Franco-Prussian War, which one detects in so much of *Le Monde's* editorial content is not apparent in its advertisements, which are both spirited and acrimonious and give the impression that England was in the throes of a war herself, a civil war over the right to use the term "corn

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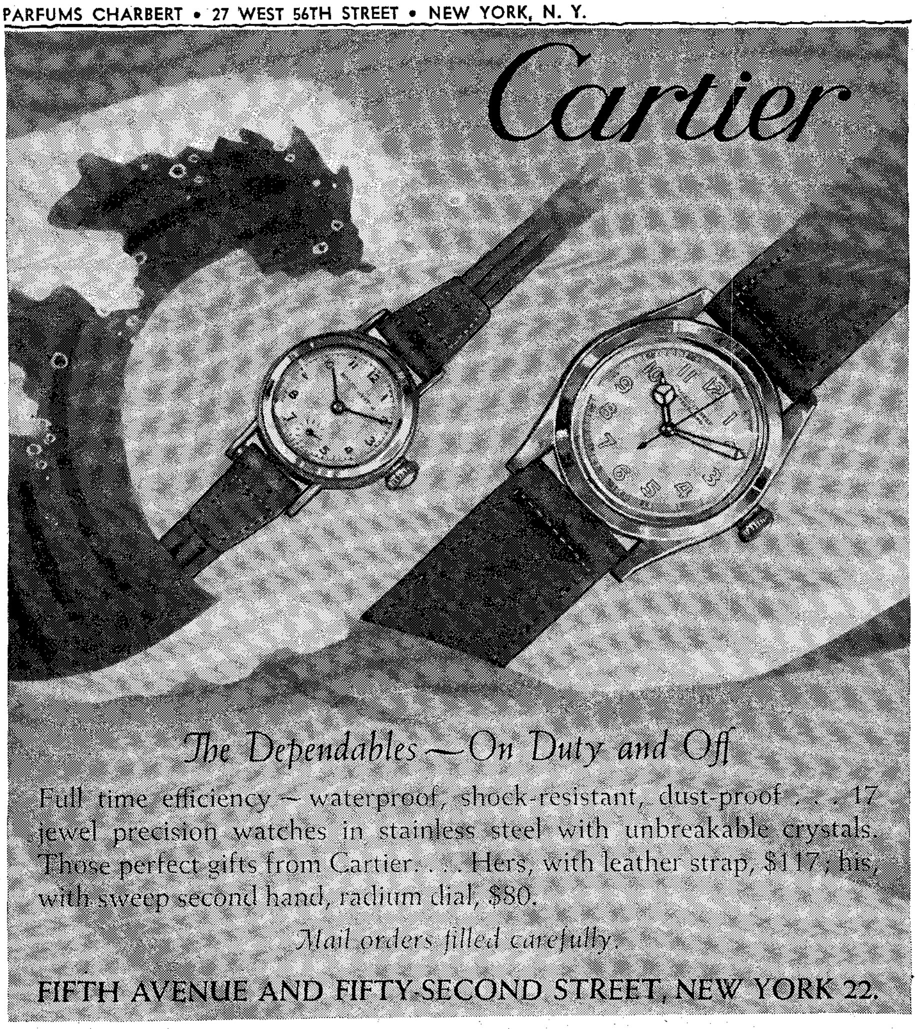

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FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK 22.

flour." The cause of the bitterness is set forth in the advertisements of two firms—Colman's, of mustard fame, and the Messrs. Brown & Polson. It seems that B. & P. were convinced (I refuse to take sides) that the substance known as corn flour was their idea and were prepared to back their contention by taking space in *Le Monde* to attack "the unwarrantable appropriation of the name to articles of a different character to obtain extra profit by the sale." It isn't hard to see who the enemy is when you turn to the Colman ad, which describes its firm's corn flour as being "prepared from rice, the staple food of more than Three Hundred Millions (300,000,000) of People."

All in all, there seems no doubt that the English felt pretty cozy behind their Channel bastion while their future ally and future enemy fought it out across the water. The English milady, glancing through her copy of *Le Monde* and idly instructing her companion to write to Thomas & Bros. of Cheapside for one of their new patented Eiderdown Corsets ("warm, light, soft, and elegant") would no doubt have thought it fantastic that her children might live to see the day when, with an elaboration of the same brawl going on across the Channel, the wise woman would be considering the acquisition not of an eiderdown corset but of a bulletproof one.

—STEPHEN WATTS

●

So, taking the income set aside for her some years before in case she might become a permanent invalid, this woman, now 74, threw herself into the best concerts, the best theatres (though not into the best seats!).—*Toronto Telegram.*

Poor aim, probably.

●

If you get lost in the woods don't rely on the moss on tree trunks to tell you which way is north. Nature is generous here and plants it all the way around the trunks. Take a little back with you, though, to help in arranging your dish garden.—*Portland Oregonian.*

O.K. You don't happen to have a compass on you, do you?

●

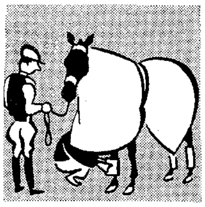
WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Morgantown* (*W.Va.*) *Post*]

West Virginians are interested, naturally, in the announcement of the marriage of Major L———, who is with the Army Air Corps, to a daughter of the ——— publisher last Saturday. This is the second venture for the distinguished West Virginian, who has taken chances with motion pictures as well as marriage.

THE RACE TRACK

Saratoga Closing



THE Hopeful Stakes at Belmont last weekend settled one question by demonstrating that, among two-year-olds this season, the fillies are better than the colts. All we have to do now is select the best filly of the bunch, and you may put my own vote down for Bee Mac. I think she can, and, before the season is out, undoubtedly will, beat Cocopet and Mrs. Ames, not to mention Twilight Tear and Miss Keeneland. Of course, I must confess that Bee Mac has been a pet of mine ever since she came out at Jamaica in July. For anyone who was still undecided, nothing could have been more convincing than the way she polished off Que Hora and the other colts in the Hopeful. Although Bee Mac was merely galloping through the stretch, Boy Knight, who finished second, couldn't gain on her, and By Jimminy, who had more luck than he had had the week before in winning the Grand Union, made poor use of it. Well, Bee Mac won't be out again until we return to Belmont the last of this month, when she'll run for the Futurity. Going off the deep end once more, I predict that she'll win that, too.

PRINCEQUILLO won the Saratoga Cup, as I thought he would, but nobody dreamed that the race would be so exciting. Almost every year the Cup has been just a procession, with lengths between the runners. It turned out to be a good show last Saturday because each trainer had cautioned his jockey against setting the pace—none of the horses have what horsemen call early speed, anyhow—and for once the boys did their best to obey their riding orders. The result was that Princequillo, Bolingbroke, and Dark Discovery ran heads apart for most of the mile and three-quarters, a rare performance in so long a race. At that, the winner lowered by nearly a second the track record for the distance, set thirty-seven years ago by Dishabille. Incidentally, now that so many new horses are being named after famous old-time ones, why doesn't somebody christen a filly Dishabille? I'd like one to run in my Radio Announcers' Handicap.

THE Saratoga Association had a reasonably successful meeting at Belmont Park. The attendance for the thirty days was considerably more than half a million, which is about as many people as went to the races at the Spa in the two previous years put together. If you like to meditate on betting (I'll probably be frowned on in certain circles for even mentioning such a thing), $44,058,312 was handled in the tote, just about a million dollars more than was wagered at all of the Maryland tracks in 1942. The turnover in New York so far this season, with more than two months to go, is $168,227,760, so, as you can see, the total will be way above last season's $175,158,374. Of course, not all of that money is paid to the holders of winning tickets; the State of New York takes a tax of six per cent—in case you haven't a pencil and an old envelope handy, that comes to more than $10,000,000 already for 1943—and the track managements collect four per cent as a small handling charge.

OLDER horseplayers may remember when a Saratoga meeting didn't have a whopping rainstorm on the day of the Hopeful and the Cup, but I don't. Just so that nobody would be too homesick for the Spa, there was one last Friday. . . . Plenty of losers thought that Atkinson was rather over-confident in his riding of Mrs. Ames in the Adirondack Handicap, in which his mount got nosed out, but my guess is simply that this filly's better races are behind her. . . . The Saratoga Steeplechase, won by Miss Ella Widener's Iron Shot, was the best jumping race of the month, and that isn't giving it anywhere near as much praise as it deserved. . . . Colonel Martingale wonders whether Askmenow, who won the American Derby in Chicago last weekend, isn't bored by Belmont. Remember how disappointingly she ran here in the recent Alabama Stakes and in the Coaching Club Oaks this past spring? —AUDAX MINOR

•

FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

[*From the Newport News* (*Va.*) *Times-Herald*]

When he got news of Mussolini's downfall, Morris L. Hancock of Bay Ave., Hampton, translated the fall immediately into a baseball term. Picturing the Axis leaders as three ballplayers, he applied the baseball term of "one down and two to go," meaning two more to be put out before the end of the game with the Axis.

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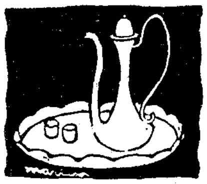
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

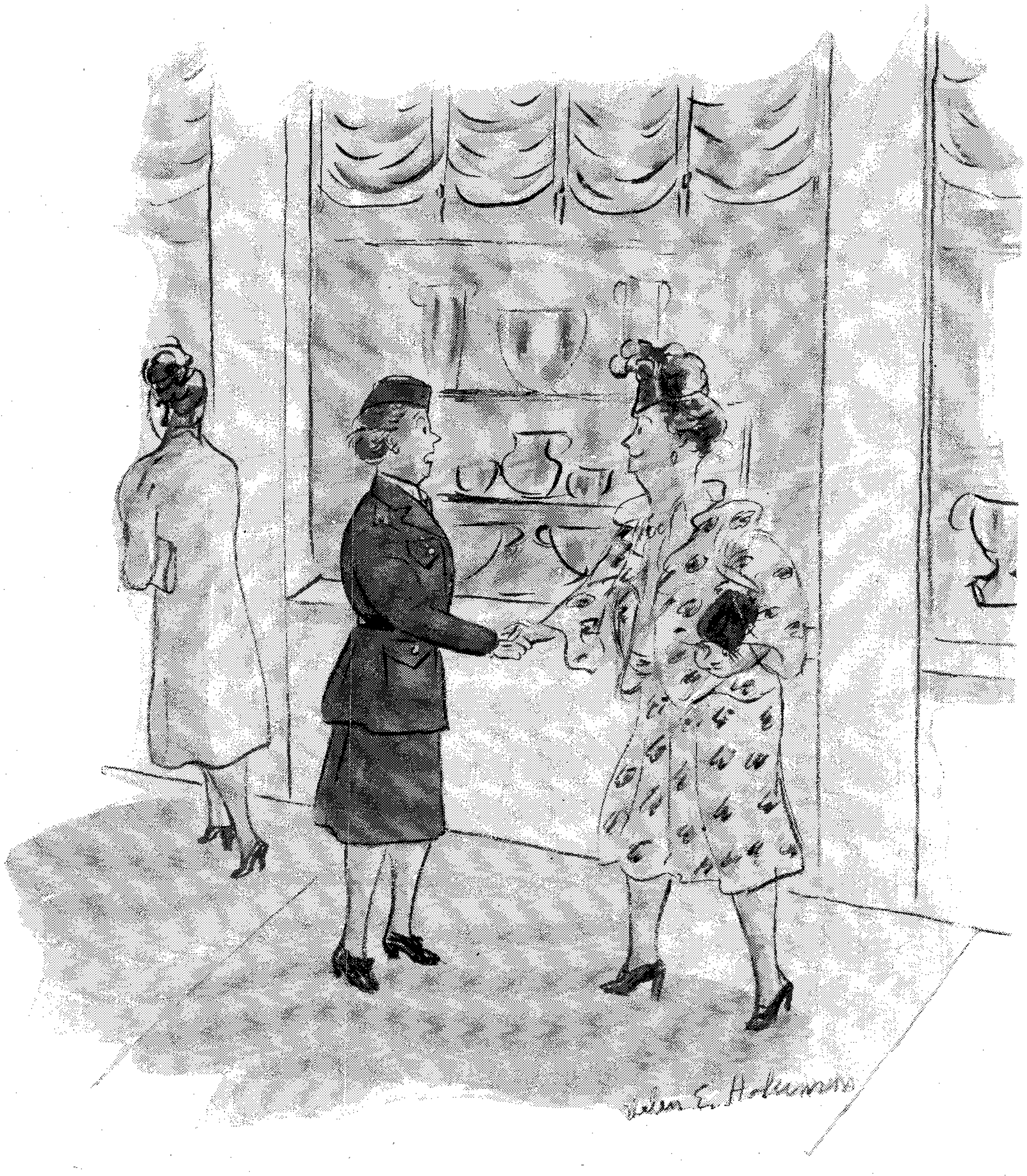


ROOM shows are around again in the big stores, in spite of everything, and they will doubtless stir up that old autumnal flutter in the housewifely breast, even though the flutter may be only academic this time.

Sloane's House of Years is carrying right on with its prewar tradition of dark-walled, dusky elegance lit by glints of old silver and polished brass in the main-floor rooms and of bright bedrooms and fancy baths upstairs. One of the current bathrooms is, in fact, about the fanciest ever, with slate-colored walls, shrimp-pink plumbing fixtures, Victorian prints framed in white wire curlicues, and ruffled lace panties on the wastebasket and hamper. Ah, Sicily, Sicily! Almost all of the exhibit is handsome. I was mystified, though, by a concealed and cultured phonograph's reiterated announcement that the scheme of the House this year was planned with the fuel and servant shortages in mind. As far as I could see, at least, the place would be no mean problem to heat under any circumstances and it makes no concessions in the way of rooms that can be closed off. Besides, the lavish furnishings would be a handful for an experienced housemaid, working full time, to keep in order, but she might if someone else were managing the kitchen and keeping the Little Ones out of her hair. Maybe the answer to everything is the taproom in the cellar, where I suppose the whole family could gather in a real emergency, leaving all of the upstairs rooms in good but chilly order. It has a fireplace, it has pine furniture and tweedy upholstery that wouldn't need much looking after, and its dust-catching gewgaws have been held down to a minimum.

THE new dress of Macy's Forward House should please confirmed modernists and may even make some converts. Its rooms have all the familiar tricks beloved by admirers of contemporary décor—the sofas that turn corners, the mirrored walls that double the length of a room, the fireplace openings raised high enough above the floor so that you'll get the full blast of their heat in your face instead of on your cold toes. They are, in the main, pleasanter and more relaxing to be in than many earlier modern rooms, not being above an occasional sentimental touch, such as the bed headboard made of two sheets of glass with real flowers pressed flat between them. Visitors to the show seem enchanted with this oversized valentine; the price is $89.95 in the single-bed size and $109 in the double-bed size. This flowers-between-glass idea shows up again, and to better advantage, in a coffee table at $79.95; the double thickness of glass, with pressed iris, Shasta daisies, and delicate sprays of delphinium and ferns imprisoned between, makes the top. Another brain-wave is a wall dotted from floor to ceiling with pockets from which greenery trails; you stare a second or two before you realize that some of the pockets and plants are real and some are just painted. Who finds the time to think up such things? The real pockets are of plaster, and you may buy similar ones for $6.98 apiece, if you want to copy this notion. The idea, of course, is to use the real pockets low on the wall, so that you can water the plants in them without climbing on the furniture to do it. The fake plants can fend for themselves.

There's no doubt whatever that the upholstered furniture in this show is absolutely the last gasp, for most of the sofas and chairs are the real wartime



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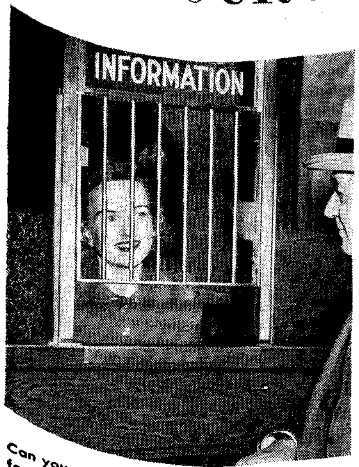

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McCoy—no springs. If you haven't tried any of these new springless pieces, you may be in for a shock, for their inviting appearance betrays you into letting yourself go as of old when you sit. Once you're down, though, it really isn't bad, and getting up is fine. There's one piece, not easy to classify because it is broader than any chair I ever saw but not quite as broad as a loveseat (Macy gets around the problem by labelling it "large chair"), which seems about as comfortable as any springless seat could hope to be; around $150 covered in chintz or upholstery cotton and at its best when coupled with a giant hassock ($70 or thereabouts) which turns it into a generous chaise.

THE show at Altman is a small one, consisting entirely of living rooms—four of them, done by John Gerald with a view to proving that antique furniture, however rare and costly, isn't anything that even an amateur decorator need be afraid of, that it doesn't require kid-gloved handling, and that it can look natural and unpretentious in modest surroundings. This lesson in decorating is intended to encourage the buying of fine antiques, which are as thick as flies right now in New York stores, including, rightfully enough, Altman. It ought to turn the trick, besides offering, in passing, some handy hints on the use of wallpaper and of lighting to achieve an effect of quiet and coziness—two Gerald specialties which seem to turn up in any decorating job he does. —B. B.

MARKETS AND MENUS

The Best Butter

IT'S a bitter, though small, pill to those of us who are finicky about butter that now, when the point value of the precious stuff has gone up, the quality of much of it has gone down. It is probably true, as the grocers claim, that the butter-fat content and all the rest are the same as ever, but the fact remains that in many first-class shops, where the unsalted butter used to be excellent, it is no longer more than passable, and butter that is only passable might as well be no butter at all.

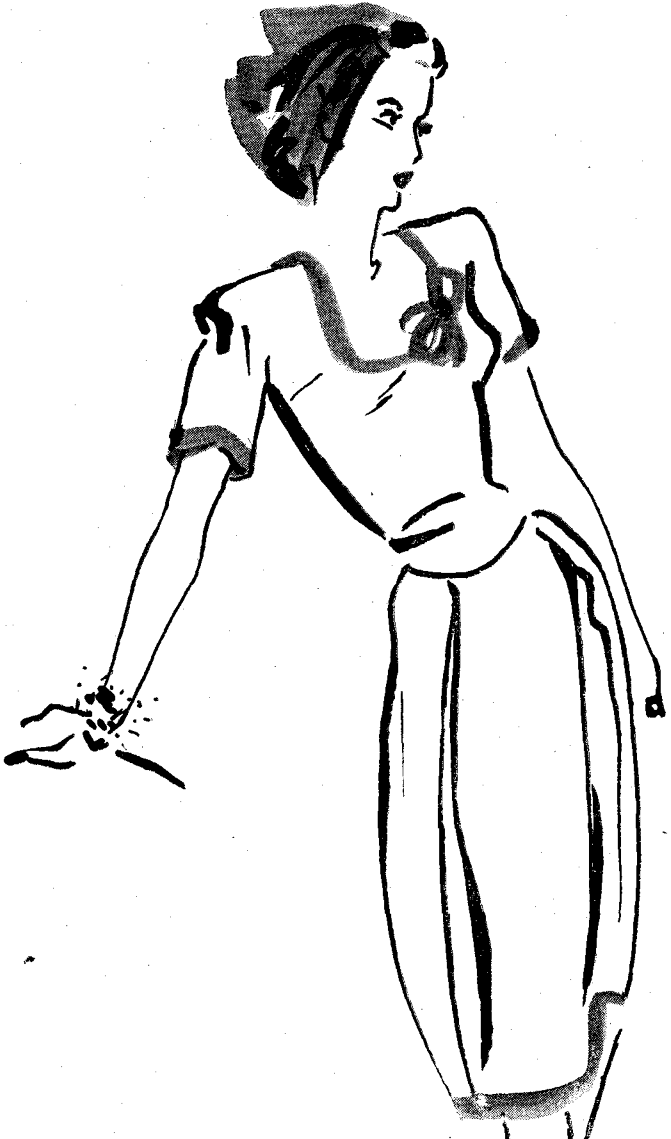
There are, of course, people who will say that this is no time to be sniffing for quality and that you had better take what you can get and be thankful for it. But there must also be people who, like me, resent bad butter at any time, and rather more now, when the ten ration points required for a pound of doubtful quality might be more soundly invested in an impeccable chop. For the benefit of such pickers and choosers, I have tracked down here and there unsalted butter which I can recommend. Whether it can always be found is another matter, since wholesale deliveries are maddeningly irregular. The fact that the Army is taking thirty per cent of the butter produced and that many dairies find it more profitable to sell their butter direct to local consumers is enough to explain New York's butter difficulties, so there's no reason to look for any immediate improvement in the situation. It goes without saying that my list of shops where best-quality sweet butter can be found is incomplete, since obviously my research can't be very thorough when it is hamstrung by the fact that I have only a limited number of ration points.

If you recall the good old days when Charles & Co. held forth on Vanderbilt Avenue, you probably remember their Sharpless unsalted butter, which seemed just about perfection to people critical of such things. Gristede's Bon Voyage Shop, which took over from Charles, carried this fine product until, owing to wartime difficulties, it gave up selling butter altogether. Now the Sharpless butter turns up at Hughes Brothers, a superior, old-fashioned grocery store at 766 Madison Avenue (65th), whose management evidently believes that New Yorkers still care profoundly about what goes onto their tables. You can't count on finding the Sharpless product there every day, but when it doesn't show up Hughes usually can produce another good brand.

The Bristol Market, 1110 Park Avenue (90th), carries delicious unsalted butter. The brand isn't always the same, but the taste is always fresh and sweet, the way butter should be. Both the Safeway and the Peter Reeves chain stores have an excellent unsalted butter packed under the brand name of Clover Hill. Often as not both chains are out of this particular variety, but to my way of thinking it's worth waiting for.

BACON is another terrible risk these days. Since bad bacon requires just as many ration points as good bacon, being sure of the quality becomes a matter of importance. Macy has a Virginia bacon which I can recommend to those who like a rather highly smoked product. It is sold either sliced or by the piece. Vendôme, 415 Madison Avenue (48th), also carries a fine bacon, something that is hard to come by nowadays.

For those to whom breakfast doesn't



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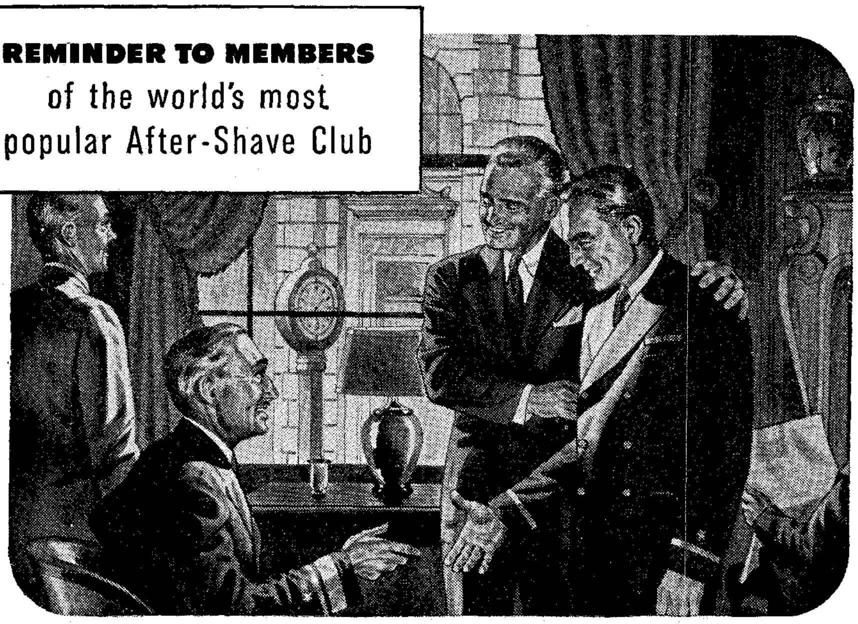

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necessarily mean bacon and eggs and who haven't red points to squander anyway, it's good news that a delicious Virginia herring, which is unrationed, is to be had in Gimbel's grocery department. Served with melted butter, to which have been added some chopped chives, a squeeze of lemon juice, and Tabasco, this makes a breakfast dish which, although it is *not* the way James River herring is served in Virginia, is nevertheless mighty appetizing.

Still on the breakfast problem, Mrs. Herbst's Bakery, 1443 Third Avenue (82nd), makes delicious little breads it calls butter biscuits. These are made of a dough something like an especially delicate brioche and are so rich that, heated, they really don't require butter. They are only for coffee-and-roll breakfasters, though, as they are slightly sweet and aren't a bit of help with eggs or kippers or such. Altman's Delicacy Department also sells the Herbst butter biscuits.

SHORTENING being the problem it is and fruit being dear and hard to find, it's a convenience that amounts to a blessing that the pie-making consignor of the New York Exchange for Woman's Work, 541 Madison Avenue (54th), keeps right on turning out her fine pastry. You don't often get a good blackberry pie in New York and you don't often get one anywhere as well made as those to be had at the Exchange.

If you are holding out for a decent gin, you may want to investigate the surprisingly large number of imported spirits sold at the Gotham Liquor Shop, 1108 Park Avenue (90th). Here you can still buy Booth's House of Lords, Seager's, Nicholson's, and other dependable gins. —S. H.

•

FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT
(DIVISION OF GOODNESS AND THE DEVIL)

THINKING to round off the academic year by giving her class a preview of the next year's work, a kindergarten teacher, during the quiet hours of the last day of school, drew a large "A" on the blackboard. "Now, children, this is the letter 'A,'" she told them. They took it calmly except for one little boy, who started noticeably and exclaimed, "Goodness, is *that* 'A'?"—*From The New Yorker, July 17.*

G. P. B. tells a ridiculous story about a boy learning his alphabet. "That letter is A," says the teacher. "A," drawls the boy. "That is B," says the teacher. "B," drawls the boy, and so on. "That letter is W," says the teacher. "The Devil! Is that W?" enquires the pupil.—*Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson, entry for April 29, 1834.*

LADIES IN THE DARK

At eight-thirty it was almost dark on the road out of Peekskill and Miss Winship began to feel nervous, in the manner of city persons, and at the same time ashamed of being nervous, in the manner of superior young women.

"We've been walking thirty minutes and I don't see a sign of the turn-off anywhere," she said, striving for a certain jauntiness, to Miss Wendt.

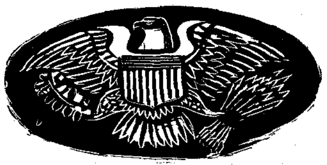
Miss Wendt looked at her with good-natured, spectacled eyes and began to trot, hugging the two paper bags of fruit and candy she had bought in town.

"I *thought* it was going to be too late to walk back to camp," she said peacefully. "If we hadn't spent all our money, we could have taken a taxi."

Miss Winship had another look at the already chill and retiring landscape. "I wish we had a taxi," she said. "I don't like this."

"Or a flashlight," said Miss Wendt. "I *said* we should have taken a flashlight."

Miss Winship took a careless step and a rush of gravel came in at the open toe of her shoe. A large, soft-winged moth brushed her cheek, making her shiver. Round her the country darkness continued to descend. Night insects were chorusing with all their strength. Odd rustles came from the bushes. A large pebble wedged itself under Miss Winship's big toe and wouldn't come out. It was dark on the road and she knew it was going to get darker yet. And the turn-off was still somewhere ahead, past rabbits, bats, and possible skunks.



When at length a car went by, roaring, flooding the road with crazy light and leaving it in even greater darkness, Miss Winship looked at Miss Wendt, whom she could no longer very clearly see, and said in a lofty tone, "I'm going to be sensible about this. I'm going to stop a car and ask for a hitch."

"I'd rather walk in the dark," said Miss Wendt. But Miss Winship did not choose to hear her. Miss Winship took out her pocket comb and smoothed her hair until it felt neat. Then she buttoned her jacket up without, however, hiding her Civilian Defense Volunteer insignia. Finally, she removed her lipstick with a paper handkerchief. She went to the edge of the road and stood there in a posture of queenly dignity and composure, ready to hail cars.

When a car at last appeared, Miss Winship waved to it. The car whizzed by, leaving a little whirlwind of choking dust. A second automobile passed them surprisingly soon, but the driver made apologetic gestures—all seats full. Five minutes went by and out of the terrible dark a third car came. Miss Winship's signal was firm and imperious, and it worked. The driver pulled up about fifty yards ahead and pushed open the right-hand front door. Miss Winship ran toward him, leaving Miss Wendt, who was standing apprehensively among the goldenrod, to find her way back to the roadbed as best she could.

But before Miss Winship reached the car, before she knew even whether it was a jeep or a limousine she had caught, the first dizzy waves of fear at her great daring swept over her. She saw that the car was a battered station wagon and she caught sight of the slouching, shirt-sleeved driver and her heart stopped. All her splendid ardor and superiority melted, leaving nothing much in their place.

"Get in," said the potato-nosed man at the wheel.

Miss Winship took hold of the door handle and gazed in without budging. The man in the car put his head to one side, looked at her, and said, "Come on in. Is there anything to be afraid of?"

"Oh, no," said Miss Winship, and took a step back.

"Well," said the man, "this is very interesting. You stopped my car. You knew what you were doing, didn't you?"

Miss Winship's soul rolled itself up into nothing and abandoned her. She heard herself replying in a small, quavery voice, "I've never done this before." She felt her face growing rigid and tried to create, over it, a natural expression.

"I don't care what you've done before!" the driver shouted. "You've got to make up your mind whether you're coming or staying. I've got other things to do and damn little gas to do them with."

"Do you have to shout at me?" Miss Winship said, and this time her voice came out in a scream.

"Oh, my God," said the man.

At this moment Miss Wendt came up to them, smiling and stumbling. "Hello," she said.

"Get in," said the driver of the car.

Miss Winship got in beside him, climbing to her death. Then Miss Wendt got in, doubtfully, and Miss Winship reached over and slammed the door on their last sweet glimpses of the world. The driver of the station wagon drew in the corners of his lips and stepped hard on the gas.

"Where are you going?" he said.

"To Lafayette Avenue," said Miss Winship, trying very hard to make it sound easy.

"There isn't any Lafayette Avenue up here," said the man.

Miss Winship held on tight. "Yes there is. Of course there is, just ahead to the right," she protested.

The car swerved as its owner closed his eyes in a recovery-of-strength expression. "There is no Lafayette Avenue up here," he said slowly and patiently. "I am a native of this place; I am Joe Wilman of Wilman's Hardware, I've lived here all my life, and I say there is no Lafayette Avenue up this way."

"There must be," said Miss Winship tensely. "We come from Camp Tarro, which is just off that avenue."

"Where is Camp Tarro, exactly?" asked Mr. Wilman.

Miss Winship searched for the answer, and choked.

"We know our way to it from Lafayette Avenue," volunteered Miss Wendt.

Mr. Wilman slowed his station wagon. "Could you possibly tell me anything at all about the position of this camp? Do you know who owns the next piece of property? Is it near anything else of any kind that you can name?"

"No," said Miss Winship. "I don't know. I haven't been there long. But Lafayette Avenue is a big road and it's up this way, off to the right."

"Show it to me," said Mr. Wilman, driving straight ahead. They drove for five minutes. Lafayette Avenue did not appear. What did appear were dark thickets and turnings leading off into heaven knew what.

"I'm sorry," said Miss Winship timidly. "We must have taken the wrong road."

"We meant to take a taxi," added Miss Wendt, "but we spent all our money in town."

"If there were a taxi around anywhere now," said Mr. Wilman, "I would give you a dollar. I would even give you two dollars and put you in the taxi."

"Maybe we could stop somewhere and telephone for a taxi, if you would really lend us the money," Miss Winship said.

Mr. Wilman did not answer. He

drove and searched for road signs. He had become, for everyone to see, a plain young man with a potato nose and a cynicism born partially and justifiably of the moment. Finally he found a gas station, pulled up in front of it, and learned from the attendant that Lafayette Avenue was five miles away and by no means straight ahead. He leaned back against the seat of the car with an immense weariness in his eyes.

"Lafayette Avenue was right up the road," he said.

"We'll get out here and call a taxi," said Miss Winship.

Mr. Wilman sat in silence for a moment, shaking his head. "No," he said, "I can't leave you here. Not two of you like this."

"It's all right to leave us here," said Miss Wendt.

"I will take you to Lafayette Avenue," said Mr. Wilman, starting the car, "because you don't know where you live. I don't dare to leave you anywhere else." He drove again.

"I'm sorry," Miss Winship said. "We've used up your time and your gas and we've been nervous and stupid. I don't suppose you'll be willing to believe that we're both"—Miss Winship giggled in a way she despised—"we're both schoolteachers."

"Oh, I believe it," said Mr. Wilman. "I guessed you were intellectuals the minute I saw you. Helpless."

"It isn't our usual way of behaving," Miss Winship said, without much conviction.

The sign at the fifth turn in the road said Lafayette Avenue, clear and sharp in the light of a shaded electric bulb. Soon Miss Winship and Miss Wendt recognized the opening of the road leading to their camp.

"Here!" they cried, trying to sound infectiously gay. As the car stopped and they felt themselves descending intact upon known ground, Miss Winship said feelingly, "Isn't there anything I can possibly do to repay you for all this?"

Mr. Wilman leaned far out of the window of his car, with a terrible, potato-nosed leer. "Yep," he said. "*Marry me!*," and then pulled his head in again and was gone very fast.

—IRMA BRANDEIS

•

Q. What is the life span of a house fly, under normal conditions? How many young flies does one mother fly have in her lifetime?—NEARLY CRAZY.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

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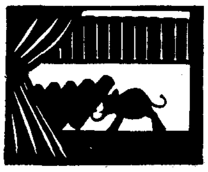

MAURICE COLLIS, I learn from the publisher's blurb about the author of the forthcoming "Land of the Great Image," is an Anglo-Irishman who was for twenty-one years a civil servant in Burma. In 1936 he retired because his sympathy for the native population made it difficult for him to act properly in his capacity as District Magistrate of Rangoon. Since, during the last seven years, he has written four books on the Far East, I presume his reputation is familiar to Orientalists. Up to a few weeks ago it was certainly not familiar to your correspondent. This was my loss, for Mr. Collis's mind is curious, his field of inquiry a fresh one, and his approach to it scholarly and humane. I opened his book with little expectation of getting past the first chapter and, to catch at a handy phrase not often used in these columns, found I could not put it down.

My mind these days, like that of any other reviewer, is a messy ragbag of gobbets of information and opinion derived from the works of foreign correspondents, political crystal-gazers, war heroes, muckrakers, and manifesto manufacturers. It is clogged with the current and the contemporary, ill at ease amid a welter of furious argument, and groggy from the hooks and uppercuts, both Left and Right, of the Whither-Whither boys. Therefore it was in sad need of the cleansing action of a book like "The Land of the Great Image," whose setting and personages are remote in time and place but not in the least fantastic or what used to be termed "escapist." I recommend it to all readers who, sharing my state of mind, might welcome a journey into a strange pocket of history.

Sometime between 1590 and 1600, in the Portuguese metropolis of Oporto, there was born Sebastião Manrique, who became an Augustinian friar. At a fairly early age he was sent out to the luxurious, almost fabulous city of Goa, on the west coast of India. In 1629 he was despatched on a political mission to the independent kingdom of Arakan, now part of Burma and at present occupied by the Japanese. It is largely on Manrique's account of his travels that Mr. Collis bases his chronicle. Chronicle is a poor word, for what Mr. Collis has really done is to unlock the gates of a whole world, a world of Portuguese Don Quixotes, Catholic imperialism, magic and shamanism, slavery and torture, incalculable luxury and decadence, relics, saints, Buddhist visions, *autos-da-fé*—old, unhappy far-off things and battles long ago.

The story opens with a description of "Golden Goa," the centre of Portuguese colonial power for over a hundred years. Into Mr. Collis's evocation of this ancient and magnificent outpost of the crusading Portuguese are threaded the lives of many colorful figures, preëminently the appealing St. Francis Xavier, who took for his mission the conversion of the whole Orient. The story of Xavier and his indestructible corpse comprises one of the most curious chapters of a book composed of curious chapters, though the tale of the Jesuit De Nobili, who became a Brahmin so that he might persuade the Brahmins to the Catholic faith, is hardly less amazing.

From this world of priests, traders, and slaves, half European, half Oriental, the sober, unimaginative, sensible Manrique set out for the kingdom of Arakan. Escaping from assorted perils and terrors (shipwreck, decapitation, tigers, Hindu demonism, mass hypnosis, and slavers), he made his way at last into Arakan. Arakan was in effect a Buddhist thearchy, the focal point of the Buddhist faith of the period, a holy place governed by a holy king who had it in mind to establish himself as the lord and ruler of the world.

The encounter of the practical Augustinian friar with this Oriental paranoiac is the central theme of the book. It affords Mr. Collis an admirable opportunity to display his knowledge of Far Eastern religions, customs, and peoples. I shall not reveal the details of Manrique's Arakan adventures except to say that they seem to me far odder, more engrossing, and much more probable than those of Marco Polo.

Mr. Collis had several purposes in writing "The Land of the Great

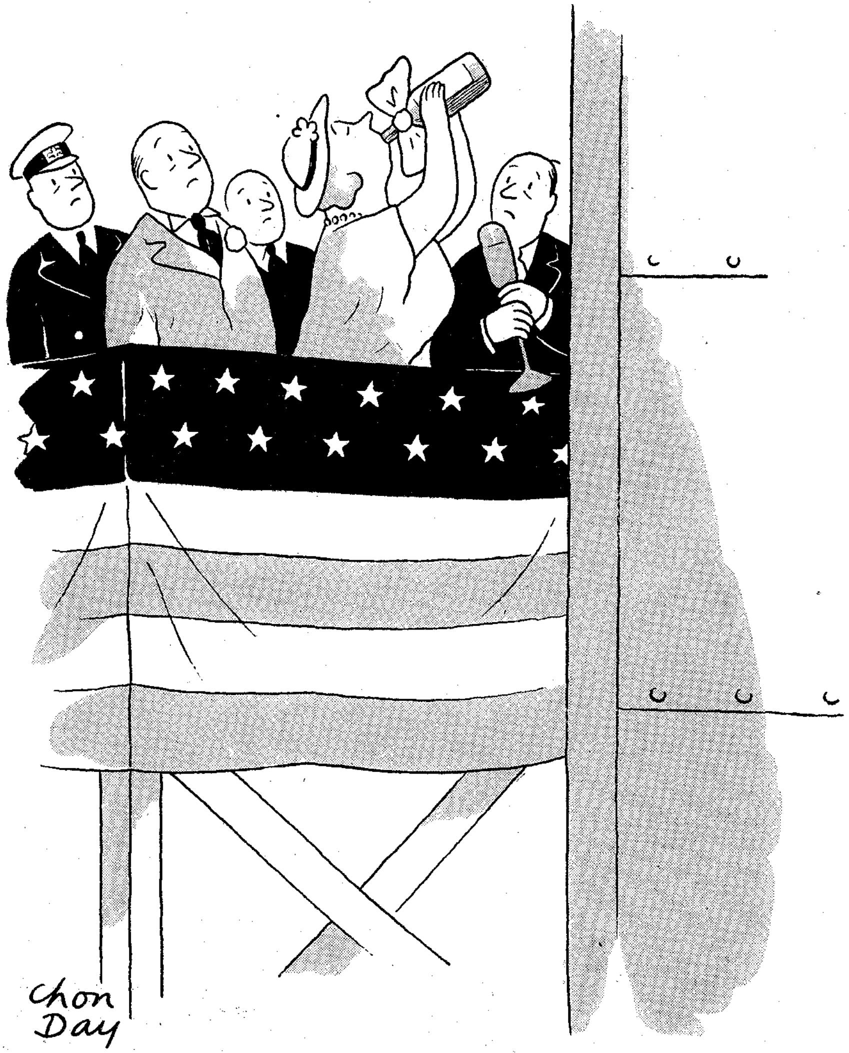

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Image." One was to tell a colorful tale. Another was to depict a civilization little known to the unspecialized reader. The third, least apparent but most important, was to illustrate a lesson in the philosophy of history. (For his basic ideas he draws heavily and wisely on A. J. Toynbee's monumental "A Study of History.") In his final chapter, a sort of postlude, he uses the weird and tragic career of the kingdom of Arakan as a platform from which he views, briefly but pertinently, the whole problem of the past and future of Asia. He believes that the Japanese encroachment upon the continent is a Buddhist Crusade but a morally perverted one, and that it will accordingly fail. He is also convinced that, because of the Japanese failure to establish a "universal state" (Toynbee's terminology) in Asia, the sceptre passes to America, who is destined to be the paramount power on that continent. How, he asks, will this nation conduct herself? With a confidence that not all of us may share, he replies, "She will be able to do, in twentieth-century terms, what Rome and Goa sought to, but could not, do in the terms of the sixteenth century. Strange that America should be the heir of Goa. Strange that she will succeed where Goa failed, when all the would-be saviours failed. Yet it is to this that our long argument has led us. The millions of Asia look to America as to a saviour and long for the universal state which she alone can create for them."

THE what-shall-we-do-with-the-Germans debate continues, which is a good thing, for it means that the public, however confused it may be, is not likely to fall for any sentimentalist notion like "punish the gangsters and all will be well." The latest clarification comes from the authoritative German liberal journalist, Heinz Pol, now in this country. His book is called "The Hidden Enemy." I wish it could be made compulsory reading, for Mr. Pol obviously knows what he is talking about.

His book is all facts and no theory. Briefly, he dismisses as nonsense the notion that what we all think of as the Nazis are the real enemy. This is a notion not altogether unfamiliar to readers of contemporary literature, but nevertheless one which seems to be gaining credence by virtue of repetition and of the importance of the writers who are repeating it. The Nazis, once again, are simply the latest face of Pan-Germanism. Pan-Germanism preceded the Na-

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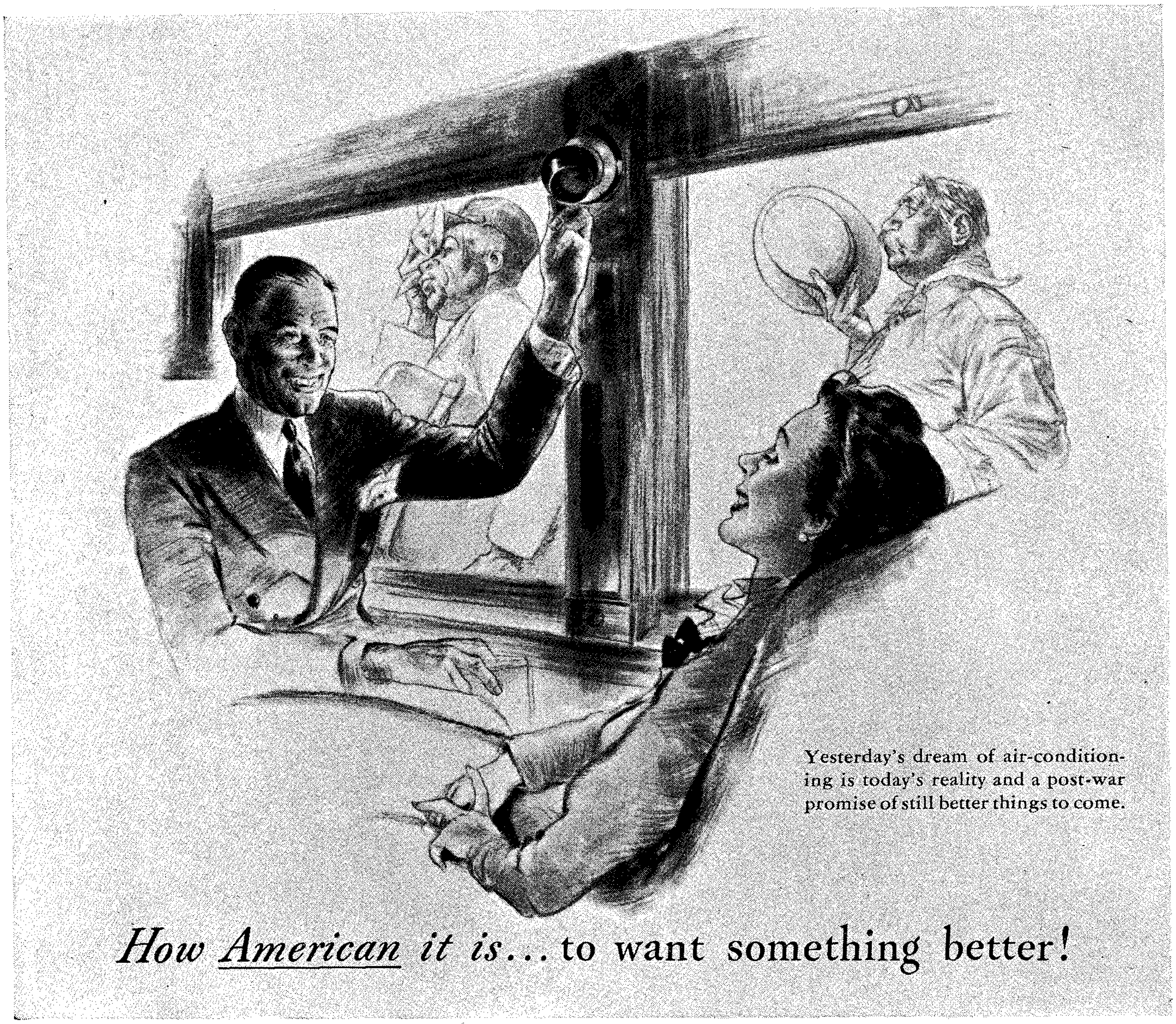

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How American it is... to want something better!

MAYBE we haven't found out how to air-condition the *nation* and it may be "after the war" before more of our homes and offices and the other places we gather are as cool and comfortable as an air-conditioned train. But we can be sure that because it's *something better* America will go on reaching for more and more air-conditioning. That this land will never give up the search for things, large or small, which make life better.

* * *

Among the better things which many Americans have discovered is a moderate beverage—an ale. Its famous 3-Ring trade mark—pledging "Purity," "Body," "Flavor"—has become the symbol for *something better* in ale to so many people that Ballantine has become...

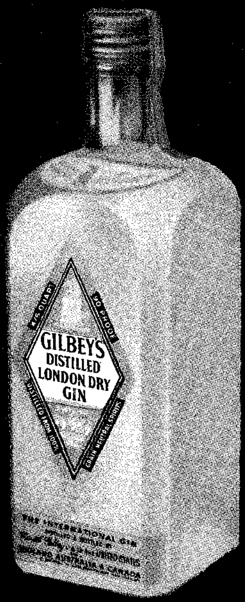
America's largest selling Ale

BALLANTINE'S
XXX
ALE

1840—Peter Ballantine found his trade mark in three dewy rings left by his glass as he tested three qualities—Purity, Body, Flavor.

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.

For the most delicious Gin Rickey in the world, make one with the gin that for nearly a century has been the world's favorite

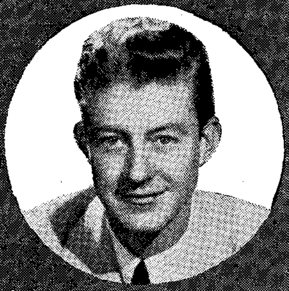


GILBEY'S
the International
GIN

THE "INTERNATIONAL GIN" DISTILLED BY GILBEY IN THE UNITED STATES—AS WELL AS IN...ENGLAND...AUSTRALIA...CANADA

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York—90 Proof—Distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits—Copyright 1943

JOHNNY LONG
AND HIS ORCHESTRA



★ ★ ★ ★

Plus A NEW SUMMER
ICE SHOW*
ON REAL ICE

HOTEL
NEW YORKER

*Ice Show and dancing daily at luncheon, dinner and supper

YOU MAY TALK
OF
GIN AND BEER

Though Kipling wrote of Gunga Din and the old Moulmein Pagoda, He also knew the poetry in Good whisky and Schweppes Soda

Schweppes
IMPORTED

The secret of the superior mixing qualities of SCHWEPPES Soda is *higher carbonation.* This year, when a bottle of good liquor represents the better part of a $5. bill, every drink deserves the best mixer. Although imported from England, SCHWEPPES Soda costs so few pennies more per bottle, your pocketbook won't notice the difference—but your taste will!

Schweppes
IMPORTED SODA

Manufactured and Bottled in England by
SCHWEPPES, LTD., LONDON
Sole U. S. Agents: Maxfield & McLeer, Inc., 90 West Broadway, N. Y.

zis; it will survive them. Pol demonstrates, by detailing the complete history of the Pan-German movement, how it plotted the last war (and won it), plotted this war (and will win it, unless we recognize the menace and deal properly with it), and is already plotting the next war (in case it loses this one). World enslavement, says Pol, is the permanent policy of Pan-Germanism and it will persist as its permanent policy, whether disguised as Nazism, Kaiserism, Social Democracy, Liberal Republicanism, or military dictatorship.

What is to be done about all this? The important thing, says Pol, is to realize that no deal of any kind can be made with representatives of the following groups in Germany: Heavy industry, big banks and insurance companies, the army, the Junkers, the judiciary, the universities and schools, and any cultural institutions founded since 1933.

Pol goes on to recommend "the great purge," which means precisely what the Nazis themselves have taught us to think it means and which will affect four to five hundred thousand people. He wants the Germans themselves to carry this plan out. Finally, says Pol, the Germans must be reëducated, by a revolution instituted and run by Germans.

Well, it's a nice, concrete program, anyway. —CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE COVENANT, by Brigid Knight. An interesting novel of South Africa, with the Boer War and the unfamiliar life of the Dutch and English farmers of the period as a picturesque background. The hero, a British colonial, is torn between his loyalty to a great-hearted Boer woman, by whom he has had an illegitimate child, and the English wife whom he loves passionately. Miss Knight rather unfairly settles at least one of his problems by letting the Dutch woman die in a concentration camp. Intelligently written and rather pleasantly old-fashioned.

THE INCORRUPTIBLE, by Marjorie Coryn. A florid, novelized study of Robespierre, covering the last months of the Terror. Miss Coryn writes, when she doesn't overwrite, with scrupulous regard for events, but more subtle students of history may quarrel with her interpretation of her hero's character. However, it all makes a gripping story; it makes a

This one's going to hurt!

Invasion comes high—in blood and money.

Part of the cost must be paid with human life. That means deep and lasting hurt for many and many an American family.

Part of the cost must be paid in cash . . . this September. And *that's* going to hurt, too!

The 3rd War Loan Drive is here!

To pay for invasion—to get the money to keep our fighting machine going—you, and every man or woman in America, are asked to invest in at least one extra $100 Bond in September.

$100 EXTRA, mind you—for *everybody!*

No man or woman can hold back. No one can point to his Payroll buying and say, "They don't mean me!" No one can say, "I'm already lending 10% or 12% or 20%—I'm doing enough!"

Sure—it's going to hurt. It's going to take more than spare cash this time—just money that might have gone for fun. It's going to take money you have tucked away. It's going to take part of the money we've been living on—that might have meant extra clothes or food! Money that might have gone for *anything* that we can do without!

Sure—it'll be tough to dig up that extra money. But we've got to do it—and *we will.*

We'll do it partly because of the look that would come over the faces of our fighting men if we should fail. We'll do it partly because the cheapest way out of this whole rotten business is to chip in all we can and help end it quick. We'll do it partly because there's no finer, *safer* investment in the world than a U. S. War Bond.

But mostly, we'll do it because America is right smack in the middle of the biggest, deadliest, dirtiest war in history.

And we're Americans.

Back the attack with War Bonds

HAPPY ENDING TO TONIGHT'S DINNER!

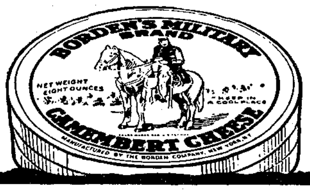
© Borden Co.

• Give tonight's dinner a happy ending. Serve creamy, tangy Military Brand Camembert for dessert. Order it when you're at a hotel or restaurant!

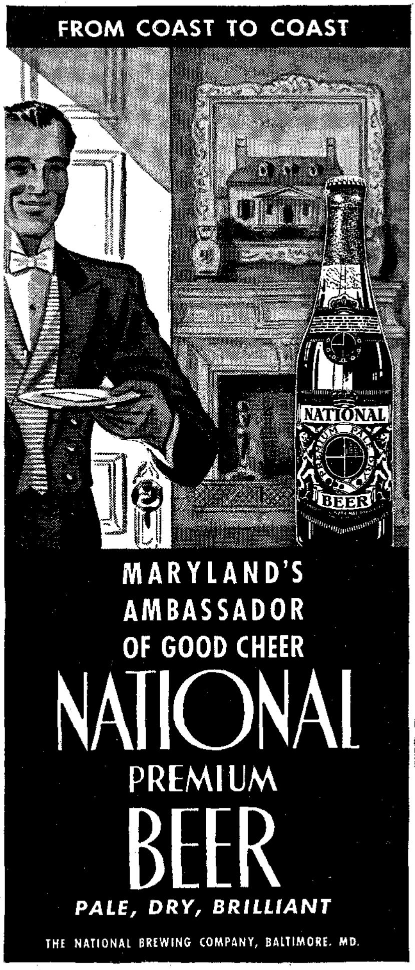
Borden's

MILITARY BRAND CAMEMBERT

For years America's 4-to-1 favorite over imported Camembert.



FROM COAST TO COAST



MARYLAND'S AMBASSADOR OF GOOD CHEER

NATIONAL PREMIUM BEER

PALE, DRY, BRILLIANT

THE NATIONAL BREWING COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD.

gripping story, for that matter, in the Encyclopaedia Britannica.

GENERAL

Out in the Boondocks, by James D. Horan and Gerold Frank. The title is a Marine phrase meaning "rough country" or, by extension, "tough sledding" of any description. In this book, two reporters get together to give us the experiences of twenty-one Marines in the Pacific war, each done in the fighter's own language. Rugged stuff and well handled. Some of the material has been published in the *Journal-American*.

The Lady and the Tigers, by Olga S. Greenlaw, with the editorial assistance of Bogert Rogers. The author, whose husband was second in command to Chennault, saw the formation of the American Volunteer Group in China and remained with the outfit as its diarist until it was dissolved. This is not the official diary of the Group but a spirited and personal account of its members. Very readable, though not particularly well done. Good photographs.

The Sky Is My Witness, by Captain Thomas Moore, Jr., of the Marines, with the assistance of E. Ralph Emmett. Another Marine, a dive-bomber pilot, gives us a simple narrative of battle at Midway and Guadalcanal. Follows the now standard pattern of training-girl-battle-wound-homecoming, but a heart-warming and fast-moving tale nonetheless.

The St. Johns, by Branch Cabell and A. J. Hanna. Local history of the St. Johns River in Florida: the Timucuan Indians, Oglethorpe, the engaging William Bartram, river boats, the last days of Stephen Crane's widow, and other matters. Rich material, but Mr. Cabell's elegant archaisms sometimes slow it up. Effective sketches by Doris Lee. In the "Rivers of America" series.

Our Living World, by Carroll Lane Fenton. Not too elementary outline of biology, including chapters on food, climate, geographical influences, and the modifications we have brought about in our environment. Sound, up-to-date popularization. The format isn't too attractive. Illustrated.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Wall of Eyes, by Margaret Millar. Various members of the wealthy Heath family, all of them spectacularly unstable, tangle with the To-

APARTMENTS & HOUSES
IN CITY AND COUNTRY

APARTMENTS EAST of FIFTH

LEXINGTON AVE. AT 21ST—52 Gramercy Park N.

Hotel
GRAMERCY PARK

With full privileges of New York's only private park, just across the street.

1 Room (Bath & Pantry)	from $85
2 Rooms (Bath & Pantry)	from $130

MONTHLY ON LEASE
HEAT, HOT WATER BY COAL

These apartments are real homes—quiet, dignified, splendidly furnished (many by W. & J. Sloane). Rental includes gas and electricity, linens, full hotel service. Restaurants and tea room, roof garden, solarium and other features. GRamercy 5-4321.

WASHINGTON SQUARE SECTION

DECORATOR'S HOME
Overlooking Washington Square

Modern elevator building. Five rooms, two baths, fireplace, huge closets, newly furnished. References required. Year's lease. $300. Gramercy 7-5932.

160 EAST 48TH ST.

BUCHANAN GARDEN APTS.

Specially planned for wartime living. Spacious, easy to care for 3, 4, and 5 room apartments with more than usual "Service features". Maid service, 24 hour message service. Restaurant and shops in building. Muzak. From $75. For immediate or October occupancy. Mr. Marr, WI 2-5151.

37 EAST 64TH STREET

THE ALRAE
BETWEEN PARK AND MADISON

This well-managed residential hotel in one of Manhattan's best neighborhoods has available a limited number of unfurnished 2 room units with serving pantries. Rooms are bright and well-ventilated, with ample closet space.

From $133.33 per month (on lease)

including complete maid and hotel service. An excellent restaurant (with room service) on the premises. Mr. Reynolds, RHinelander 4-0200.

EAST 73RD STREET (East Village)

A DISTINGUISHED COMMUNITY OF SIX HANDSOME BUILDINGS

3 Rooms	from $960
4 Rooms, 2 baths	from $1600
5 Rooms, 3 baths	from $1750
Also 1, 2 Rooms	from $660

Featuring over-sized rooms, woodburning fireplaces, large closets, dining foyers and modern kitchens. 2, 3 Room Penthouses. Also Furnished Suites

Renting Office 225 East 73rd St.
BING & BING MANAGEMENT

20 EAST 76TH STREET

THE SURREY
A HIGH CLASS RESIDENTIAL HOTEL

One, two and three rooms overlooking Central Park. Serving pantries and ample closets. Full hotel service. Furnished or unfurnished. Moderate rentals. Exceptional cuisine. Heated by N. Y. Steam Co.

APARTMENTS WEST of FIFTH

68 WEST 58TH STREET

UNIQUE PENTHOUSE
With A Vista Of Unusual Charm

Atop the smart 18-story residential PARK CHAMBERS HOTEL—overlooking Central Park. Five rooms, two baths, complete kitchen. Terrace on three sides and above. Woodburning Fireplace. Panelled living room; new hardwood floors throughout. Hotel service optional. (Furnished if desired.)

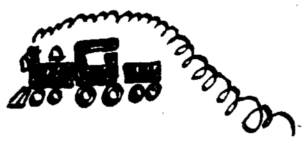
Phone PLaza 3-5900—A. D'Arcy, Mgr.

Dorothy Ross
SINGS and PLAYS
in the
23 Room
HOTEL
GEORGE WASHINGTON
23 LEXINGTON COR. 23RD ST.
CONTINUOUS ENTERTAINMENT
NO COVER-NO MINIMUM
COCKTAILS FROM 23¢

I am thinking of my darling.
I am also thinking of several other darlings

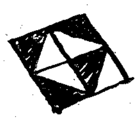
Pay as you go—
Go as you Pay—
Gay-pay-oo
Poo!

$50.00 A WEEK
10.00 RAISE (If O.K. with WLB.
60.00 TOTAL
LESS TAX ?



Read this book and you
too, will be reading this book

~~Delightful~~
~~Gay~~
~~Funny.~~
~~Engaging~~
Slaphappy (note-Get a new Thesaurus)



So they want an ad for an uninhibited book, do they?

COMPLIMENTS
OF A FRIEND

This book will not win the war
This book will not even win a ham sandwich
This book is funny, that's all.

PERHAPS the stuff above doesn't look to you like the best possible use of advertising space. Setting yourself up as an advertising expert, eh?

Well, the reason for it is I have always wanted to run an ad in The New Yorker that contained some of the preliminary ideas I toyed with before writing the final ad.

And there isn't a better time to do it than now. As a matter of fact, this whole darn thing is going to be the sort of ad I've always wanted to write. I'm given a magnificent excuse by the fact that its job is to talk about *I Am Thinking of My Darling*, by Vincent McHugh.

The novel's all about what happens when all of New York City is attacked by a strange malady, one which makes its victims do exactly what they want to do.

Well, that's enough explanation. Anyone who can't get the idea that *I Am Thinking of My Darling* is a completely gay and highly matey bit of escape literature should go and get his head examined.

It's probable that anyone who has read this far should go and get his head examined anyway. Think of all the things you could be doing that are really fun to do! Going for a walk, maybe, and striking up an acquaintance with the first attractive person you meet. Shedding all those sticky clothes and taking a swim in Central Park. Telling a few of your equally sticky acquaintances what you really think of them. Having . . . oh, nuts, the list could go on forever.

Yet there you sit, wasting golden moments of your life reading an ad. And a damfool one, at that.

Worse still, here I sit writing it. Why I've been worrying about *you* is beyond me.

Oh yes, the idea was to get you all hopped up about *I Am Thinking of My Darling*. Well, if you want to know why it has made a copywriter as full of irresponsibility as a young robin in the springtime, pull yourself together and go to your nearest bookstore and ask for a copy.

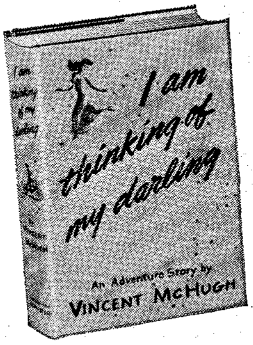
As for me, I've been stroking this typewriter long enough. There are a lot more attractive things to stroke in this city, and you don't need so many keys. So long. —THE ADVERTISING MAN

URGENT NOTE TO READERS: *My boss wrote the above two days ago and hasn't been heard from since. I am taking a chance of losing my job, but I'm putting in a picture of the book and think you should know that "I Am Thinking of My Darling" has just been published by Simon and Schuster, is priced at $2.50, is selling the way steaks would if you could get them, and that the reviews are wonderful, so I'd better put them in, too.* —THE ADVERTISING MAN'S SECRETARY

"A lark of a novel that should dovetail neatly enough into the more irresponsible of your hot-weather moods, sparkling with real New York dialogue, gay and speedy."
—Clifton Fadiman, in The New Yorker

"A better hammock-and-rum-collins novel may turn up before the summer ends, but we'll lay odds against it."*–New York Times Book Review*

"A provocative, unusual story. There is a profusion of detail about New York City and its government which will please Manhattanites. There is a fascinating sub-plot, serious and thrilling...There are bits about hot jazz, food and l'amour that combine to make a nice icing. It is definitely a dish."
—New York Herald Tribune Book Review



Extra Flavor
FOR
WARTIME
MEALS
★ IN COOKING
★ ON THE TABLE

Use
Crosse & Blackwell's
C&B
SAUCE
The Sauce with
the Secret Flavor

SHAKE THE BOTTLE WELL
C&B
SAUCE
MADE IN U. S. A.
MADE FROM MALT AND DISTILLED VINEGARS, TOMATOES, ORANGE MARMALADE, RAISINS, APPLES, DATES, ONIONS, SUGAR, SALT, LIME JUICE, FLOUR, TRAGACANTH, MUSTARD, GINGER, SPICES AND FLAVORINGS.
PACKED IN BALTIMORE, MD. BY THE CROSSE & BLACKWELL CO
CONTENTS 6 FL. OZS.

WHITE LABEL
RONRICO
Finest Quality
Distilled
PUERTO RICAN RUM
86 PROOF
4/5 QUART

*RONRICO
*Best RUM bar none

The Rum Connoisseur contains over 100 tested drink and food recipes. Send for your Free copy. Ronrico Corporation, Dept. (Y) Miami, Florida. Ronrico Rum 86, 90 and 151 Proof.

*Trade Marks of Ronrico Corporation

ronto underworld shortly after the murder of Kelsey, the daughter who had been blinded in an automobile accident some time before. Inspector Sands works out a very neat solution and, in his quiet way, turns out to be the kind of detective it would be nice to meet more often. Highly recommended.

TRAGEDY AT LAW, by Cyril Hare. Even in wartime an English judge of the High Court is surrounded by considerable pomp when he goes out on circuit. This provides a good, ironic background for the rather sluggish account of the curious accidents which kept happening to the Honourable Sir William Hereward Barber in the course of his travels. The author is overoptimistically compared by the publishers with Dorothy Sayers.

HE FELL DOWN DEAD, by Virginia Perdue. A carefully built up horror story in which a very wide-eyed bride named Tawney discovers, after a series of shocking incidents, just why everyone has it in for her husband, Axel. Unless you're in just the right mood, this may at times seem a little self-conscious in its efforts to chill you.

•

EMBERS

Yesterday I took Mussolini's face
And fed him to our glowing fireplace;
I tossed the Duce with his printed chin
On brooding embers and I tucked him in
Under the aromatic log of pine.
He flared and got the fire going fine.
Fortune and *Life* have always proved quite good
Exasperation for our stolid wood,
Bursting like laughter, shuddering to charred ash.
The *Times*, today's—snatched from tomorrow's trash—
Brightens our hearth. The harlots and the heroes,
Impartially, the Nestors and the Neros
Of this our day leap, kindle, and spark,
Warming us briefly in the encircling dark.

—ELISE JERARD

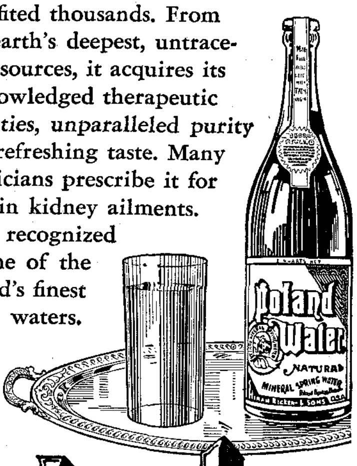
•

What's wrong with this sentence: "Can you tell me how I can get ahold of her some place?" If taken literally, the sentence makes a strange request, indeed. Better say: How may I get in touch with her?—*Washington Star*.

Why juggle words? Grab hold and hang on.

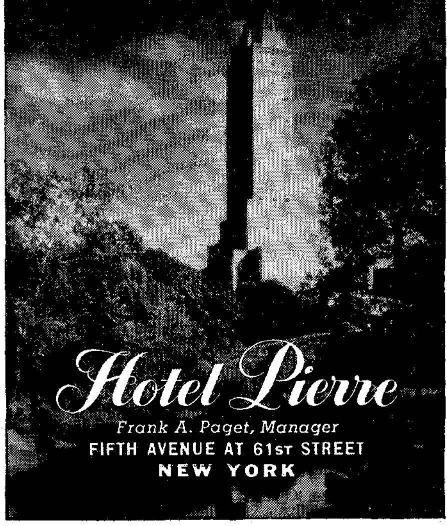
One of Nature's great aids to Better Health

Since 1860, Poland Water has benefited thousands. From the earth's deepest, untraceable sources, it acquires its acknowledged therapeutic qualities, unparalleled purity and refreshing taste. Many physicians prescribe it for certain kidney ailments. Also recognized as one of the world's finest table waters.



Poland Water
NATURAL MINERAL SPRING WATER

Poland Water
Bottled only at the Spring
POLAND SPRING, MAINE
WORLD FAMOUS SINCE 1860



Tranquillity
IN NEW YORK

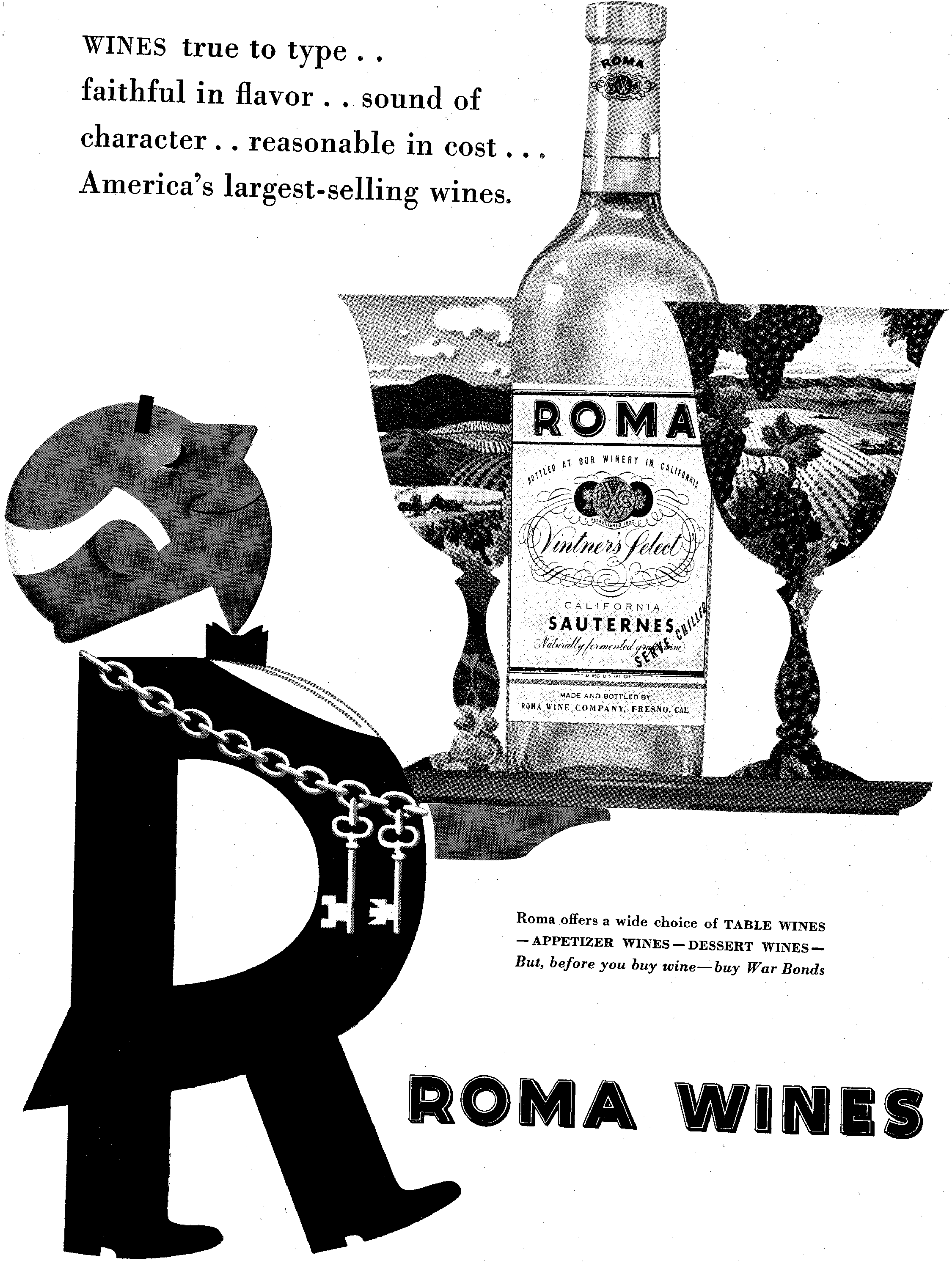
The Hotel Pierre is rapt in the quiet seclusion of Central Park. True convenience, delightful accommodations and gracious informality accentuate its quiet, restful charm.

SINGLE ROOMS from $6
DOUBLE ROOMS from $8
TWO ROOM SUITES from $12
SPECIAL MONTHLY RATES
Home of the
COTILLION ROOM
for dining, dancing and entertainment

Hotel Pierre
Frank A. Paget, Manager
FIFTH AVENUE AT 61ST STREET
NEW YORK

FROM THE HEART OF CALIFORNIA

WINES true to type . .
faithful in flavor . . sound of
character . . reasonable in cost . . .
America's largest-selling wines.


ROMA
BOTTLED AT OUR WINERY IN CALIFORNIA
RWC
ESTABLISHED 1890
Vintner's Select
CALIFORNIA
SAUTERNES
Naturally fermented grape wine
SERVE CHILLED
MADE AND BOTTLED BY
ROMA WINE COMPANY, FRESNO, CAL.

Roma offers a wide choice of TABLE WINES
— APPETIZER WINES — DESSERT WINES —
But, before you buy wine—buy War Bonds

ROMA WINES

TUNE IN to the Roma Wine Show. On your local Columbia Station—every Thursday night. Thirty minutes of fun and music by stars of the stage, screen, and radio. See your local paper for station and time.

Roma Wine Company . . . Fresno . . Lodi . . Healdsburg, California.

AMERICA NEEDS NURSES · · · ENLIST NOW

WOMEN WAR WORKERS
Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT
PAULETTE GODDARD
VERONICA LAKE

PHOTOGRAPHED ON THE ACTUAL SET OF PARAMOUNT'S NEW PICTURE

"SO PROUDLY WE HAIL"

AN EPIC OF THE NURSES ON BATAAN

AT HOME and OVER THERE It's CHESTERFIELD

GOOD TOBACCO, Yes . . . the right combination of the WORLD'S BEST CIGARETTE TOBACCOS . . .

It isn't enough to buy the best cigarette tobacco, it's Chesterfield's right combination, or blend, of these tobaccos that makes them so much milder, cooler and better-tasting.

Good Tobacco, yes . . . but the Blend — the Right Combination — that's the thing.

Smoke Chesterfields and find out how really good a cigarette can be

Copyright 1943, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.